

Ted Bundy Talks About Murder, Motive, and Madness

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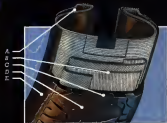
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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

LOVE AND SEX

GEORGE LEONARD'S "The End of Sex" (December) is one of the finest articles I have ever read in *Esquire* or any other magazine. His sensitive understanding of what is and isn't important in human relationships should be required reading for all young people. His description of true romantic love, with its detailed, lyrical explanation of the effort required to achieve such love, was a joy to read. In one short article he has given us an inspirational and remarkable look at the beauty of true love and human potential.

Don Feldman
Philadelphia, Pa.

LEONARD George Leonard's article depicts its author's esoteric confusion. However, his emphasis on the merit of "erotic love" indicates that he is perhaps still too obsessed with sex. He doesn't differentiate clearly enough between erotic love, which he extols, and sex, which he degrades.

The devotion of Carl Rogers's wife to him during the year he was agitated, but very able to do with it, or with sex. She didn't stay with her husband in the hope that he'd sooner or later become potent. Surely she'd have stayed with him even if he'd never become potent again. The point I wish to make is that unrequited sex between consenting adults who expect nothing from each other except sex, even without love, can be therapeutic and enjoyable—it is means that deadens. Of course, love makes it better. But if one has love, then sex becomes even less important.

Bruce Gray
Chicago, Ill.

I FOUND George Leonard's article interesting and more than a little troubling. Leonard has a tendency to make broad generalizations about diverse groups of people, thus leading both to misstatements of fact and to a flawed theme. For instance, he discusses "the sociological context" that institutional is good for your therapy, self-realization, etc. Sex has been divorced from love and creation. And paradoxically, leading sociologists... seem to want someone [sex] from all social and ethical considerations." As a sociologist, certified by the American College of Sociologists, published, and as a psy-

chic practice for a number of years, I believe I can state that this is not so. Leonard doesn't seem to be able to understand that the great majority of sociologists see human sexuality as both removed from these considerations of what he speaks and implicit within these considerations. Leonard seems to imply that if sociologists receive certain aspects of social and ethical considerations in certain situations, at certain times, and with certain people, that must be so in all situations, at all times, and with all people. He is mistaken.

Leonard seems to be trying to set himself up as the New Uranian Romantic. In his naive judgment of human behavior, "To equate a powerful urge, an intimate relationship, so act that can transform the human body and lead to the creation of life, with a commodity, a meat, an orgasm, and a disease is perhaps the ultimate misuse of abstraction and generalization." As a sociologist I can state that as being both a simple physical act like scratching an itch, as well as an act that can, on occasion, transform the human spirit.

Leonard says that his answer to these people running around having sex without love exists in a well-invested sublime state that he calls High Monogamy, which becomes the vacuum of the Judeo-Christian mind of romance and pre-bonding. However, well-invested the author might have been, article like "The End of Sex" is only to create more pain for people who can't live up to impossible goals such as High Monogamy. All such articles seem to do is to create more problems for people like me to try to help.

Richard R. Shapiro
Burlington, Calif.

BEARING UP

AFTER THE Rogers assassination attempt I understood the agony better and was moved how the girl with the icy eyes and emotionless voice would bear up in her new role as motive for a murder.

At that point I'd never seen a Jackie Foster movie or read anything she'd ever written. As a member of the television entertainment press, I wondered if the equally alienated demands of a curious public and would-be killer would damage her.

After reading "Why Me?" (December) I realized I wasn't alone worried. Foster comes off as a human, caring young woman forced to live under the most crushing of

microscopes. If the lesson she's learned and written about are indicative, a fall and reversing life lies ahead for her. I, for one, wish her the best.

John D. O'Connor
San Francisco, Calif.

GRATEFUL FRIEND

I JUST finished reading David Michaels's article on my friends and clients John Bellini and Dan Aykroyd ("The Best of Friends," December).

It took eight months, but someone finally captured the love of Danny and John and a major part of the real John Bellini that all of his admirers know. The feelings expressed are those that we all lived with through the last eight years of John's life. On behalf of his friends, family, and John, I thank you very much.

Bernie Bellini
Los Angeles, Calif.

SKILLED CRAFTSMAN

DAVID NOGMAN'S "Inside the Brain" (December) was an impressive glimpse into the arena of contemporary medical training. Specialty training, particularly in surgical specialties, is often grueling, imposing academic demands upon the supreme commitment to the digital care of human beings. What is somewhat overlooked is that clinicians undergo this three- to seven-year trial because they want to. I'm always taken aback by the attempts of patients, families, and writers to dirty their clinicians. I was quite pleased to see Nogman's realistic portrayal of our, and our patients', humanity.

Shepard R. Stone
Physician anesthesiologist-anesthetologist
Yale-New Haven Hospital
New Haven, Conn.

DAVID NOGMAN'S writing always finds a way of getting "Inside the Brain." His work can be likened to that of the neurosurgeon: both disciplines require an accuracy and precision that demand nothing less than perfection every time, and both have an astoundingly high success rate.

Diane Kaurber
Forest Park, Ill.

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BY BOB GREENE

THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN KANAWHA COUNTY

Dreams and decisions on the fifty-yard line

SAM BENDMAN, the executive editor of the *Charleston, West Virgin, Daily Mail*, was on the phone.

"How would you like to come down here and pick the prettiest girl in Kanawha County?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "This is the thirty-sixth year for the Miss Kanawha County Majorette Festival," Bendman said. "I know you're busy, but I really think..."

"Sure, I said you," I said. "Our paper sponsors it, and if you would just think about it for a couple of days..."

"Sure," I said. "Yes."

AN OFFICIAL of the Miss Kanawha County Majorette Festival called me several days later. He stressed that my only function was to select the prettiest majorette in the county. High school marching bands and majorette corps would be competing in soft coronets, too. I was to ignore those. All I was required to do was catch a Piedmont flight to Charleston, show up at the proper time, and decide who was prettiest.

Just to make sure I was not misreading the post, a letter soon arrived from Mel Vincent, who handled permission for the festival. He outlined where I was supposed to be and whom I was supposed to meet. Then he emphasized my duties:

"The selection is based purely on your ideas of beauty, stature, poise, and personality."

"It's best to ask contenders to say something so you can see their teeth."

I ARRIVED at Laidley Field just after dark. The temperature was in the thirties, but that was not stopping some seven thousand residents of Kanawha County from showing up and selecting seats in the grandstand.

I was wearing a coat and tie; a young man stopped me and asked me if I was the judge. I confirmed that I was.



He introduced himself. He said that he was from Foster, seventeen, a senior at South Charleston High School.

"We have a pool to see who's going to win," he said. "I bet two dollars."

I asked him who he had his money riding on.

"Two-inch slats," he said. "Lena Barker and Lena Blanton. They have short hair, so the odds are against them."

THE MARCHING bands and majorette corps were arriving. The young men and women represented eleven high schools: East Bank, Stonewall Jackson, Dunbar, Shaversville, George Washington, South Charleston, Herbert Hoover, Smart Air base, Nitro, DuPont, and Charleston. They took prearranged seats in the bleachers on the opposite side of the football field.

My official judging duties were not scheduled to start for another fifteen minutes, so I talked to some of the majorettes.

"My whole family is here," said Kim Canterbury, sixteen, of Charleston High. "The rules are really tough. You're not allowed to use earplugs or blow dryers. Last year they blew a hole in the locker room."

Vanessa Jones, seventeen, of DuPont, said, "Every girl in Kanawha County sets her goal on being Miss Majorette from the time we're in little league. That's when we start cheering for the prince. Football teams, it was Little Miss Majorette when I was five years old. You're well aware even back then how important it is. All the little boys say 'hi' when you're a majorette."

Tom Busby, seventeen, of Stonewall Jackson, said, "Being Miss Majorette is the best thing that can happen to a girl. It's the biggest thing you can be."

But Beth Brown, seventeen, of Nitro, said, "A lot of the time Miss Majorette becomes people say she thinks she's the queen of everything. Every girl wants to become Miss Majorette, but I hear it's not so easy once you get the title."

OUR HIDE gossip had to stop because a voice on the stadium's public address system announced that the majorettes were supposed to take to the field. A pageant official was impatiently motioning to me. I walked over to him and he handed me a clipboard with a name sheet on it.

"Walk slowly past them and examine them," he said. "Narrow them down. You'll make your final selection later."

The majorettes—twenty-nine of them—were lined up in a giant U-shape on the football field. The stands were filled to capacity. I wanted for someone to tell me to stop, but no one did. So, under the lights, I began to march past them, like a general reviewing his troops.

As I reached the beginning of each high school's corps, the young women stepped to attention. All wore short skirts and

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB GREENE

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SPORTS MEDICINE

BY CURTIS PESMEN

HEATHLETIC EYE

When it comes to improving sports performance, seeing is believing

BY 1964 Arthur Ashe was crisscrossing the Bay highway on his way to Titans when quite unexpectedly he found himself squaring a 10-foot sign. The sign had no letters. "I couldn't read it," he recalls. "But Charlie Pennell, who was with me, could. Later I went to an optometrist and after getting glasses, I started seeing things I had never seen before. I never knew I needed glasses."

Four years later a bespectacled Arthur Ashe won the United States Open at Forest Hills and became the number-one tennis player in the world. In 1975 he beat Jimmy Connors at Wimbledon and progressed his top ranking. Ashe must wonder now whether he could have accomplished those feats, or similar ones later on, if he hadn't happened upon that blurry sign and his own Mexican lover.

What he learned in the midst of his playing career is what most athletes learn too: That is, effective eyes are crucially important in sports. Consider your favorite soccer or athlete, be it the cross-country runner, the basketball center, or the sweetly hit line-drive double to left-center field. In each case the execution begins with cues supplied by the eyes.

As our dominant sense, vision affects reflexes, concentration, eye-hand and eye-body coordination, and, ultimately, as a result of all this, athletic performance. Fully 80 percent of the information we perceive each day comes through our eyes in much the same way. Always has and is instantly back in those wondrous summer days, when Ted Williams consistently batted baseballs at an average above .300, observers often wondered if his luck was his vision—or if his eyesight was a superior fluke of nature. They thought his eyes could see the stitches on a spinning curve ball. Not so. "Hitting a baseball—I've said it a thousand times—is the single most difficult thing to do in sports," Williams once wrote. "I had 30-10 vision (30) a lot of guys can see that well. I am



couldn't read labels on a parking photograph records as people wrote I did. I couldn't see the ball hit the ball, another thing they mean, but I knew by the feel of it. A good carpenter doesn't have to see the head of the hammer strike the nail but he will hit it square every time."

Williams didn't have catlike vision; he had discipline—with his mind and with his eyes. That capacity for discipline is what makes the growing number of champions who have recently begun devoting themselves to the study of what they call "sportsvision" convinced that even without the help of glasses it is possible to train athletes to see better. They actively deny. To improve eye-hand coordination and concentration, for example, a therapist may turn off the overhead lights, switch on a strobe light and toss a Nerf ball at a tennis player—the idea being that this set, practiced over time, would help his correct the ball more squarely under normal playing conditions. To improve clarity of vision,

and the superior shape and anterior oblique muscles (those the ball occasionally fly) coordinating these muscles, therapists are able to speed up the complex act of perception, allowing the athlete to take more in earlier and thus interpret what he is seeing more quickly. After vision training, top-sports and baseball players have often remarked that it seemed they were now playing a slow motion and that the aim of the ball seemed to increase. That's because their quickened perception freed up the time they could now take to hit the ball properly.

Even before the eyes can send signals through the optic nerves to tell the brain what's going on, those eyes must perform elaborate tasks of their own. As the cones absorb light to the eyeball, the iris filters the light by controlling the size of the pupil. Behind the iris, the lens focuses the speed of light on the retina, which forms the image of the eyeball. And it is the retina's job, through its 100 million sensory receptors, to register the patterns of light that eventually

other vision experts will place a target on a wall and place glasses over an athlete's eyes. They'll then have him bowtie on a wall while focusing on that target to simultaneously test and train the eye's skill in working together as the body moves. That skill—the focusing of the eyes to bring a moving object into focus—is called binocularity, and it is one of the most important skills an athlete can have.

LIGHT PASSES from the cornea through the pupil, lens, and various humor of the eyeball to the retina, where it helps to shape visual cues and images. These cues in turn work as food for the brain. At sports vision clinics, one primary goal is to help sportsmen gain maximum utility of the six muscles that control movement of the eyeball and thus let those cues in. The medial rectus and lateral rectus muscles control side-to-side movement; the superior rectus and inferior rectus allow the ball to move up and down;

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During major-league games, the small circular inside of a ball travels 6 to 8 feet after the pitcher launches it. It spends almost all of its time in the air, only touching the ground for a brief moment. That means it reaches the pitcher's hand plate in about 0.46 seconds, which leaves the batter precious little time to ponder his response. Cross-concussion is crucial here, because when a right-handed batter has a dominant left eye, his head is positioned so that the dominant eye is actually closer to the approaching pitch, as a result, the player is usually able to see the ball last longer.

Similar principles apply to right-handed players of racket sports with dominant left eyes hitting their forehand shots, or to left-



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BY CONDITIONING EYE MUSCLES, THERAPISTS ARE ABLE TO SPEED UP THE COMPLEX ACT OF PERCEPTION, ALLOWING THE ATHLETE TO TAKE MORE IN EARLIER AND THUS INTERPRET WHAT HE IS SEEING MORE QUICKLY.

and forth the appropriate action. It's a complicated process, and much can go wrong along the way. But through therapy, athletes try to achieve their clearest of responses: clear visual cues and making reactions. The result of extensive visual skills is a decreased reflex time. In most games, when athletes have trouble following the ball, they try too hard to compensate for their deficiencies and are unable to concentrate. They emphasize the problem on poor timing, but discover that practice doesn't help significantly. What vision therapy does is help players refocus information, and by helping them track where the ball is going and when and where it should go next, it takes some of the stress out of the sport.

DONALD TEIG, O.D., entered the sports vision field in the mid-Seventies. In the spring of 1980 he tested the eyes of 275 new recruits, selecting the athletes to a battery of tests for concentration and fearlessness, muscle balance, depth perception, visual acuity, the ability to resolve detail, peripheral, color, and night vision, binocular fusion, and eye dominance. He searched for visual defects and sought to find out where some players were better than others.

Probably the most important finding that spring concerned eye dominance. Although we normally use two eyes, we actually use with only one—our dominant eye—when tracking an object in motion. Surprisingly, Teig found an abnormally high percentage of the players were "cross-dominant." While most people are "same-side dominant," these players were either right-handed batters with dominant left eyes or vice versa. That was a major reason why, in Teig's view, the Kansas City Royals, who had the highest percentage of cross-dominant players in 1979, also came within a fraction of a percentage point of .282 of having the highest home batting average in both the National and American leagues.

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Similar principles apply to right-handed players of racket sports with dominant left eyes hitting their forehand shots, or to left-

handed players with dominant right eyes hitting theirs. Teig has since applied his findings to baseball, football, basketball and tennis players and has found that when an athlete stands sideways to a moving machine, or almost any fast-paced game, it should help his head swing or response if he has cross-dominant vision.

Finding out which of your eyes is dominant is a rather simple and fast test. First, choose a small object about 10 inches away to focus on. Then, keeping both eyes open and holding your arms outstretched and palms down, quickly place your hands together so they overlap and yet leave a small triangle gap, when you move your hands to eye level, lower the object more. Don't move your arms, or close either eye at first just freeze. Now shut one eye and look at the object. If the object is still visible, the eye you are looking through is your dominant eye. When you switch through your head-forward triangle, you are looking through your nondominant eye. Likewise, if when you then switch to closing the other eye the object appears, the eye now open is your dominant eye.

Unfortunately, Teig and other vision experts say it is extremely difficult to change your dominant eye and not advisable to do so, since it is something you were born with. Even so, therapists can prescribe certain changes in your head positioning or stance in sports. Our dominant eye—your eyes changes. On the golfing green, for instance, you should line up your putts with your dominant side. In racket sports you may want to turn your head slightly before you swing, to bring your dominant eye closer to the point of impact.

OF COURSE, the vision screening tests are not as simple as this for eye dominance. At the Sports Medicine and Vision Center at San Diego, for instance, clinicians use a more complex visual field gauge to test the entire scope of an athlete's vision, a test that also measures the strength of his peripheral vision. Of special use to athletes, the eight-thousand dollar device helps pinpoint precisely the areas of the sportsman's visual field—what they are known as "scotomas." When the subject places his head inside the frame of the machine—eyes alone, much as he would do to take a drink from a well-mounted drinking fountain—light-emitting diodes flash into view at different points and angles, and he is asked to utter a vocal response whenever a signal appears. The resulting visual fields are plotted on the video screen quicker than he can swallow, so vision therapists can inspect their list of weaknesses. This is especially valuable for players with both pe-

ripheral vision, because peripheral vision is a learned skill as subjects increase the use of their retina it can expand.

In recent seasons, vision therapists use a square apparatus called a "saccadic trainer," which measures how long it takes for athletes to respond to randomly flashing lights arranged in a circle. The idea is to see how many buttons (corresponding to the location of the lights) the person in the apparatus can hit in a given time by subtracting the player's repeated tests. After weeks of peripheral vision and "tracking" therapy, the athletes are tested again. "We can actually measure those more accurately," says Doug Bordenberg, a San Diego optometrist. "We can speed up their response time." The primary task of the test is to train the entire retina to respond to visual cues, not natural inclination is to use just the central retina. That would seem to benefit hockey and soccer defencemen and goalies most, and perhaps basketball players as well, since they are so often blocked by opposing bodies during heated action.

Perhaps even more as important as the so-called quantitative sports vision skills is what is called "qualitative." When you train your eyes, not images in detail taking a perfect backhand or swinging a fifteen-foot jump shot, you are visualizing—actually rehearsing future performance—and apparently that technique has powerful results. A few years ago, for instance, a player on a group of basketball players in one study improved their free-throw ability by 25 percent simply by practicing the shot mentally twenty minutes a day for twenty days. "Visualization is a developmental skill," says Richard B. Johnson, a behavioral optometrist and coauthor of Total Vision. "Athletes can see an image, feel the image, and add sensory qualities to it."

ALTHOUGH SOME ball-dominant drills have sprung up nationwide, the ongoing question still is to what degree the quality from all these tests actually converts to your own arena to help you play better. There are plenty of skeptics around and not even the top sports vision training programs have much hard data to help. What can be said, though, is that they do improve vision. The design does seem to help players to at least approach what author John Jerome has called "the sweet spot in time," that ultimate moment in which a player's performance everything goes right, the only after the eyes reach peak performance as athletes truly begin to refine the hitting, swinging, making contact skills they never, that part is up to them.

CURTIS PASHAN, a San Diego Vision Center optometrist, is a former athlete, appeared in January 1992.

What's a Rusty Nail?



a) the hot new punk jewelry fad.



b) an exotic dancer from Philadelphia who has a special way with "Jungle Bells."



c) the delicious combination of equal parts of Diuretic and scotch over ice.

WHAT CAN BE MORE HORRIFYING TO ANY PARENT THAN THE MURDER OF A CHILD? ALL THE FUTURE PROMISE SNUFFED AWAY.

one day's testimony. But the chief defense was that Richard did not know what he was doing. However, the prosecution psychiatrist testified that he had passed all the standard psychiatric tests.

Richard was acquitted of murder in both the first and second degrees. The jury convicted him, instead, of manslaughter. "It was a thirty-thousand-dollar first-degree, a Yale conviction, and a cheap conviction," they were entitled to one free hamburger murder," said Juan Garland.

Richard said he thought the sentence of eight and a third years was too lenient. In a letter to his support center, he wrote:

"As my support program I feel more and more strongly that there can be no further rehabilitative purpose in my incarceration."

Prison is limiting in that only so much healing and growth can take place. I feel that I can only make further progress in rebuilding my life if I am returned to the outside world. I honestly believe that, considering all the circumstances, I have been punished enough." Richard had been in prison just eighteen months.

I HAVE summarized the story of *Bornes* and Richard from two recent books, *The Yale Murders*, by Peter Mayer, and *The Killing of Bonnie Garland*, by William Geylin, M.D., largely the latter. I am drawn to this because of a tragedy that seemed to have some parallels. The first tragedy I remembered clearly from the papers, the second, much more recent, struck much closer to home.

Washington served as the rise of Richard Ben Swersey, as he was called. Richard became the most, victim of his barrio beyond victim of his romantic life. Ben, a lively, vivacious guy with a sense of humor, disappeared. So did the future Ben, who might have had a brilliant career, at even as ordinary but satisfying one; he might have raised sons and daughters, made a contribution to society.

This was what anguished Dr. Geylin, a distinguished psychiatrist, who became involved in the case, interviewed Richard Ben Swersey, and went over the court records. Richard was at the trial, openly abashed and groveled, looking like the model student; he once had been. It would have taken a poet of art to make the jury feel the sense of Ben's.

"When one person kills another," Dr. Geylin wrote, "there is an immediate revulsion at the nature of the crime. But at a time so short as to accommodate to reminders of the personal lives, the dead person ceases to exist. So it is only a glimpse in a historic event. We inevitably turn away from the past, toward the ongoing real-

ity.... the criminal.... He wraps the compassion that is partly his victim's. He will stand his victim's moral constituency along with her life."

Indeed, people seemed to be enlightened by the crisis of the Garlands for justice. "I just got so tired of [the] whining and complaining and criticism," said one Yale faculty member. In testimony, Geylin "I have heard more criticism of the Garlands over two and a half years than I have heard of Richard Ben Swersey," he wrote.

In eighteenth century England, you could not get 15 years prison for stealing a halfpenny loaf. That society thought of deterrence. Now the pendulum has swung. The moral state of the criminal at the time of the crime can be explained by psychologists, though psychiatry is a very ancient science. Prisons are supposed to rehabilitate. Is there an element of justice beyond deterrence and rehabilitation?

There should be. If you disagree, you may call this element vengeance. If you agree, you might call it accountability. Society operates in a framework of law, if it is not below the law protects us, the framework begins to come apart. There was an outcry when John Hancock Jr. was acquitted. If you are a victim of circumstances or moral aberration, you can shoot the President and after you are acquitted you can make phone calls to The Washington Post from St. Elizabeth's and give your news.

A social order demands something more. If Hitler had been found alive at the end of the war, would punishing him have demoted other dictators? Probably not. Could he have been rehabilitated? Probably not. What would the reaction of the millions of widows, orphans, and wounded have been if Hitler had returned to Argentina to paint landscapes?

I mentioned a tragedy parallel to that of Bonnie Garland. Dominique Danne was twenty-two, an aspiring actress, daughter of our friends Nick and Lorraine Dorn. She had been in the Yale Prisoner. She was trying to break up her marriage with John Swersey, a chef at a Los Angeles restaurant. One Saturday Swersey arrived at the door of her apartment. Dominique refused to let him in. Swersey allegedly waited until the left hand apartment, jumped her, and strangled her.

"I killed my girlfriend," he allegedly told the police. Swersey's employer told a friend of Dominique's father's, "We see all behind John in this unfortunate incident."

Swersey is in this sad state waiting trial. He has pleaded insanity. *AMERICAN* is the author of *The Movers*; *Life* magazine's Powers of Mind and Future Money

ETHICS

BY LAURENCE SHAMES

GIVING IT AWAY

Between business friends and friendly business, it's easy to end up bankrupt

LAST TIME I dropped in on my good friend Steve, I found him at a vice mood. This was surprising for two reasons. First, Steve usually isn't Steve's style; he wears them awkwardly, like an oldie out suit. Second, the office where Steve works—let's second-handness at a small high-quality arts magazine—holds perhaps the closest approximation of mortality I've ever seen in one that even seems to be in a final target.

Still, in this particular day there was an uncomfortable pall over the place, and the obvious lines of the gloom was Steve himself. People made damn sure to ignore just his lunch. When we left for lunch, we were given overbirth in the corridors.

Over drinks I got the date. Steve's boss, who wanted to take a three-month leave of absence, had asked him to step in temporarily as the magazine's editor in chief. Problems was, Steve much preferred the quiet he had as a reader too. He had a mis-

ture of administrative headshots and was largely outside the range of corporate life. His domain was what he thought of as the central part of editing—he generated ideas, worked with text, and enjoyed the reasonable privilege of heaving writers at lengthy and pleasurable lunches. For him, a step up on the march was a step down in the quality of his life.

"What makes it such a drag," Steve said, "is that he asked me to stand. We are friends, after all. Doing this is important to him, and I know he'll have a tough time getting it if I don't agree to fill in. But still, what we're talking about is a job and it isn't a job I want."

Steve sipped his drink and meditatively nibbled a Swedish. "And I'll tell you something else," he resumed, gathering momentum now. "I don't like the way he goes. He tried copying me into it, making it stand like the 74 jump at the choice to play editor in chief. Now, that kind of copying is standard business



practice—I use it all the time to get writers to take on assignments—but it's not a very nice way to ask a favor. But is this a favor? Or is it a business proposition? Just what the hell is it?"

The word, of course, is that it was both and other. Friendship alone is fragile—you do as much as you can for your friend, asking nothing in return but trusting that your goodwill is reciprocated. Business is equally simple but opposite in almost every way—you trade for your own interest, asking nothing for granted except that your colleague-adversary is treating for his. Try to operate in both these modes at once and you're in for a bout with what the shrikes call cognitive dissonance.

"So let's say I'm going to a favor," Steve went on, thinking aloud. "I graciously agree, and for three months I feel like a helluva good guy—when I'm not feeling like a sucker, which is what I feel I'm doing a lot of the time. So let's say I look

it as a business deal, a job offer. I say no, which I'm certainly entitled to do, and it's over. If my partner's not going to be the funding."

"How about this," I said. "You treat it as a favor in regard to your friend, so you say yes. But you think of it as a business deal in regard to the magazine, so you negotiate something in return—a favor, extra magazine, whatever."

Steve frowned. "Sounds a little half-assed to me," he said. "I'd be spending the good deed by seeing my friend here on earth—and I don't think the reward would be adequate compensation."

"Not a better idea?" I asked him.

IF MORE people were more realistic, *Business* like Steve's would crop up less often. Loyalty, compassion, the impulse to make things come for the other guy—these are feelings that gain up the efficient machinery of day-to-day life. They are feelings that some business judgment. The problem is that, even in business and often as acts of themselves, people tend to like one another and to want to be liked in return. This unfortunate predisposition has a serious threat the far edge of the adversary relationship.

Not that every business decision is mediated by human sympathy. Sometimes one has the conscious luxury of operating in an emotional vacuum. It is, in fact, one of the great phenomena of professional life: to do business with a person toward whom one has no feelings whatsoever, to have something that person needs and, with a smile on one's face and a song in one's heart, to make him pay through the nose to get it. Surely, however, such opportunities are attended with significant moral costs—except for those of us who are lucky enough to do otherwise.

But clearly, one can go by going too far in that direction. The moral costs and emotional poverty of reducing human beings to the status of business transactions

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WHAT WAS TAKING PLACE, AFTER ALL, WAS NOT FRIENDLY CHITCHAT—I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THIS GUY—BUT A TRANSACTION.

should be obvious to anyone capable of withdrawing from the fray long enough to think about it. This tendency, which was described long ago as *business as usual*, has recently been glossed by certain disposable-power-oriented self-help books, and is altogether laudable.

But it is the other extreme that interests me more: What happens when, in the presence of the law, the desire to be agreeable, one reluctant to apply the otherwise logic that should apply to business? Business, after all, is conducted on the assumption that everyone will act in accordance with his own best interests. Electing to do so, even for the sake of convenience, is an abdication of responsibility, it subverts the whole process. Doing the right thing in the wrong context is a violation on doing the wrong thing.

This particular issue is on my mind these days because I recently conducted a bit of stupidity that still bothers me. A producer from a certain TV news show called me up and told me she was interested in doing a segment on a topic I'd recently covered for *The New York Times*. We exchanged pleasantries and mentioned a couple of people we knew in common. Then, in the friendliest and most congenially conversational way imaginable, she started pumping me for information. What she wanted was the fruit of my journals, my interviews, and my letters in the phone, so that she—*me*, rather, her well-paid staff—wouldn't have to do the hard work of reporting. Feeling helpful (a worthy but misplaced emotion) and flattered (in whose self-indulgence?), I sat there for three quarters of an hour of my weekday and gave her what she asked for, gratis. For much of the conversation I felt like one terrible human being, silently wishing she had earned expertise with a colleague, then I began to dwell on one that I was operating at a loss of a journalist. I was operating at the wrong context and had been squandering my one valuable commodity in the process. The anger came near the end of the interview when I finally realized it would behoove me to make a sales pitch of my own. I told the producers that, since change had gone this far, it'd be interesting to accept the segment if in fact it happened, the uneasy silence followed by the standard excuses was the final evidence that I'd been had. I hung up the phone, paced my apartment for a while, and called some friends.

Then I decided to call my friend Ted for a debriefing. Ted is a fellow journalist, older and more experienced than myself. I told him what had happened, hoping he'd find some less-obvious bright spot in it for me. Instead, he gave a little chuckle and said, "Eag, you were an easy lay."

I responded to this confirmation by making self-righting conjectures as to the accuracy of the producer's character as deftly veering me out.

"Now, hold on a minute," said Ted. "It's her job to get as much information as she can for as little as she can. It's your job to get as much as you can for your information. It's not her fault you didn't hold your own card."

"Well, what should I have done?" I pleaded.

"I'll tell you what I do. Before a conversation like that has gone three sentences, I put on my most aggressive voice and I say, 'Excuse me, I don't quite understand. Are you saying you'd like to hire me as a consultant?'"

"Eag, Ted! But still, it sounds, I don't know—unpleasant, unfriendly."

"Manipulative, maybe," Ted conceded. "Unfortunately, no. In fact, it's a way of getting the other camp on with so you can afford the luxury of being friendly. Look, that producer is never going to call you again without anything. You've lost the advantage of you, and that's no basis for doing business as being friendly. Like it or not, the negotiating has to come first. After the terms are settled, you can be all sunshine and light."

I couldn't find a way to disagree with Ted, but still I didn't really like what I was hearing. "So as it just a bad policy to start off being a nice guy?" I asked.

"What is a nice guy?" he asked back. "Is a nice guy someone who helps old ladies cross the street? Given his girlfriend a shoulder to cry on? Stands around of drinks for his buddies?" It depends on what he's called upon to do. If he's called upon to do business, a nice guy is someone who can gracefully walk the line between playing the lawyer and playing the fool."

"And can do it with a smile on his face," I put in.

"And with a song in his heart," said Ted, right on cue.

LAURENCE SAMARIS is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

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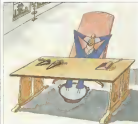
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Man At His Best

AGENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

SMART MONEY Working on Wood



A desk, for most men, is a dreaming place. These ideas are hunched, strategies conceived, battle plans prepared. Finally might be contemplated over lunch, but they take shape where we work, at our desk. For the ultimate in elegance, many successful men turn to antique desks. Editor Mission Perfor, for instance, says of his desk, "It's elegant, powerful, and timeless. Modern desks can be wonderful, but it takes time for wood to evolve and develop the character and color you get with a fine antique." Bestowing such a desk confers a kind of distinction.

You can buy an antique desk for under \$1,000. A few thousand dollars opens up a large number of choices. Perhaps the most readily available antique desks are the American oak styles made between about 1880 and 1925. Simple, solid, and robust, they're very well in natural contemporary

settings. The first designer was New Yorker Gustav Stickley, chief proponent of the Mission Oak style. He had a superb sense of sturdy proportion and favored handcrafted barnwood, brass, copper, and iron hardware.

You can choose from Stickley's tall-front, pedestal, and midtop desks. Far and away the most endearing is the rulltop. Around the turn of the century it was the symbol of a hard-working man's success; not surprisingly, Thomas Edison and Henry Ford each had one. The Mission Oak style of design is still affordable, although recently it has become more popular with collectors. Prices range from \$1,000 to \$2,500 for a Stickley; other top models can be had for several hundred dollars.

Victorian styles are also staging a comeback as more people find them interesting, even amusing. During the 1860s and 1870s, for instance,

cabinetmakers produced ornate metal American Renaissance desks, which are a potent symbol of wealth from several periods. Just by glancing at a desk, collectors can tell the difference between a French seventeenth-century style. Today American Renaissance desks of walnut and burr wood may cost from \$2,000 to \$3,000.

A DESK WITH HISTORY

In contrast to this extravagance, many nineteenth-century Chinese cabinetmakers created simple, elegant desks that also were rich-grained (as in rosewood), heavy (as in reddish wood), and sturdy (as in mahogany). These cabinetmakers created styles that went beyond the desk, the sleek, clean line look antithetical to modern. Most Chinese desks have three-piece construction: a writing surface of about fifty by twenty inches, supported by two pedestals, each with drawers. Early taken apart, this portable design accommodated scholars and scholars who did a lot of traveling. Prices range from \$1,000 to \$2,500.

If your taste leans to the rustic, you might look at an American shanty-front desk. Country desks feature wood usually made of local woods, such as maple, while city cabinetmakers used mahogany. Late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century shanty-front desks can cost several thousand dollars. Curved shapes are more valuable than rectangular, and a fine bamboo desk—a swelling convex shape—can run into the high five and six figures. A piece with shanty-front drawers (known as blocking, a specialty of New England cabinetmakers), fetches a similarly high price.

Another Early American

desk to consider is a strictly secretary—if you have a lot of room. They're about seven feet tall, with enclosed shelves above a tapered writing surface and wide drawers below. Shanty-front desks are available for around \$40,000, but for a secretary with elaborate glass or deep-painted wood doors at a curved bust-top top, the price can exceed \$40,000.

Probably the best-known antique desk in executive sales today is the English primrose pedestal desk. Made during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it is the same on both sides and is large enough for two people to work facing each other. As you might expect of something designed for conservative offices, primrose desks tend to be understated and formal. You can buy a mahogany one with a rectangular leather-wrapped top and simple hardware for about \$11,000. With extra leather swivel-seater, curved shapes and paneling, the price can shoot up to \$40,000.

WHAT'S GOOD IN WOOD

When you're evaluating a desk, the first consideration is the wood. How sturdy the grain and how rich the color. Most antique desks are in oak, mahogany, or rosewood. Some imported woods like mahogany are more valuable than domestic oak, and woods from now-extinct forests—the Chinese Huanghuali—is an example. It's valuable for the rarity as well as for their beauty. Extraordinary overall quality or added workmanship like carving, inlay or gilding means more money.

Naturally, the better the original condition of a desk, the more collectors are willing to pay. To spot restoration, inspect the unstained, inner wood surfaces. Those more exposed to light become

somewhat darker than the hidden surfaces, but all the wood in the same area should be the same color if the pieces are made out of the same wood. Furthermore, the same craftsmanship should be evident throughout a piece. The drawer sides and joints should be joined in the same way, for instance. Different-colored wood or joints suggests later work—restoration. Major restoration—in the wrong surface, say—can cut the value of a piece in half.

Whatever antique desk you buy, check the seller's reputation beforehand. You can find good dealers who specialize in American furniture or English furniture, for instance. See what's available at major auction houses like Sotheby's.

Christie's, Doyle's, or Phillips, all in New York. Descriptive catalogs from their specialized sales can help you get an overview of the market. Catalogs usually cost from ten to twenty dollars apiece, depending on the amount of illustration.

Look on an invoice that tells you the type of desk, country of origin, materials used, dimensions, and approximate age and that details any damage, repairs, or restoration. The supplier should guarantee in writing to return your money if the desk turns out to be other than as it is represented on the invoice. While prices are sometimes breathtaking, a fine antique desk is, after all, the stuff dreams are made of. —Jana Powell

ESOTERICA Made in Nippon



Probably no self-respecting man would admit to a fascination with decorative arts—a class of objects whose value is reflected in relatively modest price tags and whose ever-enthralling on owner comes to bedevil on his collection. Among these objects, however, there are some whose delicacy and expressiveness justify not only space on the shelf but long moments of distraction. Satsuma, a type of Japanese earthenware, is one example.

Many Satsuma items are small—bowls, vases, and the like. They are characteristically golden enamel adorned with legendary or anecdotal scenes. Although some are delicately and intricately painted, the amount of detail on a piece is

not commensurate with value; rather, the quality of each piece is largely determined by the artistry of its design.

According to Howard Zia, a specialist in Japanese art at Sotheby's in New York, the Satsuma most popular in the West has been in production since the Meiji period in Japan, which roughly corresponds to the Victorian era in the West. Most Satsuma pieces were made when it landed on these shores via the early world's fairs. The most desirable of the pottery is produced primarily at the kiln-site in Kyūto. Other pieces are often distinguished by a unusual blue glaze and at the Yabu Meizan-kin in Osaka. Prices for top pieces range from \$750 to \$2,500, but others go for \$50 to \$300. Sotheby's regularly auctions Satsuma and encourages people to come look it over.

There is no question that Satsuma is purely decorative. And although the pieces do appreciate, they are a long-term investment. To understand the true value of Satsuma, just gaze through the afternoon shadows, from sunbath to slumber. Your reflective eye will do the rest. ●

CLASSICS The Wristwatch

Wristwatches were invented a good forty or fifty years before men designed to wear them—most, as Robert Benchley put it, fearing they would "never wear a shirt." Gendemen had pocket watches and watch chains, and they enjoyed the steady gong.



ture of reaching for them to tell the time, looking down and snapping the gold top. That is, until World War I broke out and, with bullets whizzing overhead and both hands busy, soldiers' wrists stopped swinging and gravely strapped watches to their wrists, thereby conferring masculine status on the wristwatch virtually overnight.

These wristwatches from that period still exist today as classics, but then or not. They are Louis Cartier's Santos watch, designed for the aviator Alberto Santos-Dumont in 1904, complete with leather strap and buttons; Cartier's Tank watch, created in 1917 for the American Tank Corps in honor of its defense of France; and Hans Wilsdorf's hefty Rolex.

Today Cartier says its Santos was the world's very first wristwatch, but this is a little claim. Giral Perregaux's gold watches, made for the German Admiralty in 1680, surely predate it. As for the watch de-

signed and marketed by Patrick Murphy of Mark Cross, and which Louis Cartier, in *Leaving Wall Is the Best Revenge*, called the world's first wristwatch, the story's present owners say they have no record of it.

Until about ten years ago it would have been a simple matter to buy one of the classics—if that's what you want—but now there is such a bewildering assortment of variations, some much cheaper than the originals, some at comparable cost, and many of such high quality, that one must seriously consider the options. I bring this up to point out that in the past decade there has been a revolution in the world of watches, an evolution in-

gued and far the most part carried by Seiko.

Seiko has proved that cheap watches don't have to look cheap. In the last eight years, the Japanese-owned company has brought out sleekly styled, inexpensive watches that have thrown the timidity of the watch industry into total confusion. Seiko noted the upper echelon watches of Bulova and Longines in the process, but that's another story. Seiko has seriously embarrassed the Swiss watch industry and cut deeply into its income. Watch imports into the United States used to be almost totally Swiss, today Switzerland accounts for only about 10 percent of the imports.

But styling is only part of the picture, the mystic tell the rest. Until about seven years ago, all watches consisted of a complex mechanism of ratcheting and wheels, about 100 moving parts in all. Few watches to watch there were vast differences in quality, in performance, and, correspondingly, in

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Limited with gold dual valued at over 200,000 pounds, being the American Red Jacket clipper ship for course through icebergs off St. John's Harbour.

of London and the Mystic Seaport Museum in Connecticut, where his works are included in the permanent collection. In addition he was commissioned to create a series of original works portraying the great ships of "Open-



The three-masted clipper ship at sea in a scene depicting the clipper ship "The Great Clipper Ship" in London, being the clipper ship "The Great Clipper Ship".

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The Sea West of Hong Kong needs for the 14-day 14-hour run to New York—a record also holds in the day. Green under that white plate was 17" in diameter.

price. Today most watches have an electronic quartz oscillator instead of a mechanical wheel, and for lower moving parts, twice of the watch has hands, none if it is digital. There are still over 50 different in price, but all quartz oscillators, where at 30,000 times a second, which makes all quartz watches accurate to within five or ten seconds a month, regardless of price.

What all of this means is that with low-priced watches not only looking but performing like more-expensive watches, there is hardly any justification today for spending a lot of money on a watch. Unless you are buying jewelry.

And here we get to the available quantity of tools. On the low end, there are those cheap black rubbery car-parkigners with digital faces that sell for ten dollars and, quite frankly, look it. Tiffing and Carrier relate to sell digital watches at all, not even the

more costly ones. On the high end, there are those outrageously vulgar sculpted-gold watches (by the otherwise respectable Piaget and Concord) with the bracelet that continues right across the face of the watch, or ten thousand dollars and up. Thank you, but I'll sooner wear a skirt!

Given the choices, including the recent market in "antique watches" (from the 1930s, 1940s, and 1950s, if should be no may matter for a man to find the perfect watch for well over a thousand dollars. My own current favorite cost under two hundred dollars when I bought it. It is a stainless steel Swiss calendar watch with a thick case modeled after the Rolex and a face based on the venerable old railroad conductors' watch with the large numerals. It comes with an all-chose metal bracelet but that can be thrown out and replaced with a plain leather band.

—John Benardini



less and friends have raised with amusement. When summer comes, the students, isolated in their craft and not a little frustrated, have done as you can do: traded at the store where they've traded their, including typewriters, and headed for Vermont. "These are people," says DeBacco, "who are doing to be writers, who need to see if they have that novel in them. They are leaving the writers. And the craze in their talent and ambition is enormous."

ROOMING WITH WRITERS

The program is offered in sessions of two or four weeks, usually sixty students stay for the full month of July and another forty come for each of the two shorter periods. There are ten faculty members at and for each session twelve students get together with one teacher for three afternoon sessions a week. That is the formal part of the program, where work is hard and ripped apart. But the place is casual enough to allow for free-floating exchanges among faculty and students. One doesn't have to confer with one teacher, and one shouldn't, at least all the teachers are very gifted and the range of their interests and tastes rivals that of the students' talent. That's another way of saying that if one teacher thinks your work amiable of self-enclosed, one may decide you're next.

John, Benardini, the director of the program (as well as a fiction writer, literary critic, and Benardini College teacher), says that what the program offers is "the chance to get exposure to other writers, to make professional contacts, and to listen to a scene of the writing community." It is this that makes the program so valuable. It's an environment in which one doesn't feel like calling oneself a writer. Before coming to the program most of the students had had Walter Mitty-like lives. During the day they've tried away at "ordinary" jobs teaching, selling stocks, or shaking heads. But at night, usually with their drink cold, they've written—an activity their teachers

teachers are proud for encouragement.

In the mornings students do their own writing, usually in the isolation of the dorm rooms. Benardini provides a bar lounge, in the evening provides a lounge, gives way to public and things really start to roll. Every weekend a literary society comes to the campus to read from his work. The list of moderns at DeBacco's particular profit, and for good reason: just last session Benardini was visited by Bernard Malamud, Scott Spencer, John Hawkes, and Gabriel Garcia Marquez. And that was only one session. "Cheerful, Uplifted, Glib, Astute," says DeBacco, "the Johns alone who have been here is amazing." After the readings, there are often parties at which you may loosen up a bit. In a month's time Benardini gets to be a pretty social environment.

MEETING AN AGENT

DeBacco and his colleagues can't promise to hook you up with an agent, but they do help you along by holding two "publishing workshops" during the month. At that time, through panel discussions with editors and agents who have come up from New York and beyond, students are given a taste of the real and dirty world of publishing. The panels talk not only always pleasant—especially after you've spent the month paying yourself off to send out your story or poem or article—but it is almost always instructive. Occasionally it even sets results.

Resale value is only interesting if you're interested in reselling.



In 1972, this Honda Civic CVCC Hatchback was a remarkable value. But what's even more remarkable is the value it has today. After five years and 56,000 miles.

"The engineering and workmanship are of such high quality you could sell this Civic for much of what you paid."

But that's not so surprising. Honda Civics, Accords and Preludes have traditionally maintained a high resale value. Among the best in the industry. Which might help explain this

next interesting bit of information.

Honda owners tend to stay Honda owners. It's as simple as that. As a matter of fact, Honda enjoys the highest owner loyalty among all leading import cars.*

And you can't put a price on loyalty.

*New York, 1982. *Auto News Book*. Price depends on car's condition, mileage, equipment, etc.

*Source: B. L. Ellis and Co. 1980 model year New Car Buyer Analysis.

HONDA

We make it simple.

How to make a worksheet play.

There are more people in more places doing more things with Apples than with any other personal computer in the world.

Which is anything at all.

But we'd like to take the time to explain just one of the things that can make an Apple® Personal Computer more meaningful to you, personally. It's called an "electronic spreadsheet".

Now, to most people a spreadsheet is just a piece of paper with columns running down the page and rows running across.

But, when you fill up those rows and columns with information—dates, places, dollars—it becomes a powerful business tool. Because it's a model of what's going on in your world.

Now imagine what would happen if you could make that model from paper to a computer screen.

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Equipped with VisiCalc® financial software, an Apple can help anyone make better, smarter, faster business decisions. All you do is choose a category (Net Profit, for example), enter some information (the name and cost of your product), then do a few keypokes. That's it. If the variables change, the computer will recalculate the numbers for you (advanced

mathematical functions and all kinds of business formulas are built-in).

So you can revise budgets, business plans, sales trends, stock trends, or other trends.

And do it in seconds. Versus the hours or days it used to take your mechanical pencil.



An Apple equipped with VisiCalc can put together a budget or regularly review and compare sales and financial plans in any accounting time frame.

What if "what if" isn't enough?

Very often it is!

Because very often you need to turn your financial findings into reports that can be shared with other departments (the average



Using the built-in graphics capabilities, the same data can be presented in any format or financial model for more accurate forecasting.

underlings and overlords will know exactly how you reached your conclusion. It even has built-in functions for depreciation, linear regression forecasting, and other powerful virtues not found in most financial software packages.



Apple's Senior Analyst program lets you analyze reports any day, from other departments. You'll say: "No kidding. Apple is On Track."

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What if, next month, the cost of making a product rises four percent instead of three? What if vendors hike their finance charges two percent per year for the next five years? Or what if the department hires another six employees in the third quarter?

An Apple armed with VisiCalc can answer all of the above.

And allow you to experiment with hundreds of other assumptions, helping you to thoroughly analyze the impact of any business decision, before you actually make it.

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Or your inventory. Or your expenditures. Or your tax returns.

Or your golf game. Or your credit in Key Largo.

spreadsheet can't help you there). Enter Apple's Senior Analyst. A powerful, flexible corporate planning and financial modeling program. It enables you to print out formatted, easy-to-read financial reports. Or to coordinate several reports from several departments or several cities. It also documents every step—in English—so your colleagues read



Get a full accounting.

Of all the computers in that world, why turn to an Apple for financial aid?

Because it can run more electronic spreadsheet software than any other personal computer.

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Play around with it.



The most personal computer.

Man At His Best

Still, if you haven't won a grant in the deal, there are always the rolling hills of the lush Bennington campus to distract you high in the Green Mountains. It's a beautiful place. Tanglewood and the Marlboro Festival are within striking distance, and there's tennis, swimming, and horseback riding nearby. And that should be enough consolation. After all, said one student, "you come with the hope that you'll get something published that you'll make the right contacts that if you re-

turn to your colleagues with nothing to show for your efforts but a couple of pages of crumpled paper, well at least you've had a nice vacation in Vermont."

This year's workshops run from July 3 to July 30. Applications will be considered through May. Tuition is \$800 for the month or \$450 for a two-week session. Room and board is \$105 for the month or \$675 for two weeks. Write to Bennington Writing Workshops, Bennington College, Bennington, Vermont 05201. ●

THE SEASONED COOK Real Men Do Eat Caesar Salad



In the 18th Century was the secret place to hang out. Jean Harlow and assorted Hollywood chums would streak their way down Sunset Boulevard and across the border for a night on the town. Navy guys in sweated leathers from San Diego headed for fun land of gin and tonics, backroom card games, and other north-of-the-border inseparables. And everyone would eventually end up at Caesar's, a sort of border-town Rick's Cafe.

It was at Caesar's Place, run by Cesare Geronzi, that the now legendary Caesar salad was invented. It became the rage. Filmable joints like Chasen's and the Brown Derby put it on their menus, and Julia Child still recalls dinner with her parents at Caesar's in 1935.

Just to taste what all the fuss was about.

Sixty years later, the Caesar salad, or the well-known Caesar salad, is a classic. For me, it's the salad of choice. For all the usual talk about onions, anchovies, and radishes, of robust oils and raspberry vinegars, nothing, in my opinion, rivals the Caesar. It can easily be a good anti-racism as well as the prelude to a more elaborate one. And while most agree on what makes the Caesar so special, there is the question of anchovies. Once, when I ordered the salad at Derek, the waitress leaned on my shoulder and whispered, "Honey, the Caesar ain't for the girls. It's man's food. Ladies don't like them anchovies."

Well, let me make a confession: neither do I. Though I

had never thought of anchovies as a feminist issue. If you like 'em, use 'em. I realize that their inclusion is heavy on the anchovyists, but they were not part of Caesar's original recipe. Besides they were added because a bottle of Worcestershire sauce (which was in the original recipe) listed anchovies as one of its ingredients. Somewhat along the way must have decided some men better, and hence the addition of the gangster little critters. James Beard and Joy of Cooking both call for them, and quite a few restaurants have made them so popular. But Rosa Casella, the daughter of the inventor and today the distributor of a first-rate bottled Caesar salad dressing, says, "No way. They wanted this to be a subtle salad, there's nothing subtle about anchovies."

Papa was right. In fact, over the years everything from blue cheese and vinegar to bacon has been added. What we offer is the original salad that Caesar himself brought to the table in 1924. Some things should never change. I believe this is one of them.

THE PRELIMINARIES

Rinse the lettuce to use. Count on six to eight leaves per person. Though the original recipe called for whole leaves, I think for leaves cut in two and pieces. Wash them thoroughly under cold water, then shake dry carefully in a cloth use of oil and refrigerate until you're ready. (Many folks suggest putting the leaves in an airtight plastic bag, but that's going to cause condensation, and you want your leaves as crisp as you can get them.)

In the old days, in Tijuana, Jack and Janice were considered too formal. Part of the seasonality was in handling the leaves, packing them right off the plate. I still sort of like it that way. Have a half of good French or Italian bread and softened butter at hand. You might want two or three chachas as well. Now all you need is a good bottle of red Italian wine. That and Jean Harlow, and you've recreated Tijuana in 1924.

—Richard David Story

ing creations, not least I. Turn up the heat to moderate and soon the creations in the oil are a minute or so. Remove them with a slotted spoon and drain on a paper towel. Note: You'll be using three-quarters of a cup of olive oil in all, and it helps if you crush a garlic clove (or two) and allow it to steep in the oil for a day or two.

Next, figure out the price of a lemon with a little bowl.

Though messy recipes call for one egg, it's best to beat for a couple of minutes. Add the two eggs for just one minute. Remove the eggs from the water and allow them to cool. Then grate one quarter cup of fresh Parmesan cheese. And this is important: crust yourself to the real Italian Parmesan. That stuff from the little green and yellow box tastes like stuff from a little green and yellow box.

THE FINALE

Put the mixture into the largest salad bowl you have. Pour four tablespoons of oil over the lettuce and toss the leaves a couple of times, making sure to coat them completely. Add about a quarter teaspoon of salt, grind in some fresh pepper (as much as you like), and add two more tablespoons of oil. Toss again. Pour on the lemon juice and six shakers of Worcestershire, and break the eggs over it. (This is also the point at which you can add however many can-up anchovy fillets you wish.) Toss a few more times. Add the Parmesan. Toss again. Sprinkle on the crostons. Toss a last time. Arrange the salad on chilled dinner plates.

In the old days, in Tijuana, Jack and Janice were considered too formal. Part of the seasonality was in handling the leaves, packing them right off the plate. I still sort of like it that way. Have a half of good French or Italian bread and softened butter at hand. You might want two or three chachas as well. Now all you need is a good bottle of red Italian wine. That and Jean Harlow, and you've recreated Tijuana in 1924.

—Richard David Story



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Winston Lights Lights 0.8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

THE RIGHT STUFF A Cure for the Cold



There is really no reason now to let the winter cold put a crimp in your canine style: a new device called the Bodybrether can, according to its manufacturers, raise the temperature of the air you breathe by as much as 55 degrees. You just strap the contraption around your neck. It fits like a bib, breathes through the scuba-like no apnea, and—well, it may not look like you're in the tropics, but you're supposed to feel that way.

The Bodybrether gets the warmth by drawing upon your own body heat to warm the air

before you breathe it. The heat is captured in a chest shell and is channeled to the mouthpiece via a clever valve-and-pump system. Fresh air enters through an inlet; you exhale through another. Breathe as hard or as gently as you will, the design ensures that you'll never breathe stale air. The mouthpiece—you breathe directly on a lot of vinyl—incorporates two flexible, airtight joints that respond to your head

and body motion, permitting fairly unrestricted freedom as you move. Depending upon your age and weight, you should get warmed up within two minutes.

It may well be that, as doctors tell us, we shouldn't get breathing chill air; nonetheless, many of us are severely bothered by the cold and are driven sanctuary during the winter months. We can order the Bodybrether from Katox Corporation, 85 Watertown Lane, Great Neck, New York 11023. (212) 800-882-4000. It costs \$47.95, plus \$3.50 for postage and handling. ●

GOOD THINKING Video's Outer Limits

With videocassette recorders proliferating as they are, people curious where we're really beginning to get into of their television sets, a development long overdue. Why settle for *Fuchs of Life* or *CHiPs* when *Star Trek: The Next Generation* is just as readily available for home viewing? As network chief, you'll be glad to know that there's plenty of programming to choose from. The newly serviced and updated Video Source Book, a television directory of the moment, is tested by its publish-

er (National Video Clearinghouse, 100 Lakeside Drive, Syracuse, New York 13211) as the definitive directory of available video titles. It lists over three thousand titles and 670 distributors, which is itself is enough material to keep a VCR humming night and day for the next few years.

This is a dramatic change from just five years ago, when even the best-sourced video stores could offer little more than the same degraded list of Hollywood standards and a few hard-to-reconcile musical specials. Today the insatiable

demand for video programming is drawing a plethora of material into the marketplace, and unearthed in the haul, like prehistoric fish dredged from the deep, are some truly bizarre items.

Mass Cars That Eat People when it came around to your neighborhood? Not to worry that classic tale of carnivorous automobiles is available in both the Beta and the VHS format. For more information, contact the aptly named Cult Video 0005 Wholesale, Los Angeles, California 90055, which also distributes the rince-able, *She Devils in Chains*, *Drive-In Massacre*, and *Famous T & A*, a feature with few famous faces but lots of T & A. EVI Video (313) 544-6661, Avenue, Ridgefield, New Jersey 07071 is currently filling orders for *Seven Brothers Meet Demals*, which sets a tired-looking prince of darkness in a lumber camp full of singing Swedes, and the *Wendobes on Wheels*, a tense drama about drug-racing victims of the Wolf's Curse. Two contenders for the Worst Film Ever Made crown, *The Crazies* (R) and *Plan Nine from Outer Space*, are offered by the *Nostalgia Merchant* (8255 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California 90028), which also offers *Raiders Now from the Moon*, *Fighting David Dags*, and the extravagantly titled but unseen *Demals from the Stratosphere*.

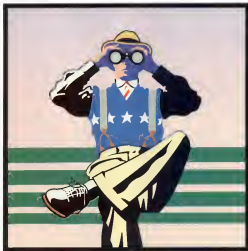
Hollywood Home Theater, a particularly indignant outfit in Los Angeles, has compiled an impressive release list distributed by Budget Video, 4560 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90029. Titles include *The Terror of They Two*, the only all-male western ever made, *U.S.S. V.D.*—*Ship of Shame*, one of the better anti-furces sex-education films, rapine with fighting foreign troops, Israeli soldiers who later are put in a predicament, and various others who know better: and the triple threat bill of *Case of the Atomic Maniac*, *Robot in the House*, and *Wrecking Machine*. *Atomic Maniac* (Hollywood Home also offers some

material of serious interest that's hard to find elsewhere, including *Demals IX*, the seldom-seen first directorial effort of Francis Coppola, *The Chess Analogue*, the Delia Haskins/satellite collaboration, and foreign films like *Marschner's How America*, *Women of the Dunes*, and *Demals*.)

The Video Source Book is most notable for its strength in specializing in subject listings, which range from medical instruction (*Medical Negligence: Afterlife to Avoid*, a twenty-minute guide for doctors), to industrial-safety training films (like the unintentionally hilarious *Ladies and Gentlemen*, a remarkably thorough examination of what not to do when perched on the end of a ladder), to a surprisingly comprehensive listing of "eroticism" video assets. **Cable & Records Tapes & Films** (1400 Sunset Street, New York, New York 10023), an arm of the powerhouse *Cable* art gallery, offers tapes by performance artists *John Jones* and *Vito Acconci*, and by William Wegman, who does short, wonderfully brutal performance tapes that feature his dog, a well-mannered named *Mini Ray*. And some important nonradical films by modern heavies like *Nem June Park*, the Vietnamese video artist who last year was honored with a retrospective at the Whitney Museum, have recently appeared in tape format, they're offered by *Electronic Arts International* (45 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010).

It's simple enough to order things out of the *Source Book*, but often it's not at all easy to run down a list of obscure material. To get the top-drawn video, your best bet is to find and cultivate a source representative of access—a clerk in a large video store, for instance. A few video stores have informal trading circles of hard-core videophiles, and most video magazines and newsletters have classified sections offering rare and obscure material. Pick around, ask a lot of questions, and let me know if you can't find a decent copy of *The Day It Came to Earth*.

—John Kibice



Clipping for the American Man: conservatism in home—harboring a spirit of adventure and understanding

OUR SUTTER COLLECTION

Wilkes
Bashford

THE DRINKING MAN

Beer for Fanatics



There's something not quite respectable about beer. It seems all right for fishing trips, beach parties, and baseball games, but not for a dinner party, not when you're put the cakelike rye. There is for opening a third, the conventional taste makers say: the pleasure of it lies in cool seltz, not in subtle flavor, if it's complexity you want, drink wine. They are wrong.

Lance, in Matthew Reisch, lawyer of New Amsterdam Anchor beer. "I like beer. I wanted to apply myself to be the way American veterans have applied themselves to wine." Reisch is but the most recent in a growing group of brewers who have seen in the trend toward gourmet products an opportunity to create the land of beers that were lost to us in this country before Prohibition. The largest of these breweries produce around three hundred thousand cases a year, and if that sounds like a lot, understand that Anchor-Busch, which peddles 800 million cases a year, isn't particularly successful. So, while the giant battle one another, the small brewers around the country are building traditional followings for their locally distributed beers—beers that are only now appearing outside their home states.

For all their common interests, the small brewers often

begin beer making in very different ways. Fritz Maytag took over the aging Stieglitz Beer brewery in San Francisco eight years ago. His first year's production of Anchor Steam was six hundred barrels, this year he expects to sell twenty-eight thousand. Not long after Phil Gomst and Ken Grossman borrowed \$300,000 from their parents to raise their home-brewing hobby into a business in Chico, California, they found their Sierra Nevada beer moving faster than they could make it. Jack McVulde began his New Alban brewery in Sonoma, California, in 1976 in an effort to recreate the ale he'd tasted in Scotland, where he had been stationed in the Navy. His beer now has a reputation that stretches thousands of miles beyond its distribution here.

Perhaps the most ambitious brewer of all, though, is Reisch, who hired marketing researchers and engaged a distinguished brewmaster, Joseph Ortolini, as a consultant. Then he got twenty-one investors to put up a total of \$255,000 and contacted with the forty-fifth F.X. Matt Brewing Company in Utica, New York, to bottle his first beer under the New Amsterdam label. Until the first bottle came off the line, Reisch had no real idea of what his beer would taste like. Well, it's good, as different from the average domestic beer as wine is from water.

To produce their quality beers, the small brewers rely

on the most basic of ingredients—malted barley, hops, water, and yeast—generally to the exclusion of anything else. (For all of them, tradition is gospel.) Where and how these components are combined is what makes each beer distinctive. As a rule, though, it can be said that a beer with a lot of malt tends sweet, hops give beer a bitterness. And just as in a fine wine, the flavors should blend. If the taste of the beer changes in your mouth, it should be a progression, not a harsh parade of flavors.

In fact, old-style beers can be judged like wine, for color, for taste, and even for scent. (Does the beer smell vaguely like wet cardboard, as many domestic beers do, or does it have a scent of caramel? Most people prefer the latter.) Of course, in tasting beer, the definition of aroma isn't as strict as it is in wine tasting, so you can use whatever words seem to fit. Try *hoppy*, *deft*, *fresh*, *flat*, and *clean*.

And remember that beers worth describing in terms

other than light and refreshing are meant to be savored, not chugged. They're complex enough to stand up to a true test, not to be washed on pizza or potato chips. Various recommendations serving Sierra Nevada with spicy foods, dark meats, sausage. Reisch adds that his beer will complement a steak better than it will a quiche. Like many wines, these beers are best served at between 45 and 55 degrees. And they don't age well. Which means—if you need an excuse—that you should drink them as soon as possible.

Small breweries have started up all around the country, except in the south, which seems a little backward in this regard. Those in the Midwest—Green Bros. in Irondequoit, Michigan, and Haber in Monroe, Wisconsin, for example—are usually older and somewhat larger. Ask your local gourmet shop to find the ones in your region, or call the brewers; we've mentioned; they'll tell you where you can find their beers and others. ■

WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW

Defending Your Highway Privacy

Back in the old days, armed men used to lurk behind bushes along the road and wait for the stagecoach. When it was too near to take evasive action, the men would leap out and demand money. This was called highway robbery.

Today armed men hide behind bushes along the road and wait for motorists. When they spot one who appears to be exceeding fifty-five miles per hour or, rather, they leap out and demand money. This is called cash register justice.

A lot of people can't tell the difference, particularly if they've been accused as a motorist—often, for example, where the patrolman takes credit cards as the spot. No

money paragonage, they just want the money.

Americans have a history of misadventure with armed men, regardless of who is doing the grabbing. Frontier travelers packed saloons. Calumet dumped the king of England's tea in Boston Harbor. And the traditions continue on the highway today as motor detectors that sniff out speed traps.

A radar detector is a radio. It is tuned to the two microwave frequencies assigned to police radar by the Federal Communications Commission. When it senses these microwaves, it sounds a warning. Microwaves are available, but if you could see a police radar in operation, it would

SELECTAVISION

INTRO TO LIFE - A HIGH PERFORMANCE TV THAT'LL TAKE ALL YOU CAN GIVE IT (FOR THE STORY BEHIND THE HEADLINE, TURN THE PAGE.)

RCA

See Reader Service Card after page 200.



INTRODUCING A HIGH-PERFORMANCE TV THAT'LL TAKE ALL YOU CAN GIVE IT.

Here's a whole new world of video products out there. And now RCA has a television designed specifically to work with them. Designed to improve the picture and sound performance you get from them. To make them easier to hook up. And easier to use. The SelectaVision Video Monitor works wonders as a high-performance television receiver, with our most advanced color picture and 127-channel tuning including cable. (The model shown actually fits 25" of picture, measured diagonally, in the space of a 19" set.) It's a home video "home center." It also does things conventional TVs can't. Its new input/output jacks allow you to bypass the set's internal circuitry and plug RCA and other video and audio components—like this system shown—directly into the

chassis. That means a sharper picture from video tapes and videodisks. That also means clean, dependable hookup with jacks, instead of nerve-jangling wiring.

And, you can run the whole show with our 17-function remote control—switching instantly from broadcast to video tape to videodisk. Or to live camera surveillance.

You can even hear better sound, because audio jacks permit direct hookup to your own stereo system. That's flexibility no ordinary TV can even approach. For more information, and a free copy of the "Living With Video" book (\$2.50 retail value), write: RCA Consumer Electronics, Dept. 432-3128, P.O. Box 1976, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206. Then ask your RCA dealer for a demonstration. You'll see why we say...

WE'LL OPEN YOUR EYES

RCA

See Reader Service Card on page 232.

Man At His Best



cut a beam very much like that of a powerful flashlight on a lap of night. For the police to see you—that is to say, measure your speed—the beam must shine on your car. However, you can see the beam—or, in this case, your detector will find it—before it can find you. How much before determines your safety margin.

POLICE INFORMANTS

Radar detection has made some (but, by no means) sweeping advances in the last twenty years. The original Radar Sentry was little more than a placebo. When it went off, you were so close the police could read your license number. About eight years ago, the Fluorescator came on the market. It was good enough to give motorists a fighting chance, and it quickly became a best seller. It also generated a pair of young Congressmen eager to go down to their basement workshop to see how good a radar detector could really be. They emerged months later with a billow of confusion and a device they called the Racetec. It used superheterodyne radio activity. It was outrageously expensive—at \$245, about twice the price of a Fluorescator. And when the public discovered how well it worked, the waiting line for Racetec grew to six months.

I've been an Racetec user from its beginning. I'd rather take a trip without shoes than

leave that thing behind. It's a black box about the size of a well-stuffed RCT. You mount it where it can see out the windshield, and the cord plugs into the cigarette lighter. On the straight and level, where the radar's range against a passenger car is less than half a mile, it will find radar several miles away. It sees over hills and around curves. It will even spot radar sneaking up behind you. A conventional radar trip doesn't have a chance. About the only way the police can outpace a good detector is to leave the radar off until the motorist is well within range, then switch on. No advance warning that says, "But there is no shortage of unappreciated motorists to catch, so they're doing us the trouble."

Naturally, if the police had their way, radar detectors would be illegal. But Americans have little tolerance for police surveillance, and if the police had to say, police radar would also be banned. There comes an uneasy compromise between the two ideas. It seems wrong that a system that demands a warrant before the police may tap your phone or search your house has no equivalent in setting up electronic surveillance along the road to spy on every citizen who comes along. On that basis, radar detectors can be thought of as a second wrong, tolerated by the courts as an attempt to right the first. "If

the government seeks to use clandestine and far-reaching methods to monitor citizens' actions, it can't afford to complain should the citizen insist on a method to effect his right to know he is under such surveillance." wrote the judge in ruling against a law that bans radar detectors. Only Connecticut, Virginia, and the District of Columbia have laws against using detectors, and only an earlier appeal.

There is a particularly sweet sense of privacy that comes from having a radar detector on duty. When the police are skulking behind the bushes, you know it. Americans feel it's a fundamental right not to be confronted by their accusers. Baked into that idea is the assumption that the offense should be significant enough to be observed, not merely possible on a digital readout somewhere. Eyes of radar are not visible, which it's not, it still seems to enforce penalties. Moreover, it puts the defendant at a tremendous disadvantage in court because, not knowing he was on radar, he had no reason to remember the details of traffic and terrain that are critical to his defense. The actors stick like tar. The only practical defense is to avoid them in the first place.

GETTING EVEN

With that in mind, Americans are spending over \$100 million annually for radar detectors. Prices start as high as \$250, although discounts are frequently offered. Superheterodyne circuitry is now common. In a recent comparison of ten brands of radar detectors, authors found that the Racetec, GIL Model G-85, BEL Model 900, and Radar Interceptor, Whistler Q-3000, and Fluorescator Superhet all delivered good performance.

Several new detectors have been introduced since the last, one of them being the mid-of-the-line Whistler Spectra, but so yet there are no reliable performance ratings of these models. The typical claim for all new models, however, is extended range, but among the best detectors,

range is no longer as much when you can find radar there is less time to drive away than police can find you, which is no other life's test. More important is how well the detector indicates radar strength, because that tells you exactly when you need to be on guard.

BEING INCONSPICUOUS

Some detectors are radar, you can't tell how well they work by looking at them, but there are a few differences you can verify on your own. Can radar only superheterodyne devices. Anything less gives a false sense of accuracy. Also, size is important. Even where detectors are legal, the police are not amused by them, so you're better off with low-profile equipment. The Racetec, Whistler, and Mern Eye VII are very compact. The Radar Interceptor is a small package, but it stands on a tip, presenting a large silhouette to the world. The ultimate detector, of course, would be invisible. Radar Interceptor makes one disguised as an outside mirror, and Fox has a unit that hides behind the grille. Both detectors have the same drawback: installation is complicated, and you can't readily switch them among the cars in your pool.

One final tip: Avoid those with a manual sensitivity adjustment. In a worst case, you'll never find a setting that gives you confidence at, and fully automatic models are available at the same price.

The United States, it turns out, is the only country in the world with a serious market for radar detectors. I can't think of another consumer product that says as much about what's wrong with this country as this piece. That we can't even get down the highway without an electronic hassle over trivial differences in speed shows how deeply we've sunk into bureaucratic pettiness. It's a nation that allows such a potent inducement to police surveillance can truly be called a garden spot of individual rights. You don't have to own a radar detector to see the beauty of it.

—Patrick Redford



Calvin Klein Underwear

DOCUMENTARY

Esquire

Teaching the Brain New Tricks

From the labs of cognitive psychologists comes this startling good news: expertise and performance may directly relate to skills the average thinker can learn **by CHRIS WELLES**

MARIO DONATELLI LEANED FORWARD IN his chair, put his elbows on his knees, clasped his hands together so tightly that the blood drained from his knuckles, and closed his eyes.

"Okay," he said. "I'm ready."

The researcher checked the stopwatch and, in a monotone, began reading digits from a computer printout in front of him at the rate of one per second: "153803780332157 84289583061230408363077273142816325946207080894974965558."

Tensed and motionless while the list was being called out, Donatelli's body suddenly sprang alive. Whispering numbers to himself at a furious rate, he alternately rubbed his chin, tapped his feet, counted on his fingers, and ran his hands through his hair.

"Okay," he announced a minute and forty-eight seconds later. "The first set is 1538. Then 1637." He repeated back the digits in groups of three and four.

"How did you do that?" the researcher asked.

"First set was a three-mile race," Donatelli said. "Second set was a ten-mile time. Then a mile. Half-mile. Two-mile time. An age. Two-mile. A mile. A two-mile. Two ages. An age. Three-thousand-meter time. A mile. A mile. A mile. Ten-thousand-meter. Two-mile. Age. Age. Age. Two-mile."

In recalling seventy-three digits, Donatelli surpassed the record in the psychological literature for digit recall, set in 1924 by a German mathematician professor. That record was eighteen digits.

Chris Welles's most recent article, "The Success Capital of America," appeared in the July 1982 issue.

for acquiring information." One study of college students with a wide range of grade-point averages concluded that the grade distinctions derived not from ability but from the learning techniques the students had developed.

Traditional grade-school teaching stresses simple rote learning of often haplessly organized facts and ideas. Most of us tend to use this technique in our later life. If we are introduced to three or four people at a party or given a telephone number from directory assistance, we just make a list of facts, force, and often unsuccessfully, effort to implant this information in our brain cells. The problem with this is the severe limitation of virtually everyone's short-term memory for new information, our inability to keep in our heads at one time more than, say, seven or eight unrelated numbers or digits. Unless the new information has some special interest, it will tend to disappear in three to six seconds.

Cognitive psychologists suggest that, to retain new information longer and transfer it from our short-term memory to our long-term memory, from where it can be accessed indefinitely, we introduce several well-defined strategies into our everyday information accumulation. These strategies require not only that you "rehearse"—repeat to yourself—the information you want to retain but that you rework, elaborate on it, and organize it.

The idea behind these strategies is that long-term memory operates through an almost infinitely complex system of inter-connected information clusters and linkages. Experts achieve extraordinary levels of expertise in knowledge by using these strategies. Chinn calls working memory, in quickly retrievable because it is so elaborately maintained. Neuroscientists try to retain new information about aggregate it into main components—schemas, in experts' lingo, and then create retrieval cues by linking those clusters in as many ways as possible to information that is already stored away. "It's like adding handles to a vase," says Dick Hays. "By making connections to knowledge you already have, you're creating access routes to the new information." Doris Rossell's track lanes and Arthur Benjamin's learned phonetic code are typical examples: random numbers are transformed into easily retained clusters and those clusters related to familiar information. Cognitive psychologists have also studied a waiter in Boulder, Colorado, named John Gossel, who is able to remember as many as nineteen different drink orders—including salad dressings and soft drinks on how many should be cooked—through a complex system of chunking by means of associations and mental images. Conrad developed the system over a period of several months. He soon learned that the ability to remember a large number of orders produced higher

tips. "I was always out for that extra buck," he explained.

A common method (which was used by Russian satirists) for remembering lists of items is called loci. (Though cognitive psychologists have developed many new ways to enable us to use not brain more effectively, much of their work consists of a rediscovery—of traditional techniques.) You begin by selecting a place, such as your home, with which you are very familiar. Moving systematically along the walls or through the house, you mentally, say, twenty distinct locations: the front door, the television set, the refrigerator, the oil-radiator, and so on. To remember a list, you link each item with one of the loci, perfectly through dramatic images. If you were trying to remember a list of U.S. Presidents, you might imagine Abraham Lincoln watching a replay of the Gettysburg Address on TV and then Andrew Johnson getting something to eat from the refrigerator. As Dick Hays puts it, "Essentially, the loci method provides you with an index to information that is stored away. It is important here that it is to remember the tour through your house and uncover the locus."

Analysis of the structure of experts' knowledge has led to even more sophisticated learning strategies. Once thought to be simply a huge storehouse of information, expert knowledge has been found to be organized not only into clusters but more broadly into highly developed hierarchical structures, a few very broad ideas and facts divided into lesser categories of narrower ideas and facts, divided still further into still more sharply defined ideas and facts, and so on. Studies of electronics technicians, for instance, show that while novices tend to visualize the parts of a circuit diagram in terms of physical proximity, experts automatically grasp the various elements into broad functional characteristics, such as amplifiers and filters. The knowledge of the growing physics students tends to be organized around objects, such as an engine, plane, and relatively narrow ideas, such as friction. The knowledge of experts in the field tends to be organized around broad principles, such as conservation of energy. Such a hierarchical structure permits the expert to retrieve and use his knowledge much

In the classroom, instructors should put less emphasis on learning facts and more on learning how to use those facts, less on *what* to think and more on *how* to think.

more efficiently than a novice. In recalling one piece of information, an expert gains immediate access to a large store of related information that may be brought to bear upon a particular problem.

Cognitive psychologists sometimes report dramatic success with courses that foster creation of hierarchical knowledge by requiring students to work out broad themes and patterns. In reading assignments, for instance, students are asked to give special attention to tables of contents, headings, topic sentences, concluding paragraphs, and illustrations. After the reading, they are required to make lists of the author's main points. A large portion of class time is set aside to help these students share information they have learned into broader and more functional assignments and patterns. Jill H. Larkin of Carnegie-Mellon reported a "striking improvement in problem-solving" performance by university physics students who were taught such expert strategies as taking a "concise, easily remembered overview" of the problem and applying chunks of principles that are commonly used together.

Proposals have been advanced for restructuring entire courses along hierarchical lines. One example: As it is conventionally taught, ecology—and, specifically, the numerous ecological phyla, classes, and orders—tends to be an exercise in rote memorization of interminable lists of unrecognizable names that can be a maximum nightmare for the beginning student. One way to make the process less onerous, according to cognitive psychologists, is to organize the animals in terms of various ecological principles: cell complexity, exoskeletons, the increased sophistication of (Continued on page 50)

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such organ systems as digestion and circulation, for example. These broad categories can then be tightly tied in with overall principles of evolutionary development. For the student, remembering where a particular organism fits into the structure will eventually bring to mind numerous useful bits of information about the organism's characteristics.

Structure is not the only characteristic of an expert's knowledge base that sets it apart from a novice's knowledge base. In confronting a problem, the expert is far better able to bring into play heuristic skills based on a broad practical knowledge gained from experience on how to apply what he knows. Studies have demonstrated that even when experts and novices are provided with all the facts and formulas necessary to solve a problem, the experts routinely reach the solution faster due to their superior ability to process the information.

These findings are having an almost revolutionary impact on the theory of teaching subjects such as science and math. In fact, they could lead to an extensive overhaul of much of the nation's educational curriculum. Andrea diSessa of MIT's Artificial Intelligence Laboratory advises that instructors teach not science and math but "what scientists (and mathematicians) do." They should put less emphasis on learning facts and more on knowing how to use facts, less on what to think and more on how to think. "It is not that facts are irrelevant," he says, "but that the higher level activity of deciding when to use a fact is more characteristic of scientific knowledge than the mere facts involved."

Much science instruction, as cognitive psychologists see it, leaves little relation to how scientists in the real world think and use facts. Typical textbook problems, for instance, tend to be simplistic, merely requiring the student to plug in a few numbers he has just memorized. Instead, cognitive psychologists recommend more complex problems of the sort scientists actually face, which tend to be poorly defined and surrounded with irrelevant information. And they suggest that a much broader, more practical and functional approach be applied to problem solving.

Herbert Simon and his wife, Dorothea, who is also a member of Carnegie-Mellon's psychology department, have studied extensively the different ways people handle complex problems. One problem, called "A Desperate Fight," describes the following situation: Tom Smith and his crew were shipwrecked on the moon. Fortunately, they were able to salvage single-crop corn cobs, several coils of aluminum pipe, a solar-powered water pump, and a sack of seed corn. They found a large and apparently lushless spring. They also found two plots of potentially fertile soil: one a three-acre plot two miles

from the spring and the other an eight-acre plot with a potentially higher crop yield but five miles from the spring in the opposite direction. The aluminum pipe would stretch to either plot but not to both. The capacity of the spring pump was quite restricted, however, which would sharply limit the amount of corn that could be produced. "Which plot should they irrigate in order to grow as much corn as possible?"

Nearly everyone in a group of graduate students and faculty members participating in one experiment approached this dilemma as a standard abstract textbook exercise. A physician whom the Simons called PH3 was typical. Using several hydraulics and mechanics equations, he concluded that, while the size of the plots was irrelevant, the more distant plot would produce the highest crop yield.

Another subject, a chemical engineer called CEA, took an entirely different approach. He began by redefining the problem: it was not just a matter of which plot to use but how the "two quantities—the three cobs"—his for corn—alcoholic solution he derived in part from his knowledge of agriculture and botany, involved concepts and devices not mentioned in the problem statement and concerned considerations of soil, nutrients, temperature, and even the use of cranks, siphons, and air pressure as more effective ways than pipes to move the water and possibly irrigate both plots. As the Simons put it, "He was behaving more easily in a real Tom Smith world than we were faced with the prospect, or the reality, of surviving on the moon under the conditions given." The failure of conventional science instruction to teach CEA a brand of real-world approach to problems, they suggested, "reveals a possibly serious gap in science education for professional practice."

Cognitive psychologists are equally critical of the familiar deductive-reasoning methods used in science and laws that are viewed by most textbooks. One of the landmark conclusions of cognitive psychologists, as Andrea diSessa of MIT puts it, is that "deduction is a poor model of human thinking." The heuristic processes of expert scientists—and all of us, for that matter—are actually much more inductive, inductive, inductive, inductive, and

Perhaps cognitive psychology's most ambitious leap has been into the creative process, the qualities that separate the Mozarts and Einsteins from everyone else.

even illogical. "The expert finds logical thinking a pain in the neck and for too slow," says psychology professor Paul Johnson of the University of Minnesota in Maroon Hall's The Universe Within. "So the medical specialist, for instance, doesn't do hypothesis-deductive, step-by-step diagnosis; the way he was taught in medical school. Instead, by means of his wealth of experience, he recognizes some symptoms or features, he quickly gets an idea, he suspects a possibility, and he seems right in looking for data that will confirm or disconfirm his guess."

Effective instruction, thus, should show how experts deal with ambiguous problems, how they distinguish between a relevant and irrelevant consideration, how they make intuitive and inferential guesses, and how they analyze when they are going along the wrong track. "Many teachers feel they should talk only about the right way to do something and never mention the wrong way because it might confuse the students," says Jack Loebach of the University of Massachusetts. But in his classes, he says "we will sometimes deliberately try to get them confused, because sometimes it's only through getting confused and finding your way out that you really come to understand what's going on." Or as psychologist Louis Greenfield of the University of Wisconsin recommends, "Let the students see the scratch paper that was discarded, rather than just the elegant final solution."

Not satisfied with just improving the quality of physics and math problems, cognitive scientists over the past few years have written several books on general problem-solving strategies, which have been used to establish problem-solving

10

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THE SPORTING LIFE

The Million-Dollar Fish Hunt

Competitors in the Cat Cay Tuna Tournament spend vast fortunes in pursuit of a quarry that has all but disappeared

Cat Cay is an island of sea-blooms fragrances, heaving seas, pleasant exhalations, fine wines, and French cuisine—the trappings of privilege and adolescent wealth. The few dozen millionaires scuttled here are sequestered within groves of imported plants and trees, surrounded by constant Bahamian policemen who enforce a wild and unwatched business. Doors are never locked on Cat Cay—the only intruders are flocks of wild turkeys. Vanderbilt and Phipps avoid dinner, polo-staded pathways between luxurious homes, and Hebe Rebozo strikes the golf course beside his tanned and taciturn guest Richard Nixon, without a bodyguard in sight.

Once a year this tropical island sixty miles east of Miami becomes the base for the most violent and highly specialized of all big game fishing. Each spring, pods of Atlantic bluefin tuna migrate across the chilly Gulf of Mexico past the Rising Rocks and push north along the Bahama chain like fleets of small submarines. As the month ends near Cat Cay, high-powered, custom-built sport-fishing boats cross the Gulf streams to rendezvous with the boat owners—some of the wealthiest men in the world, who fly from distant places in private jets, seaplanes, and helicopters to compete against one another for five days in the Cat Cay Tuna Tournament. Many of them consider Cat Cay the crowning jewel in a Grand Prix circuit of big game fishing. For these super-rich boat owners, the year is a succession of tournaments—a fervent, global pursuit of huge migrating fish. In July you'll find them trawling the fifty-fathom drop-off outside Tancos in the Virgin Islands for blue marlin. In August there is broadsword swordfishing off Nantuxet, in the fall the men go to Australia to live for weeks aboard quietest yachts a hundred miles from port and fish in the afternoon for thousand-pound black marlin, within view of the breaking Great Barrier Reef. They are statewide again in time to catch the sailfish run off Palm Beach in January and February.

Whenever possible, these jargonistic sportsmen prefer to fish with their own crews on their own boats, which take planning and tremendous amounts of money. (Aside from an original outfit of, say, \$500,000 for boat and tackle, operating expenses may come to \$30,000 for a week of fishing.) One boat owner who enjoys fishing for striped marlin in the Pacific arranges for his boat to be towed thousands of miles from Florida through the Panama Canal by a 112-foot yacht. Another boat owner sees his million-dollar sport-fishing boat

Photo courtesy of a fisherman and journalist who lives and works in New York City.

by Fred Waitzkin

and crew in a difficult, sometimes-lethal passage from Florida to Puerto Rico, where he joined the fleet for the season of fishing, caught a blue marlin, then ordered the boat and crew back to Florida. Sometime later, he went back to Texas to fish in the \$600,000 Poco Bama Tournament. He was attacked and never managed to return it to Texas. He never made the trip, the crew dubbed without him and ended up with first prize.

A number of the boat owners who have gathered on Cat Cay for that tournament go on only for bluefin tuna fishing—the most physically punishing form of angling. They are turned on by the speed and power techniques practiced exclusively by tuna crews on high-powered tuna boats in the remote water south of Cat Cay. These tuna anglers may not have seen their more glamorous dollar boats since the previous year's bluefin run in the Bahamas. Their boats rested during the long off season made sheds in Florida houses, attended by their crews. A helper for Merritt, a boatbuilder specializing in custom tuna boats, says "It's like owning a shotgun. You pick it up to go duck hunting, and then you put it back on the shelf for the rest of the year."

IT IS ONE DAY BEFORE THE START OF the tournament, and the boats are ready in the morning light of Cat Cay harbor, the fishing fleet looks like

an armada of small fighting ships at sea. Forty outriggers, tuna towers, and do antennas bristle in the sky. Penalties wave from flying ledgers, and the hulls look sleek and fast, while white antennas within their reflective canopies in the flat water around the docks. For months these boats have been swarmed over by crews, carpenters, electricians, and mechanics—as much as work up as out—working in it to prove Formula One can be before the racing season.

The best of the boats are Merritts between thirty-seven and forty-four feet long, the most specialized of all fishing machines. They accelerate, turn, dismounting quickness and wheel to place blue-lipponner staffers. They are designed to trail without wake and to reverse as fast as the fishing boats of Herenguy's day went forward. The last one to come out of the Old Fleet Yard, in Pompano Beach, Florida, was for more than \$500,000, four

times as much as the best case-produced boats of similar length—what the captains of Merritts refer to as junk boats.

The centerpiece of a Merritt is an old-fashioned cockpit, and at the center of the cockpit stands the fighting chair, a five-thousand-dollar tank and seaweed seat raised on a chrome pedestal. The angler—most often the boat owner—sits here, connected by a fiber glass harness to a two-speed reel the size of a soccer ball. Just above the reel, where the angler will hold on with a gloved left hand, the rod is the thickness of a baseball bat. When the angler, tuna hooked against a counterweight, pulls back against the weight and strength of a tuna, he becomes, in effect, the motor part of a third-class lever.

Identical, the angler acts the fishermen, the man who back the quarry, but the word some captains use to describe an angler in pain—a term suggesting both the strength it takes to push with the thighs and pull with the back long enough to bring to gull a seven-hundred-pound giant tuna, and the limited, treacherous role the angler plays as state-of-the-art big game fishing.

For much of the time it is, the angler is an inevitable member of the fishing team, reclining on a leather sofa in an air-conditioned room, watching television or doing. If the fishing is bad, he may brood about replacing his crew. Meanwhile, the captain and two mates

are perched thirty feet overhead in the pitching tower, looking out the sea, angling at the glass of the ocean for a sign of tuna, searching to make tuna appear through sheer force of will.

"Tuna is a crew sport," says one of the captains on the dock. "The angler is the shot who reads the clock and pays the bill."

It is the habit of some owners to replace their captain at the helm in the late afternoon, taking pleasure in the feel of the thick chrome throttle and the thirty-grooved

of turbo-charged engines in their sleek bows wheel and quickly slide backward into their slips. They relax the emotion of turning the key, shutting down all that raw and power for the night. When the masses launch fishing lines onto planks, the owners step aboard setting golf carts and quietly retrace the winding pathways home for a shower and drinks before a meal in the exquisite Cat Cay Club—where crews are not permitted. The captains and mates will wait

down and choose the boats, make bets for the following day, and spend the night aboard. Crews consider the hotel fishing glimmers their own property. Good tuna fishing is their sport, they say, because it is their passion.

"Good tuna is the only kind of fishing that gets you back here," says one captain. "It's like going down to a watermelon and a boat and taking notes on pickup truck going the other way. It fills the longhairs out of you. I've hunted grizzly, and I've hunted jaguar in the open field, and I'll tell you, there's nothing more physical, nothing to compare with killing bluefin tuna."

RECENT SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION HAS revealed that the Atlantic bluefin population is sharply on the decline, 15 percent of what it was twenty years ago. Although the greatest threat to tuna comes from commercial fishermen, concerned sport-fishermen are helping the situation somewhat by promoting release tournaments. In this year's Cat Cay tournament, boats are required to kill and weigh in the first bluefin. Subsequent fish brought on the boat can be released, and scoring will be based on an honor system. The committee has concentrated the tension, not mauling an already delicate issue. Some captains argue, for example, that with big tuna in the fishing pool, all fish should be weighed at the dock to avoid cheating. Others are more concerned.

"I think the time for killing bluefin tuna is past. The bluefin is becoming an endangered species, and at this stage of the game there is no justification for having a full tournament." The speaker is Gary Shaw, by reputation the best bluefin tuna captain in the world—the best at finding and catching the most powerful fish in the ocean. He is strongly built, six-feet with the rugged, phlegmatic presence of the Cayman man. He is confident and smoothly-lidded, with a swagger as natural as a great runner's gait.

Shaw has won the Cat Cay tournament for ten winter fish of the last twelve years and is considered the man to beat. He lost count of the tuna he's caught years ago, after his four-hundredth bluefin—four hundred fish averaging more than ten hundred pounds apiece. Like the other men on the dock, he has spent his most intense hours trying to kill enormous fish. He sounds odd preaching conservation: "I think we better stop killing tuna or there isn't gonna be no more tuna to kill and no more tuna to catch." Shaw jabs a toothy smile and grins. Like other captains, he can make conversation with his friends.

"I don't release tuna," says another captain dryly. "I don't consider it a catch until it's on the dock and I'm washing blood on the treatment dock. Releasing fish is like having a good piece of meat and coming home with a rubber ball." "It's like being with a rubber ball," echoes the captain's boss, a corporation



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prudent, who has wandered down the dock with several other gray-haired men, who nod in agreement. Anglers who will spend more than fifty thousand dollars in expenses during the tournament can be so impatient with ecological questions.

"You have to have wanted a line before you can be a proper conservationist," says the owner, climbing aboard his boat for the day's fishing. As he slides open the glass doors to the salon you catch red what's written on the back of his light red T-shirt. It says: **HE WAS DEAD WITH THE MOST TONS WERE**

A TRICKY REMARKABLE CREW WILL FISH with Gary Stave for the next six days on the *Assauw*, a forty-three-foot Merrimac Stave runs for Portofino Sports, a Fresno, who won't be fishing this trip. Stave has not been on the boat since the day he bought it for Stave to run four months ago instead, *Assauw's* angler for the tournament will be Rob Downes, a London-based collector and distributor of antique books. Downes, a tall, thin man with an Australian speaking lilt, is a record-breaking international angler who has landed twenty-two thousand-pound black marlin, the largest game fish of them all. He is an motivated man, appearing the perfect angler. Downes, a tall, thin man with an Australian speaking lilt, is a record-breaking international angler who has landed twenty-two thousand-pound black marlin, the largest game fish of them all. He is an motivated man, appearing the perfect angler.

When Peter Wright and Rob Downes learned that Stave was available for the Cal Cup tournament, they rushed from Australia to charter the *Assauw*, with the promise that Wright be allowed to work in the crew. "Because Stave's the best and I want to watch him," says Wright. The second mate is Dave Davis—bearded, earnest, and laid back. Naturally dropped in his own tournament-class boat. They readily agreed to make bait and wash down the *Assauw* for the opportunity to fish with Stave, whom he openly admires.

This is the last day of practice before the tournament. Crews are docking in and out of the docks, rigging boats and setting out gear. Turbocharged engines start. Switches and gauges are checked. Soon

the *Assauw* is facing south along a ribbon of green water at the edge of the Gulf of California. Downes City and a string of rocky islands pebbly white with sandbars, a stretch of water generally understood except for an occasional shoot-out between Colombian and Floridian drug smugglers in the night. The ocean is calm and clear. A few fish are visible from a screen westerly wind that will drive the fish to the surface. Nonetheless, the crew is confident. "Gary catches tuna when the boat's all wrong," Tim Davis says. "He can set tuna when there isn't no tuna."

The *Assauw* has been off the dock for less than half an hour when Stave spots a school of tuna. Tim slides his eyes with his hand but sees only water, baby blue, dappled with the white of the sky's bottom. Then he makes out the large brown shapes swimming lazily, grazing like steers. Sometimes they flip over on their sides, and occasionally a side fin breaks the surface. Rob Downes climbs into the fighting chair and lets back the loaded trolling motor. The boat lurches back and forth at the front of the team, and the rest of the mile seems to gather the school together. The scene is tranquil, and the fish don't seem particularly concerned about the boat.

After five or ten minutes the school disperses, and then, when the fish school that's been sighted in four days. In years past, Stave has taken as many as one tank in a single day. This year he hasn't caught one in three weeks of fishing. Hours gone. Small cuts fill of water roll at the boat from the south, and the *Assauw* passes the other boats again and again. The diesel engines whine at the center of daydreams and conversation. Stave and Wright sit in the cockpit. Tim is on the bridge peering at the water close to the boat. "They'll stay up these all day," he says. "They won't even come down to take a look."

If the *Assauw* books a tuna, Tim will wait it, which means he will take the history that connects the hooked fish to the line and wrap it three times around both his hands. Then, inches below against the trawler, he will pull with all his strength against the fish's huge weight and fast lateral surges—strength against strength. Last year both his hands were crushed and amputated when he wasn't able to let go of the wire on a big fish.

Tim admits feeling guilty about such

large fish he kills. It seems to be this way for many big-game fishermen: high expectations and enthusiasm in hooking a trophy fish and then feelings of regret. "I don't even ever to beat another billion," Tim says. "But this tournament is the high point of my year. It's the best fishermen in the world competing to be the best."

The engine revs up almost imperceptibly, and Tim stops speaking. He gives Stave a little Indian whistle. It's a question. Should I get the bait out? How far back? Stave answers from the tower with a nod, never taking his eyes off the water. No one else on the *Assauw* can see a thing—not a trace of color.

Then Tim points. A couple hundred feet behind the boat, brown shapes pass down a wire. It's as if Stave imagined tuna and they appeared.

The glow on the ocean is terrible, and after the first glimpse of them, the fish are gone. The boat weaves back and forth at the front of the unseen school. The engine never changes their rowing path. Something large is happening, surely, in some region. Rob Downes without moving in the fighting chair, with Tim standing behind him. Again and again the trawler is pulled in front of an invisible school of giant tuna. With the long forefinger of his left hand, Downes gently nudges the line to feel if the bait jacks up, snags or gets chopped by a barricade. His wrist and hand, curled behind the thick rod, are as delicate and powerful as a cat's.

The school is suddenly empty. The lead fish breaks ahead, then turns so that its underbelly catches the sun and flashes and strikes the bait. The tuna is half stopped by the hook and sinker, and the calm water churns and deepens into a broad, frothing circle. "It's on. It's on!" The fish tumbles through the water and crashes past the outside wake, trailing white spray. It gains momentum, and the sixty pounds of drag is now like no resistance.

The huge rod is spinning like a hot motor. Rob Downes releases and becomes a ball tied above the fighting chair seat, straining against the pressure on his lips. His thigh muscles shaking. Stave has one engine in forward, the other in reverse. The Merrimac sits in place, the nose bow vibrating as if it might tear apart. "They want it from the cannibals. Then Stave gives both engines in forward, full throttle, chasing the line as it bubbles and cuts through the warm green water.

The nose must judder back, probing for deep water and then down call, the two hundred fifteen drop off. If the fish gets over the edge, it'll cut the line on the canal or be eaten by sharks in the deep water. Each time the fish makes its move for the edge, Stave blocks its path with the boat and drives the fish back toward shallow water.

The tuna bursts above the boat is a crazy run toward the Gulf Stream. Stave

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quality as business property. They're not sure off. When my boat is fishing in Gloucester, we get three thousand dollars for a single fish from the Museum at the company's behest. We can't release fish and deduct the cost. What happens when the fish are sold? The IRS won't put up with it."

A club official, first, with a stately southern drawl, comes through the door and hands him the bar. Gary calls after her as a measured voice: "I don't understand this rule about letting tons." Gary is letting the man.

"Nothing wrong with getting some fresh fish for the local people, Gary?"

"Most of those fish are gone out in the sun before they get to the dock. And what's this fishery rule about killing the first one? If you wanna see good fish, let's kill 'em all."

"Gary, you're getting a little worked up," the man says, as if he is quoting a corporate underling. Then, smiling a soothing note, "My captain and crew say there's still plenty of tuna left, Gary."

"Let me tell you something," Gary is talking slow, adding his head to the beat and crowding the man. "I've caught and killed about half a ton in a week that you and your crew have taken in ten years—sure that's right?" The man hardly has a word to say. "I'm telling you that you guys be no more than a little tuna. No more tuna—no more tuna deliveries. You get it?" Steve alone the whole row to slip past. When he turns to face Tim, Peter, and a few other captains who are leaning in, he is smiling like the king of bees.

"But the captain and mates aren't going to be invited to the meeting next year," says Peter Wright.

THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON TWENTY-TWO of the finest sport-fishing boats in the world fill up and leave the harbor near the Gun Cay lighthouse and Gun Cay. A helicopter swoops overhead and a photographer looms dramatically from its doorway, recording the moment for officers and trophy joints. In minutes the captains will be and the boats will begin the race south that marks the start of every Gun Cay Tuna Tournament. The boats will charge along the edge of the Gulf Stream, searching for tuna. Here's where the owners' creative drive and money expenditure for larger and more powerful engines pays off. The first schools spotted in the morning are the ones most likely to strike, so these fish have just crossed the Gulf of Mexico and haven't yet a sense for the abundance and the danger of the harbor.

The captain of the latest boat will glow through their up in his man south toward the fishing rocks. Then, at things are exactly right, at one o'clock, starting low, he'll roll a line in front of a fish school and hook up. All the boats behind him will come across scattered boat-aly fish. Gary Steve expects to be the last boat.

When Gary climbs onto the flying bridge, he is waving what he has done appears to be a pointed boat. Actually it is a red and white tennis-racket cover, and when he turns his head to the side, his white teeth are out of his mouth. Head just before he goes the "hullies forward," he shouts, "It's out of control. Let's point it right into the wind so I'll get whiplash." Everyone on the bridge is out and laughing—full of confidence, like an entrance walking from the dressing room down the aisle with Larry Hanks. The light is about 100 feet away and the crew is waving.

The boats are off with a roar—ten crashing together, making a crazy sea for the few who are slow to start. Steve reaches over the wheel, the northeast wind whips at the tennis-racket cover. He peers at the water for schools of tuna to put down. Everyone else on the bridge bends low to make the least possible wind resistance. The Airmax bounces off waves, flying just rocky little islands. Most of the fleet spreads out behind, some are merely white dots on the horizon. Steve is in the lead, but there aren't any tuna to look up—not a single school. For the next three hours the fleet roars up and down Tuna Alley and the helicopter makes dozens of loops overhead as the photographer clicks away at each of the boats in turn. No one spots any tuna. On the radio, some of the captain speculate that the wind is wrong. Around noon the wind drops off to nothing and the tournament committee calls off fishing for the day.

Steve discovered this particular place, a single-earrings later, last summer when he saw the engine sticking out of the shallow water. There was blood in the water through the cabin, blood was all over the seats and dashboard. There weren't any bodies. The engine was in perfect shape. Gary unloaded the engine and towed the plane into deeper water, where the floats would sink. The plane carried the engine to Miami and back.

From the tower below the wreck lowers over the sea like an ancient rendering of a flying machine. Its wings are thickly crisscrossed with barnacles and waving green. A small, dark, slowly rotating propeller has fallen. Tanned and Peter jump over the side with masks and snorkels, and in less than twenty minutes they appear two dozen crowshik beneath the broken wings. Steve cooks a pot of them in lemon and butter in the microwave oven, and while the doctors are still dropping wet, they eat the lobster along with this slice of raw bluefin tuna, marinated since the dry house in lime juice, tomatoes, and onions.

Against nightfall, the late afternoon scene for an undersea world of the tropical paradise. The sun falls quickly toward the crystal-clear water, and bright blue wheels overhead, promising great adventure tomorrow in the Gulf Stream. The Cooler Two is seen alongside. In the next end-percentage most beautiful of the fleet. Two of the best tuna boats ever built bob stem-to-stern in the lee of an unrelenting tropical island—boats bedecked with the impressive good-looking of our age, with plastic paint and Loran to guide anglers within. Behind them, the Cooler Two is a ground, a deck graced with sparkling like gems. The crews jibe back and forth and toast the first afternoon with beer.

Overhead the clouds beneath the surface of the water are dark, and the water of the wrecked plane, along with beer cans, all drums, and many car hoods. On days when the wind blows from the west, along from Miami drift across the atolls, and the boatmen seek are regularly situated with all from passing tracks—the reason of civilization fails in every morning tide. Power and lesser schools of tuna push north along the white, sandy bottom. With courage and determination, the crew in the boats have helped to end the first frenzy, this nearly featureless frontier.

For the next four mornings, the Gun Cay fleet will charge from Gun Cay with a roar of powerful engines, and sailing home. In the end, the twenty-two boats will land two tons of tuna, the lowest total in the history of the tournament. The Airmax will be nowhere other than third place.

No one knows that, of course, when, on the serenity of the first afternoon, a voice calls half-jokingly from the tower of the Cooler Two: "Hey, look, I saw a mackerel you killed the last time you were here."

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HAVE YOU DRIVEN A FORD... LATELY?



When One Murders

by
Stephen G.
Michaud
and
Hugh
Aynesworth

Ted Bundy talks
about the unthinkable

The initial sexual encounter would be more

or less voluntary," explained the only living witness to Brenda Ball's death. There was a distant, stony quality to his voice in the grainy interview scene, and I noticed a raised white horizontal line like a welt appearing across his cheek. It fascinated me because it didn't follow any natural contour of his face.

He spoke in the third person of the night in 1974 when street-wise, twenty-two-year-old Brenda walked out of a bar just south of Seattle and met her killer. "Godsdamn," he went on, lost in his recollection, "his sexual desire built back up and jones, as

it were, these other unfulfilled desires, the other need to totally possess her." Brenda drank a great deal that last night. "After she passed out," he said, "in the by then room—where in a state between coma and sleep, he strangled her to death."

These words were spoken with icy dispassion by Theodore Robert Bundy, a man who represents one of the most psychotic tragedies in the history of U.S. criminal justice. Under a bureau interview protocol I had suggested earlier, Ted Bundy was revealing the history of a depravity of the scale of human understanding. In

the process, he was offering an unprecedented access to the inner workings of a mass killer's mind.

Bundy's most infamous act was the bloody Chi Omega slaying. As a Florida prosecutor later showed, Bundy came silently in the early morning hours of Super Bowl Sunday 1971 to the upstairs bedrooms of the Chi Omega sorority house at Florida State University in Tallahassee.

STEPHEN G. MICHAUD and HUGH AYNESWORTH are magazine journalists. This is an excerpt from their book *The Dirty Living Hell*, which was published in February by The London Press/Random & Schuster.



ILLUSTRATION: JAMES MCKILLIP

Glimpsing the darkness of a killer's mind



**TED BUNDY WAS THE
MEDIAGENIC COLLEGE
BOY, HIS MOTHER'S
DARLING, AND A
REPUBLICAN WHOSE
CONFIDENT MANNER
AND POLITICAL
ACUMEN, SOME
THOUGHT, MIGHT
HAVE MADE HIM
GOVERNOR ONE DAY.**

There, with the agonized pangs of a shark in feeding frenzy, he hunted from room to room with his old club.

He fled before the urge to repeat, but in minutes two women were murdered and two others by battered sensation. One victim was found with her limbs exposed from a blow to her forehead. He had unceremoniously thrown the other dead woman with a Cerial bar spray across air. At the moment of her death, or so the evidence showed, he lit at her right nipple, nearly tearing it from her breast. Then he pulled her over and sank his teeth twice into her left buttock, leaving an angry wound.

After the police arrived at the scene, there came a report from just blocks away, another sleeping couple had been savaged in her duplex apartment. She would survive, but only because the artery-thrusting thrusting of her attacker's club had been loud enough to awaken her neighbors, who frightened the assailant away.

A month later, in February 25, 1978, Ted Bundy was captured in Pensacola, Florida, and subsequently was charged with the Chi Omega slaying. He was also indicted for the kidnapping and murder of twelve-year-old Kimberly Anne Leach, a Lake City, Florida, schoolgirl whom Bundy had abducted six days before his arrest.

A jury would conclude that Ted killed her and then dumped her partially clad body under an abandoned log shed, where it was found nearly two months later. It was the most famous success of a forensic expert that Kimberly's throat had been slit, there were wounds in the genital area as well.

In two sensational nationally televised trials, Bundy was convicted on all charges and sent to death row in the Florida State Prison outside Starke, where he now

awaits electrocution. But that was only the climax of his gruesome odyssey.

He had begun to kill in 1974, when he was a young law student in the Pacific Northwest. He was, at first, an almost perfect killing machine, silently stalking his victims, seductively charming them, then severing their neckbodies in remote forest dumping grounds. So clever was he that in every six eight young women had vanished throughout the states of Washington and Oregon before police began to suspect that the victims had met a common fate.

By then, Bundy had elicited his predictions to Utah and California, where at least eight more women died. The police in Salt Lake City finally caught him in October 1975, when an attacked victim who had miraculously escaped identified him in a lineup as her assailant. But Bundy wasn't through. As the police in four states sought desperately to prove his guilt for any one of his score of murders, Bundy calmly planned his escape from custody. He escaped on June 7, 1977, but was caught a week later. Then on December 30, 1977, he coolly slipped out through the crevice of his jail cell. Two weeks later he was in Tallahassee.

Had Ted Bundy fit the public's stereotype of the mass murderer, the identifiable insane, these tragedies might not have provoked the terror that they did. But, as one of Bundy's friends later explained to me, "Ted was one of us." He shattered the comfortable preconceptions about who is capable of such monstrosities, presenting a mass killer both gross to converse with and wholeheartedly to behold, a lovable, even lovable, homicidal maniac.

Here was no glibly polite, no loser

with a mean streak. Ted was the mediocre college boy, his mother's darling, and a Republican of fairly liberal stripe whose confident manner and political acumen, some thought, might have made him governor of Washington one day.

He seemed a sincere young man, often courtly toward women. He has a high intelligent forehead and a straight, gnomish nose, inherited from his mother. Under even brows that he sometimes places, his expressive eyes can be a gentle blue that, together with a sensitive mouth, gives the illusion of depth to his stare. More than once a woman has used the word beautiful to describe Ted Bundy.

Bundy has never confessed to any of the killings of which he is suspected. To the contrary, he has strenuously insisted on his innocence—even at crimes of which he has been convicted. The evidence against Bundy is overwhelming. However, it only answers the how of what he has done, it does not address the why of it. Bundy's only attorney, Nelson, his colleague, has revealed scrutiny by detectives, jurors, psychiatrists, and the hundreds of reporters who have written countless articles and, to date, four books about him.

Our association with Bundy began when he approached our agent in late 1978, a half year before his first Florida trial. He offered his full cooperation in an exposé-wide review of his alleged crimes. On this basis our partner, Hugh Aynesworth, began retracing the convoluted course of Bundy's life while I undertook the interviews with Bundy himself. Over sixty months, stretching through the spring of 1980, I talked with Bundy in a cramped, sweltering interview room locked deep within Florida State Prison.

While patently guilty, Bundy would not address that fact except to deny it. Not only did he have nothing exclusively to offer, not a single credible claim or supportable interpretation of the known facts, he turned the interviews into a game of charades and lechery, using disingenuous pleas of guilty inquiry and long silences to prevent me from pursuing him down.

I soon learned of Ted's married appearance, and I was nothing further to be gained from either talking to Ted or investigating his story. But I had, over the weeks, taken note of two clues, distortions in Ted's personality that might offer the key to his mystery.

Emotionally, Ted seemed a sincere one of arrested development. From all that he said and all that we now know about his past, he might as well have been a twelve-year-old, and a precocious, hairy one at that. Intellectually, Ted seemed profoundly pseudoactive, a competent talker and consequently a superb rationalizer. This we learned, was a key to understanding his entire mental edifice.

These two traits, we felt, could explain how Ted managed to live with—while also

ERIC L. LUTZ



You can tell from the outside
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denying—his homosexual acts. In light of our new perspective, we decided to try one last strategy with him.

So extreme was his childhood that his pieces of innocence were like those of the little boy who'd bury something in the face of overwhelming evidence. The immature man's love of abuse and oppression is powerful. The not-immature man, hostage to its own evilings, will remain irrationally hostile to anyone perceived as an authority figure.

So I removed the threat—(young Ted, in effect, in his cowboy. Why, I asked him, couldn't he speculate on the nature of a person capable of doing what Ted had been accused (and convicted) of doing? I avoided the word *confession* and emphasized instead the vast first-hand knowledge of the character Ted, in the suspect, hereafter, has background as a former psychology student, and, of course, his intelligence.

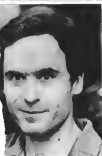
Ted agreed to think over my proposal, an indication that we had progressed right along. The next day I returned to the prison and found Ted there. This just seemed to be the idea; he embraced it enthusiastically. This was March 27, 1989.

BUNDY LEANED forward in the prison interview room, his cap on and took the tape recorder in his hand. (First I didn't understand what he was doing as, in an awe, professional tone, he began to speak of themes in modern society: violence, the treatment of women, the devaluation of the horse, acceptance, atonement. When I interrupted, he showed me and told me to be patient. It was going to take a while to get into it.

Finally he turned from the sociological to the specific and began describing the killer. Within 100 yards, he explained, there were a lot of "Ted" assassins called it the "crazy," the "disoriented self," or the "marginal being." The story of the entity's birth came slowly, chronologically—a consistent line of gathering psychology that gathered more and more separate anxiety around it. Occasionally Ted would estimate a question, but for the most part I was there to get for lunch, light, his cigarettes, and change the tapes. He was clear as specifics and shared many views when I gave him the tape and he only said might provide the vital link. Yet, puzzled by his use of the word *entity*, he forged ahead to explain in detail how thoughts about sex general came to concentrate on sexual violence, how past pornography shaped and directed the entity, how the direct made him here, how toward over-stressing shows of violence, and how the killer managed to make his dangerous self from his unassuming breath.

As Ted launched me with that private denunciation, he took pain in his expression. But I developed my own ideas. He wanted me to understand—to the extent that I could. The killer was not a situa-

TED INSISTED THAT VIOLENCE WAS NEVER AN END IN ITSELF. SEX WAS ALMOST PERFUNCTORY, AND THE VICTIMS WERE SPARED PAIN. GRATIFICATION LAY NOT IN THE ASSAULT BUT IN POSSESSION OF THE VICTIM.



problem, Bundy stressed and repeated, "It is truly more sophisticated than that," he continued.

Ted called it a "hybrid situation," a psychopathy in which the entity is both an adult and the child, not some adult presence but a purely instinctive power that grew from within. Paradoxically what has history to these times tell us there is no doubt Ted was talking about himself. Critical elements of the third-person narrative could only have been drawn from first-person experience. Though not trained to look for these keys, I never doubted that it was autobiographical. Moreover, at several points we were able to match the facts of Ted's life to the details of his "speculative" monologue. We weren't playing "let's pretend"; it was "let's pretend to pretend."

He stated that violence was never an end in itself; the sex was almost perfunctory, and that to the extent that it was possible, the victims were spared pain. Not that the entity was moved by sex but because anyone, even a man, that the gratification it sought for was in the sexual but in the possession of the victim.

It was occasionally clear that a child's cruel had directed this homicidal rampage. The first victim was crude, more typical as sexually innocent twelve-year-old than of an adult sex offender. As Bundy explained it, the disoriented self, the thing inside him that impelled him to kill, slowly expanded through the warp of twisted perception. Seeing this, knowing this about him as we sat, knew to leave in a claustrophobic cell, based in the motif of the prison, I myself began to dissociate. A will, a necessity, a will of disposition, went up in front of me as Bundy spoke at a low voice, holding the tape recorder close to his ear and

during glances at guards who periodically looked in on us through a glass pane in the door as we talked.

ACCORDING TO Bundy, his progressive development proceeded from a non-specific childhood feeling of unease, through adolescent confusion with self-over pornography, to crude lusts, to sexual, and finally what he characterized as a late-stage euphoria as "inappropriate acting out"—rape and murder. At last we had arrived at the point where history gave way to action.

"On one particular evening," Ted said, "where he had been drinking a great deal and as he was passing by a bar, he saw a woman leaving the bar and walking up a fairly dark side street. Something seemed to scare him, the urge to do something to the person scared him in a way that he had never been affected before. And it scared him strongly."

"Without a great deal of thought, he searched around for some woman to attack in the woman with. He found a piece of two-by-four in a lot and proceeded to throw this girl for several blocks."

There was really no control in this point.

"The situation is novel because, while he may have been with someone before and made sexual/obscene attempts to act out a fantasy, it never had touched the point where he was actually confronted with harming another individual."

"So he'd gotten ahead of his quarry, this girl and was leaving it with. But before she reached the point where she was confronted, she turned and went into his house."

"The revelation of the experience and the freed desire that would have really

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**BUNDS' FIRST VICTIM
WAS ABDUCTED
ON JANUARY 31, 1974.
THEREAFTER,
ANOTHER WOMAN
DISAPPEARED EACH
MONTH. THE FIFTH
VICTIM WAS LAST SEEN
MAY 31, 1974. HER
SKULL WAS FOUND IN
EARLY SPRING 1975.**

seemed to enter in a new dimension to that part of her story: men observed with violence and women and sexual activity—a complete kind of thing not terribly well defined but more well defined in time and space. This particular incident inspired him on succeeding occasions to hunt this neighborhood, searching.

On succeeding evenings, he began to scurry around that same neighborhood, obsessed with the image he had seen. On any particular occasion, he saw a woman park her car and walk up to her door and leave for her keys. He walked up behind her and attack her with a piece of wood he was carrying. She fell down and began screaming. He panicked and ran.

"What he had done terrified him, purely terrified him. Full of horror, and to counteracting with himself for the sexual nature of that activity, the ugliness of it all, he quickly totered up. He was terrified by the recognition that he had the capacity to do such a thing. He was fearful, terrified, that for some reason or another he might be apprehended."

LEED'S FEARS notwithstanding, the "erotic" was now in control. His first murder victim, a Seattle college student, was abducted from her bedroom in the night of January 31, 1974. Each month for several months thereafter another woman disappeared in the Pacific Northwest. The fifth victim, whose skull was found nearly a year later with those of those of her sisters in death on a remote, wooded mountain slope east of Seattle, was Brenda Bell.

Records was not seen alive on the night of May 31, 1974, when she left a tavern in Borneo, south of Seattle, at two a.m. She appeared happy, according to witnesses,

and said she intended to hitch a ride. Her skull was found by two college students in the early spring of 1975.

"What do you think might have happened that night?" I asked.

Ted repeated that he could only speculate, but he guessed that "he picked her up late in the night and they got to talking and she had nothing to do. He would kill her if she wanted to go to a party at his place, and then take her home. At this point, he would exert an influence on her which would be completely effective if she was under the influence of alcohol."

"Would he use force?" I asked.

"No."

"It would seem terribly risky..."

"If you live with someone," Ted explained. "But he had his own house."

"I see. What is going on in his mind on the way to his place?"

"Concentration," Ted said. "To remove himself from the personal aspects of the encounter, the relationship. Characterizing and fathering and mothering, as it were, through a movie-picture screen. He would be occupying in the latter part for the purpose of making the whole encounter seem legitimate."

"Uh-huh."

"...and to keep her at ease. He didn't want this girl to get second thoughts about going with him to his place. And, also, he was afraid she started thinking about what he was going to do, he'd either become more nervous or lose his concentration or in some way become hostile."

"So there's a very delicate balance between being cool and the excitement?"

"Well," Ted thought. "It's a critical balance, not a delicate balance. It became almost like acting a role. It wasn't difficult.

The more an actor acts in a role, the better he becomes at it, the more he is apt to feel comfortable in it, to be able to do things spontaneously. And get better, as it were, in his role."

"So they go to his place?"

"He'd have to explain why there isn't all the activity going on. It was probably not the first time she'd run into that kind of situation. Maybe it was. But in any event, she was somewhat wary of the situation and yet he'd either overestimated enough or both to justify not really consider it threatening to her. They'd drink until she was exceptionally intoxicated. In part it is because of drugs. But in part it is just because of circumstances."

I asked if at the longer the two spoke, the more apt she was to emerge as a person and thereby lose her symbolic value.

"Well, drinking has an effect on both parties," he explained. "On the one hand, the more intoxicated he became, the more compromised his normal codes of behavior. And the more she drank, the more she would lend herself to stereotypes."

Bundy coolly described the "more as less voluntary" sex with Brenda, the need to possess her, and the strangulation. "I wouldn't have said I forced what I hoped was an even tone into my voice. It seems to me," I said, "that there'd be some kind of logical problem in getting her out of there."

Not at all.

"There wouldn't be any urgency," he answered, "once she was in a place that was private. Obviously, he'd have to handle her upon some fashion and take her out to her car when it's late some night." Ted didn't say how long Brenda Bell was in his car.

"What would he do with her?" I asked.

"Just leave her in the bed," Ted said. "Put her in the closet. You know I mean, no one's coming in."

Bundy maintained a surprising ignorance about the murder.

One question he'd said that he could somehow not the homicidal urge out of him on his own.

"As we've discussed before," Bundy told me, "frequently after this individual, uh, committed a murder he would take up, into a period of sorrow, remorse, or crisis. And for a period of time he would do everything to overcome and otherwise suppress the, uh, the event behavior. In fact, on one particular occasion he went to extraordinary lengths to do this following a crime and he left that he had succeeded, that the abnormal course of conduct had just sort of, uh, extinguished itself."

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Indelible Exits and Entrances

FORTHELAST EIGHTY YEARS Gitta Gerbo has lived in solitude in a rather grim building situated at the end of a dead-end Manhattan street. The building, that passing boats seem to knock against the walls, and the apartments inside are like a jigsaw puzzle, not one resembling another in either size or shape. They range from three quaint rooms (like Alexander Woollcott's), their longtime inhabitant, called Mr. Elad to The Mozart's Palace, a sumptuous duplex so named for its ostentatious occupant, the late Henry Louis.

How people have seen Gerbo's hideaway, and most of them are no longer with us: George Schaefer, who handled her finances and made her a rich woman; Gertrud Beitzian, whom she refused to marry though he proposed five times; Mercedes de Acosta, a famous and South American lady who suffered through decades of unrequited love; and Sofia Virelli, a German intellectual who was her closest confidante.

The Gerbo apartment consists of five large rooms with high windows that look out across the river to the door of the Queens. Occasionally one hears music, or the clasp of a helicopter, or the moan of a ship's engines; otherwise the silence equals that of an Egyptian tomb. Despite the rambling of windows, it is a place that seems to have been decorated for lavish entertainment. The walls bear with important but mislaid, wrongly hung paintings. Pictures that cry or may not be able to slide down. Monets, Manets, a Bonnard, a Renoir, a Degas, a Bonger. But I do not believe the owner is interested in art; the paintings were bought as an investment, just as she bought huge amounts of diamonds and rubies.

The chairs, the tables, the couches, the curtains are a disconnected jumble. It

looks as if several draftsmen had worked on the job simultaneously, each with a different point of view, which is more or less what happened. Over the years a variety of friends contributed to the apartment's visual effects. Civil Disobedience's ideal counter-George Schaefer—much to our surprise, since they hated each other. The overall impression is astounding, but pleasant in a somewhat puzzling way.

There are no mirrors at least in the "public" rooms. And there are no books, for the occupant seldom reads anything more than an occasional newspaper. Nor does she watch television.

Two crystal chandeliers of vodka glitter on a table in the living room. One is white, the other red. Red vodka is popular in Sweden, where that color is obtained by adding the berries with sweetener peaches. Gerbo is fond of vodka. When she returns from her long window-shopping sojourns through the streets of New York, she arrives home with a splash of it, while in the spring, and in the winter.

FOR the past decade or so, Tennessee Williams has been occupying himself more and more with painting. He has a large studio at his home in Key West, where a local gallery attempts to sell a great deal of his work for \$2,200 per can say a small, black-and-white: the larger paintings go for twice that. Mr. Williams is very interested in art. Recently a mutual friend came into him for Roy West, Tennessee had secretly said hello before he sent of whom. "Listen, if you bought my money with you, come over to the house and I'll show you some paintings."

I HAVE been reading Noel Coward's sentences across and across in a number of years. One day I found him running into Noel unexpectedly in Switzerland, Spain, Luxembourg, Jamaica, not to mention the unnamed New York-London-Frankfurt 1952, before Portugal became a squaring

place for second-class tourists, I had a house there. It was then just an Italian fishing village, especially isolated and pleasant. Still, who should turn up there but Noel. He was expecting friends to join him. Meanwhile, he was alone. So I offered to take him to lunch in San Francisco.

San Francisco, a maritime habitation consisting of a church, a few fishermen's huts, and a tiny cafe, is situated inside a blue crystal lagoon impossible to reach by road, let alone by his heels. The only way to get there is a motor-launch club or a motor launch or by boat. Fortunately (or unfortunately, as we shall see) I had a boat, a nice fast Chris-Craft.

When Noel appeared at the harbor, he was wearing only slacks shorts, a shirt, and sandals.

I said, "Where's your bathing suit?"

"Nothing used!"

"Well, I thought we might stop along the way and go for a swim."

"Dear boy. Surely, out in the open sea, one doesn't need a bathing suit!"

It was a hot August day, a heading sun blazed in a glazed Mediterranean sky. We were three miles out to sea, spreading along through the water, the glow of the boat putting up like a cigarette. Noel was moving in a jibe before. He was singing—out of his own songs, naturally. It proceeded to be a cheerful song. Then suddenly, with a gasping cough and deathlike silence, the boat skidded to a stop.

Noel was passed when I tried to start a sign. But no matter what I did, the motor refused to cooperate. We stared at each other, yawning there on a slightly rough sea under a now menacing sky. Neither of us had hats. He took off his shirt and wrapped it around his head like a turban.

"Well, what do we do?"

"I don't know. That has never happened before."

THOMAS CAPUTO is a longtime contributor to *Playboy*. He used to appear on the *Johnny Carson* show with the show's "Dance



MANHATTAN: FLESH ALLO

He laughed. "Obviously we have to wait for rescue. Another boat is now on its way to harbor. It had better not be too long, or we'll sink into a pot of bubble and squeak. Where? What have we got to do?"

I spread as we chortled that contained Vichy water and several bottles of champagne. Noel's next suggestion when he saw the letter "Well, it's not yet noon, but under the circumstances I think a swing of bubbly would be just fine."

We waited to know about Portofino. I told him nothing ever happened. An occasional yacht dropped anchor for a day or two. The Wadhams had been there the previous week, about Jenny Donohue's yacht (Donohue was a first-store bar, like his cousin Barbara Hutton). Also, Evelyn Waugh had recently visited relations who had a house in the area.

Forecasting, Noel said, "Mr. Boddy like the view of the lot. A very much little man. Mr. Waugh."

I couldn't have guessed: Waugh had come as a shock, for I'd always liked his

early novels, particularly *A Handful of Stars*. But this heavily bearded gentleman with his conspicuous down-curved lip was as early a character as I'd ever encountered. It was the time of the Julia and Ethel Rosenberg execution, an event that made me very glad that Noel was still in the world. "That's what should happen to all of them," he said, chortling. "Every Communist. Put them in the electric chair."

Maugham, Noel murmured. "I'm glad I wasn't here when Darwin and Wells and Jirass stopped by."

Oh, I thought they were friends."

"Like Jenny. He's an estate agent, but he's not a like the duchess, she's the big to and all—but that's what makes her likable. The duke, however, well, he probably isn't to like me. He does, though. Because I'm queer and he's queer but, unlike him, I don't pretend not to be. Anyway, the lighting must be enjoying it. Here she's got a real queen to sleep with and a job one to jump."

It was high noon now, and the heat was

NOEL WAS SINGING— one of his own songs, naturally. It promised to be a cheerful outing. Then suddenly with a gaseous cough and deathlike rattle, the boat skidded to a stop.

so aggravating that finally there was nothing to do but strip and dive into the water. We swam about, cooling ourselves, then we clung to the side of the boat, which provided a bit of shade.

Noel glanced up at the sun and said: "I bet it's enough if I'm already in Las Vegas. Yes, I'm going there this winter. I'm going to do a solo number. Finally, I couldn't resist the money. The trees are driving me out of England. I'm going to make all the money I can and move to Switzerland." Then Noel started and sang for approximately one hour and a half. In other words, while (reading water, he re-produced the entire forthcoming Las Vegas act. It was funny, it was moving, it was wide-eyed as one Coward song followed another, all sung in a hoarse, trembling voice. "I Love West End." "The Little Rich Girl." "Did About the Boy." "To Follow My Secret Heart." At one point he sang a strange version of "Let's Do It."

I said: "But that's not your song. It's Cole Porter."

Yes, Noel sang with some. I rewrote the lyrics. Let's face it. My lyrics are far better than Cole's."

And all this while not a craft of any variety passed on. When Noel finished his eighth-hour routine, we climbed back into the boat. We sat there silently, both of us shivering, not from cold but from heat. I began to sing.

Suddenly Noel said: "Do you see what I see?"

Indeed I did. It was a smart, sleek white yacht straining toward us, one both of us recognized as the *Sister Anne*, the property of a closed friend, the smart, sleek Drury Follows, an American captain and heiress to the Singer sewing-machine fortune.

A tall stark-nosed Noel danced about waving his arms and shouting: "Drury! Drury! Drury! Drury!"

And the *Sister Anne* slowed to a halt. We were amazed.

THERE are several New York restaurants that care who their customers are and where they sit, primarily L'Arôme, Elme's, La Grenouille, and La Grenouille. Miss Mason, the proprietor of the last named, cares the most. Her establishment is divided into two sections. The first, and much smaller of the two, is a red-velvet, darkly flower-filled exclusive reserved for the clientele regarded as special, because of their first-class accounts, their celebrity, or their beauty. The far larger back room, though the food and the service are the same, is an embarrassing place to be seated; people have been known to black, even faint, into tears, even a being led toward the door.

The other night I had dinner there with two friends, both men, one a designer, the other an architect. It was a typical evening, crowded but subdued, lightly accented with merriment, bourgeois in all extraordinary ways, with food, wine, conversation and gossip and branches of apple blossom. Miss Mason, a shyly elegant woman in a flowing gray chiton dress, drifted among the front-room tables greeting her guests. Mary Lister, one of the designers, sat next Douglass and her wife, Jessica Mason, Clara von Bolor, the owner of the Atlanta Braves, the head of General Motors, the president of Pepsi-Cola, Mrs. Winston Guest, her daughter Corinne, Wilton Poley with Eugene Bruce, the late club's twin sister, and so forth.

We had a good table where we could watch the entrances and exits of everybody. One of my friends the designer, said, "Look what's coming in!"

I looked, it was a very young girl and an old man, possibly her father, and I said, "Don't you know what that is?"

"No. But everybody else did. There was much whispering and staring, which was unusual for this restaurant, where the entire Kennedy clan could come without a fuss."

The designer said: "That's Pia Zadora and her sugar daddy husband. Isn't she gorgeous?"

"Isn't they both?" said my other companion, the architect.

They were, neither though basically the husband was just a trendy old cigar chomper. But Miss Zadora, who mysteriously won a Golden Globe Award as the year's most promising actress, had genuine side-show qualities. A voluptuous devil, dressed in a shimmering body staggering on high heels. Lamp-dry-blind hair draped the sides of a long face with mouse-like eyes and fat cheeks.

Miss Mason and the maître d' stood huddled together, obviously trying to place where to place this difficult couple. Finally they were led to a barquette table not quite in Bernini but just inches removed from it.

I said: "Well, but compared to Meryl Streep, she looks like a zucchini."

FEW PEOPLE HAVE seen Carbo's hideaway.

The walls burn with important but rakishly, wrongly hung paintings: Picassos that mayor may not be upside down, Monets, Manets, a Bonnard, a Renoir.

The architect wanted to know: "What's wrong with Meryl Streep?"

"Everything. Her nose. Her nose that red thin sharp nose—it reminds you of an insect. And those eyes. If they were any smaller, or any closer together, you'd think she was a hen. It's remarkable when you consider that she and Blythe Danner began their careers at almost the same time. And here is Meryl Streep in every movie, while Blythe Danner, a great beauty and a really beautiful actress, is still making time in mystery companies."

The designer said: "But, but nowadays it's fashionable to be homely. At least in Hollywood. Consider the men Dennis Hoffman, Al Pacino, Robert de Niro, Richard Dreyfuss, Richard Benjamin—".

As the joint Rick Douglas passed car table on his way to the men's room. He looked sensibly well—his skin clear and smooth, his hair less clear and taut.

The architect resisted: "Anyway, some of the older stars know how to take care of themselves."

Which prompted the designer to ask me: "When did you have your face liked?"

"Two years ago."

"Oh, did it?"

"Dr. Hagan. Dr. Vincent Michael Hagan, to be exact. Park Avenue. New York."

The architect nodded: "He's supposed to be the best."

"He is. He has the strongest, most surgical hands. He worked his way through college playing piano in a band. That's why he has hands like a pianist's."

The designer said: "Was it painful?"

"Not at all. At first your face feels a bit stiff. A little like a mask. But that goes away within a week or so."

The designer said: "Meryl Chevre had a face five times. We were great friends, and once she told me she had to sleep with her eyes open. She couldn't close them. But no matter—I've never known a woman so many men found irresistible. There was

a secret to her anonymous success. A very original secret. Which was she ran a constant temperature of a hundred and two degrees. This special heat seemed to assure, even hypnotize, most men."

Trouble had erupted at the Pia Zadora table. It involved a headwaiter translating the menu from French into English. Nothing seemed to satisfy the young actress, who whined: "But I don't want frog's legs. They're disgusting!" Of course, frog's legs are a specialty at La Grenouille, which is one of the reasons the restaurant's clientele call it *Le Frog-pend*.

Just then an outburst splashed into the pond. A whisper, almost inaudible—none other than Miss. Rose Vaneland, accompanied by an immensely young man. While not a beauty in a bourgeois sense, there is no question that Rose Vaneland is the most gorgeous woman in New York, and also one of the most intelligent. For several decades she has been the standard figure in international fashion. She once told me that any woman could be chic, or permanently presentable, if she did the following: discover for herself the right language, the correct confiture, the cloth color that suits her best, and shoes in which she feels assured and most comfortable. The important thing is: once having chosen this décor, she must never change it. Never. Certainly Miss Vaneland is a living example that her theory is realistic. In the forty-plus years that I've known her, her appearance hasn't changed an iota. She has worn exactly the same model of low-heeled shoe. Her shining black hair has remained as tightly slicked back as Rudolph Valentino's and her raven hair, a dramatic combination of lightly rouged cheeks and scarlet lips, has not altered. Though she was wearing a red Oriental dress, if her black eyes had been shaded, she would have looked Chinese. Yet in a few of years tried to write a biography of the real Mrs. Vaneland, but he finally abandoned the task, for whenever he asked her a factual question, she replied with a brilliant answer. "Facts are so boring," she complained. "Why can't everything be a fantasy?" Now, so she weaved her way through the restaurant, blowing kisses, nodding right and left, she seemed a figure of fantasy, especially so when, after being asked, she said: "Oh, Fred, look over there. It's my girl. Pia something, isn't she wonderful?"

However, this situation had increased at the Zadora table, and now the chubby-cheeked starlet and her tobacco-stained husband were leaving without having ordered a martini. There was a certain reluctance about their departure that hovered an overhead mass of flowers lowered rose petals. Like pink and white snowflakes, fluttered through the air. One of them landed on our table. I put it in my pocket as a souvenir.

Living well is the best revenge.



B and B

The drier liqueur. Imported from France.

Mark Helprin on Morris Helprin

My Father's Life

He had made his way through the difficult world to a place of towers, lights, and avenues. Then he showed it to his son, the city of endless possibility

MY FATHER GUIDED me through the difficulties of adolescence with a single sentence. After describing some years of adult misery, during which the world appeared to him to be absurd, by nearly theoretical means and means, he turned forward dramatically, lifted his head as if he were a symphony conductor, emphasizing a resolute orchestra. He has always had a magnetic sense of timing. "The wonderful thing that you are now privileged to anticipate," he said, "is that a day will soon come when the cost will rise with the speed of a thunder cannon going up, and you will find one place a great city of towers, lights, and avenues that seem to react to infinity."

He was speaking from experience. He grew up in Newark, from which, as you take the trouble to look, you can see New York above the meadowlands, a city that floats in the light like a dream and yet is there for the taking.

or, rather, the hard taking: since New York yields nothing without a struggle.

Until the moment when his own adolescence was shattered in the city appeared out of the mist, his mother had been firmly confused, certainly more so than I was at a comparable age: his had an enormous job to do. He had to resign within himself a baffled grandfathers' worth of Jewish thinking so that he could grasp it again in the newly absolute freedom of the New World. True, his father had been in this country for twenty years, and I myself am continuing the process that my grandfather begins, but the heroic measure led to my father: He was to be the lungs upon which several thousand years of history would make a decisive turn.

By the greatest piece of luck, this delicate and entraining task was to be accomplished in an era of marvelous and liberating paradoxes. The West had just been conquered but was not



• **WATERCRESS** • HE HAS BEEN ACCUSED OF MURDERING THE SAME KING TWICE BUT SURVIVED. • **WATER**

MY FATHER CHOSE A COURSE THAT OPENED TO
THE FUTURE BUT PROTECTED THE PAST.
A COMPROMISE BETWEEN DREAMS AND REALITY.

supply, though it sometimes seems to disappear, it eventually dominates every corner of his mind and his life. Against this backdrop, my father had to plot the history of his family and come to grips himself.

No wonder the image for it was so dramatic. Both forces to be reconciled were so vast and so extraordinary, so grand and so vast—the one with several millennia of an unusual and intense history in which God and nature, speaking from the past, as it were, over man's shoulders, demanded faith, discipline, and tradition, like some sort of omnipresent guard and teacher; the beginning and ultimate force of freedom, almost of anarchy, in which nature was prevented, and the paradoxes of which I have written hinted at a semireligious, blessed age, an age in which God was not believed to be remembered but should be sought, and nearby, with open arms.

The change in outlook was stunningly abrupt. I was reminded of that recently, in Yosemite, hanging several hundred feet above the ground on a vertical cliff, draped with white vines. I remember all the colors of Technicolor, necessarily truncated about where I was, and, for the moment, superficially understandable from the blood graces who speak of having "become one" with the mountains they have just climbed. And yet, I am in many ways much the same man as my great-grandfather, who was a round black lat, roused with the custom of having been a Jew in Russia, and maintained a long, story-white beard. Had he been vaguely transported to the white forest, he would find me hardly visible on the dusty rock wall, was my great-grandson, he probably would have said "Impossible! Jews don't climb mountains!" That they do, they do. And though he might not have recognized me by my actions, he would have known me by my soul, I bet, saying that as a message, I would be as much at home in his village as I am in places that he could not even imagine. That I can sustain this remarkable clarity in understanding the gift of my father, as he was the one who, in his own life, harnessed the tearing into shape. How did he do it?

He and his family returned from several years in California before the end of the First World War. When I knew and will never forget because when my father and I took a tour of Ellis Island, a young park ranger told him that, during the war, something called the Black Tom explosion had shattered windows for miles in New Jersey. "Yes, I know," my father replied. "It blew me out of my bed." Shortly after the armistice, his adolescence went the way of the Han (which is not to imply that it resuscitated it), for it was sometime in the early Twenties that the most liked and the loveliest appeared. He headed straight for them.

They were the stone tower that now

adorned the poet's last home. The elevated train went by all place there, and the hemlock and the pine, in a city not perfectly paired between the mountain and served of his glory. As would make sense for someone in the midst of a historical transition, my father constantly took two steps forward and one back, throwing himself into the life of his time without reservation, but choosing a field that was not wholly outside the Jewish experience—the theater, and then the movies. One of the most important differences between the Jews of his generation and his own was his access to power, seriously kept from the Jews by law and tradition. If he were to have gone straight into industry, politics, or the military, he might not have been able to retain the special grace of an outsider, the peculiar and commanding detachment, the independence, and sensitivity developed by the Jews over millennia to substitute for control. I have been those who, without thinking about what they were doing, rubbed too long to put their hands on the levers of power. But, when they were careful, far, in changing so rapidly, they murdered their most selves.

Not my father. Characteristically, he chose a course that opened to the future and yet protected the past. The theater and the movies were in themselves a perfect compromise between dreams and reality. A small but vigorous industry, complete with problems of plot, equipment, labor, marketing, and public relations, but as its task and intriguing and product only dreams, virtues, and fantasies. This was my father's way to stay rooted in one time or another, he was my critic for the New York Times, head of publicity for United Artists, publicity assistant for 20th Century Fox, special messenger to Samuel Goldwyn, and president of London Films and on the board of directors of its subsidiary, British Lion, he had significant power and influence, but it was all theory and actually negligible—and he knew it. He was enabled by this knowledge, the project of his own purposeful restraint, always to keep things in their proper perspective, to put them in balance, and to avoid harmful obsessions and wealth's fashion. Mind you, he is a highly passionate, this temper in his body. He was even drafted into World War II, and not only did he volunteer, but he volunteered to go overseas (where he volunteered yet again, and this time unaccountably, to lead a column into the southern Sahara to "convert" pro-Vichy Berbers). However, his passions have led him to states of acquiescence and positions of calm overview (which is, after all, education). My father knew that the new freedom into which he was born required restraint and moderation, that a new world of his own was a fierce and demanding thing, that it came from you as much as it goes. To know what you are

is, I think, a triumph of character.

Now that he is seventy-eight, he is able to look back and yet live, by a series of graceful choices, he was able to reconcile all that he did. But I do not believe that he was always aware of what he was accomplishing. In all likelihood, the extraordinary decisions he had to make flow much as he went, to what extent he would leave the Jewish religion as tradition, what profession to follow, where he would marry, where he would live—any one of which could have separated him irrevocably from his Jewish history or doomed him to repeat it without modification were made at such with luck and a prayer as with deliberate critical assessment.

Practice of harboring contradictions has made him a guide to many (though not to me), the world's most cynical optimist, short-tempered and endlessly witty, overwhelmingly generous and independently critical, quick to spot a fraud but sometimes willing to accept it. I know that he sees things in more dimensions than I can. I know that he can size up a situation with accurate skill, and I know that he has come to terms with himself. I wonder, though, if he knows how much of a success he is, not just because he was in the newspapers now and then, now a great deal of the world into most amazing people, provided for us so that we lacked nothing, and was able to transcend his ethnic cause and ethnicity, but rather in that he met the challenge of history and successfully brought his family into a world vastly different from the one that his father had known, a world in which there are powers that rise from the past, and lights, and avenues that seem to run to infinity.

Much in the best tradition of the matriarchy, he wanted me to be able to stand on his shoulders, and I have always known that and been grateful for it. If I do so well with my children, if they love me as much as I love him, I will be proud. Once, when I was about seven, we walked into the woods and found a forest lake. It was evening, but the ice was not yet covered. My father stepped on to see if it would hold. When he was satisfied that it would, he began to run and slide. I had never seen him do anything like that, and stood by the side of the lake, amazed, watching the figure in a dark overcoat, half hidden by a mist of snowflakes. For a while, he was carried away with the sliding. Then he stopped to look back at me from the middle of the lake and motioned for me to join him. I stayed where I was because I wasn't sure I could do what he had done, the came over to where I was standing.

"Don't you want to slide?" he asked. I protested that I didn't know how. He cupped my hand in his hands the way you can do with a small child. "For you," he said, "it'll be easy." I know even then that he was talking about a long and emotional history, and a bright and beautiful future. ☐

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WARDROBE by Vincent Boucher

The Men's Club:

MATTERS of DRESS

Spring and summer months present a compelling challenge to those who would be well dressed. How does one lighten up for warmer weather in clothes that combine both a sense of decorum and individual style? The answer lies in a combination of familiar summer standbys brought up-to-date and in some newcomers based as much on comfort as they are on appearance. The outcome is a wardrobe that, while modern, can be worn comfortably without hesitation. Sartorial signs this season point to dark and dressy shades for business wear, to a more casual palette subdued by misty tones, and to fabrics and fibers long respected for summer wear, often employed in new ways—silk, linen, featherweight wool, cotton. *Reality* is the byword when selecting a wardrobe that will endure, but an imaginative spirit is your entrée into the fraternity of the well-dressed.

Photographs by Fabrizio Giusti with Roda Ezzati/Pisa Camera
Merle H. Fisher for Vogue; Boucher Bros.; and in Milan for Sesto Marchi

**Splendid Suits
Assume Greater Clarity
in Striking Smokey Tones**

From left: **Visual** (MAGNUS STYNGER) wears wool suit (1940) in complemented by a cotton shirt (190) and a navy-patterned silk necktie (195), all by Giorgio Armani. Leather belt by Trilinger. **Alpiner** (shown by Neidmann) wears by Givens. **Impression** (shown by Neidmann) wears the classic English-style dinner jacket (about

1200), is teamed with a navy horizontal-striped dress shirt (180) and a patterned silk necktie (195), all by Van Heusen. **Giorgio** (by Talley & Co. Shoes by Vittorio Ricci. **Styke** (black and white railroad-stripe suit, double-breasted and double-cuffed (1800), by Jean Paul Gaultier. **Tab-collar** suit (1416) by Paul

Stuart. **Silk** necktie (1312, 50) by R. Agnola. **Calibus** (two-piece by Jeanne Muir. **Floral** (silk) (shown by Neidmann) wears the cotton dress shirt (1318, 50) and cufflinks (1312). **Calibus** (shown by Neidmann) wears the cotton dress shirt (1318, 50) and cufflinks (1312). **Calibus** (shown by Neidmann) wears the cotton dress shirt (1318, 50) and cufflinks (1312). **Calibus** (shown by Neidmann) wears the cotton dress shirt (1318, 50) and cufflinks (1312).

shown by Neidmann) wears the cotton dress shirt (1318, 50) and cufflinks (1312). **Calibus** (shown by Neidmann) wears the cotton dress shirt (1318, 50) and cufflinks (1312). **Calibus** (shown by Neidmann) wears the cotton dress shirt (1318, 50) and cufflinks (1312). **Calibus** (shown by Neidmann) wears the cotton dress shirt (1318, 50) and cufflinks (1312).



Relaxed Cardigans Strike a Proper Note for Enjoyable Casual Pastimes

From left: SPARKLY STEEL by CALVIN KLEIN (S24) teamed with a striped corded cardigan button-down (S28), both by Calceira by Alexander Julian. Planted wool trousers (S24) by John Chavira, and a silk-blending racket (S22, S41) by Knicker. Spectator looters by Nao Finster. GARLAND PASTEL.

Stark color above cotton sweater vest (S24) teamed with a striped corded cardigan button-down (S28), both by Calceira by Alexander Julian. Planted wool trousers (S24) by John Chavira, and a silk-blending racket (S22, S41) by Knicker. Spectator looters by Nao Finster. GARLAND PASTEL.

Loose, vibrant brights up a white dress shirt (S24) by Christian Dior. Woodgrain (S130) by Betty I. Bracken. Winch by Tiffany & Co. Penny loafers by Blotto. JAWNY PLAINS STRIKE cardigan sweater in hand-knit cotton yarn (S24) by Nao Finster. Planted wool trousers (S24) by John Chavira, and a silk-blending racket (S22, S41) by Knicker. Spectator looters by Nao Finster. GARLAND PASTEL.

and (S46), jacket not shown, all by Ralph Lauren for Polo. Silk bow tie by John M. Menden. VIKING (S130) cardigan with wide spread ribbing (S23) by Peter Barton's Closet, reduced by 50% off. Striped shirt (S24) by Adelle. Wool trousers (S24) by John Chavira, and a silk-blending racket (S22, S41) by Knicker. Spectator looters by Nao Finster. GARLAND PASTEL.



**Exceptionally
Easy Oversize Shirts
Deliver Unbeatable Panache**

From left: silk polo shirt with oversize shirt with vertical stripes, a soft polo shirt, and long sleeves, all in white and blue (940), paired with pleated trousers in light blue (940), both by Calvin Klein. Cape wattle cotton with a wavy front, styled in a shirt with deep ruffled sleeves, unique "break-out" and evening, and a knit jacket (940) by Dsquared2. Pure cotton T-shirt (940) by Jockey. Eyeglasses by L'Oréal. Rubber horn-shaped trousers in wool and silk (940) by Peter Dinklage. Classic classic with styling, updated in an evening shirt with low-hip pockets, an oversized back

pleat, and drop shoulders in pure linen (940) by Tessa Bagnato. It's paired with gray cotton-nylon trousers (940) by Selma. Club Streetwear. Regatta-style silk (940) by Peter Dinklage. Classic classic with styling, updated in an evening shirt with low-hip pockets, an oversized back

pleat, and drop shoulders in pure linen (940) by Tessa Bagnato. It's paired with gray cotton-nylon trousers (940) by Selma. Club Streetwear. Regatta-style silk (940) by Peter Dinklage. Classic classic with styling, updated in an evening shirt with low-hip pockets, an oversized back

by Alexander J. Jones. Cotton polo, trousers (940) by Robert Lipton for British Khaki. Black oversized (oversized) of sand and eye in broad stripes (940) in oversize knit shirt with greenish short sleeves (940) by Perry Ellis. Dark cotton with his shoulder, white, wide-leg cotton trousers (940)



Knockabout Days Are Taken in Stride with These Stylish Variations

From left: (1) Patterned shirt, jacket in cotton poplin with a waxy touch—a forest-green suede collar (\$428). It's paired with hemmagedgewood khaki (\$44), and cotton-merch 9 shirt (\$23), all by Thorne Fletcher. Cotton-chenille work shirt (\$49) by JC Penney. Shoes by Timberland. Waistco-

case jacket with leather trim and the collar (\$40), casually raised with workwear-inspired trousers in cotton gabardine (\$65) and a bond collar shirt in copper cotton-mesh (\$35), all by Lerer. Ties and Lancer. (Kurt) for Rains. Suede boots by Rains. Leather button-closure hand-

skin in a light jacket with suede pockets (\$45), dressed down with a ribbed raglan-sweater overcoat (\$75) and cotton sport trousers (\$30), all by Robert Connors. Pinstriped and patterned shirt in a cotton-pull over-ankle-style jacket with a roll front (\$55) by Randy Allen. Black overcoat (\$45) by

Camp Beverly Hills. Five-pocket westerns jacket (\$62) by Lani Sportswear. Dock shoes by Sperry. Striped lambswool, appliqued as a big-shoulder, drawstring waist jacket (\$55), with a cotton-terry shirt in bone white (\$30) and cotton-sheer trousers (\$44), all by Calvin Klein. Shoes by Sperry.

Summer Stripes Give Classic Clothes a Lighthearted Demeanor

From left, SUMMER ELEGANCE is PERFORMED IN A double-breasted suit in pure cotton seersucker (\$350) by Alan Flusser, as are the white collar dress shirt with French cuffs (\$50) and silk necktie (\$20). TREASUREN tracks someone in a single-breasted tan-and-white-striped cotton-seersucker suit

(\$220) by Art Lavarent. Spring color dress shirt (\$45) by Agnès b. of London. Silk necktie (\$20) sold only by Gal Centering. Suits by Polo. Spectacular loafers by Alan Flusser. Vintage wristwatch by San Francisco Clothing. UNDERSTOCKY wears a tan sport jacket with pink lapels (\$250), with

pale pleated linen trousers (\$150) and a white corded-cloth shirt (\$75), all by Perry Ellis. KALEIDOSCOPE APPEARS IN A spread-stripe sport jacket of seersucker, over the cotton oxford (\$150) worn with pastel pleated trousers (\$70) and a cotton dress shirt (\$27.50), all by Theory. LAMBETH, trim-line necktie (\$42.50) by

Moncler. THUNDERBOLT IN A double-breasted, a flame-piece suit in seersucker and white cotton seersucker, with pleated trousers and a light-colored vest (\$400), all by Ralph Lauren. For Polo, in one the cotton dress shirt with a ruffled collar (\$107.50) and a ruffled silk necktie (\$21) sold by Tiffany & Co.

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See "Shoe" Section Card after page 58 of The Enquire Collection.

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Frederick Forsyth wears a Rolex Oyster Day-Date in 18kt. gold, with matching President bracelet.

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Apart from his Rolex, Frederick Forsyth is particularly pleased with the coat you see him wearing in the photograph.

He spotted it in a shop in London, and asked of what fur the collar was made.

The assistant told him,

"lackal"



Featured: The Delta Dry-Dock Chaperonator. Available on MMS gold, with matching Pinedale bellows.

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See Reader Service Card after page 48 of The Bureau Collection

NEWS

From the Market, MARCH 1983

MENTS WEAR DESIGNERS are thinking big for spring and summer. That means tailored suits and sport coats that do pe-

and fit finally means true sexers with full-cut but not necessarily proportionally fit trunks. The word *sexers* is a variety of southwestern lingo. And it means sport shirts with plenty of sex appeal. The word is colloquial, but it's always been in use as close-fitting, such as in first starts, can cut with some ease. Thus to see across the rear of a woman is to *sex* her—Brian Alan Phillips, who captures the English drips of subculture derived from the Thirties, in Los Angeles. The word *sexer* is a variation of that with a European-inflected shoulder line. Sports wear with a looser fit has been called *sexer* since it comes from the above-sleeved British-acquired "Bul Anderson" gladiator at Cabot Kluge to the

Stylishly structured jackets. A hybrid of a shirt and an unconstructed sport jacket, are making their way into several spring collections. Andrew Marc surprised the crowd with a white, short-sleeved, button-down, worn with white knee T shirt and trousers. Perry Ellis interpreted his soft jacket, with a gathered back and dropped shoulders, in deep ivory lined with a contrasting color. The trousers for the sportiest look around. Robert Laing for British Koto took a three-layer natural-colored knit jacket on a stylized urban theme. In addition to a matching rest of the outfit, Laing also had a pair of jeans.

Women know about Wall Street's lighthearted and affordable approach to casual fashion, and with the strong introduction of Milwaukee Men's will get a chance at it too. The first of a three-year plan, the project is a collaboration between a man moved under Seattle's sun roof, and it includes big blue-on-black overalls, full blue-on-white, stylish structured jackets, and a variety of sweaters, and, yes, even short Bermuda shorts. The fabrics are comfortable cottons in crisp white, in heavy neutral shades, and in blues, mauve, ivory, and sky-blue—some for adults, some in kid sizes. The collection is a family party. *Collection runs from \$35 to \$95 at J.S. Shuman's, Los Angeles, Marc's, San Francisco, Charvart's Workshop, New York, Marshall Field & Co., and the Milwaukee Post-Newsweek Building.*

Cheer these solid-colored cottons for softly tailored sport jackets and trousers over striped T-shirts.

Despite its seeming severity, black continues to be a popular color in men's clothing—characterized, for example, in the stark collections of such Japanese designers, even for the spring and summer months. An appropriate counterpart in black accessories, a booming field of minimally designed objects contrived by both Italian and the high-tech movement in interiors. Masfield in Los Angeles, has always emphasized black and it currently features black garments (SS25), cushions (SS10), and Masfield's own switches (from SS23). New dark trousers, trousers, Souths carries a line of fully lined, of men's personal and fashion accessories, from black hair mowers to a black contemporary umbrella imported from Japan (SS20).



EXPRESSIVELY ELLIS
Now you see it... now you don't—what looks like a giant and he's just glasses actually turns out to be a selfish and a bit creepy little scoundrel that greatly changes our view of conventional news anchors.



THUNDER IN A WICKED TOWN
*Save us, cops are nothing, devils
 but they'll shoot us Jacksonville
 Bobby Tinsley is our friend!
 My savior is a second prize cotton
 come back the daughter home
 his last with a cross of bones*

SOME THINGS ARE NOT always as they seem—especially in the fashion business. One of the more original moods explored in various spring collections for men is the venerable art of troupe foetel, "deceiving the eye" with clothing that employs a touch of sartorial wit.

One master of the tropic feel is designer Perry Ellis, whose spring sweaters repeated this theme again and again. For women, the sweaters featured patterns knitted to look like large, fanned-out palm fronds and beaded bracelets. For men, he used his most long-in-the-tooth flourish for men—a button-down-collar sweater with a stylized striped necktie knitted in. The charm is enhanced by the irregular edges of the tie, the fraying at the bottom of the knitted shirt and sweater. The sweaters, in white, polished cotton with contrasting blue or red striped "neckties" (about \$270), will be at Bloomingdale's and Chermay, New York, Garmentville's, Washington, D.C., and J.C. Penney's in Beverly Hills, among others.

A famous device of fashion stylists is the layering of a shirt or sweater over a basic cotton T-shirt, with just an edge of the collar peeking out. Now fashion designer Bobbie To has saved the would-be stylist an extra step with his double-collared T-shirt for spring. To's T-shirt, in pure cotton (about \$80), will be available at To Boat, New York; Dayton's, Minneapolis; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; and Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago.

ALSO BACK IN THE MAR- ket this season is Randy Allen, the 41-year-old, New York City-based designer known for clothes that combine a functional approach with detailing that says "to the max- ume." He's devised a collection split down the middle. On one side is street wear in a variety of subtly neutral shades—poplin, oxford, canvas, jackets, loose-fitting striped T-shirts in coordinating shades with a black logo. On the other side is sportswear: sweaters, white and bright offset blue, orange, and berry in a combination of knits, woven fabrics, mesh, and nylon, often teamed in the same garment. For instance, in the T-shirt that incorporates a knit body, mesh shoulder insets, and woven sleeves, all white on white. (Collection at Ultras, Chicago; Louis, Boston; Bette's, New York; Fray's, Seattle; Los Angeles; Marie's, Portland, Oregon.)

Two American designers are getting a special showcase, both at Decker's Perfect Shower starting this spring. They have taken the Polo boutique out of the town sewer and given it a floorstanding shop that will house Ralph Lauren's entire family of fashions—clothes for men, women, and children, as well as home-clothing—alongside Alexander Kahn's colorful brand of men's wear while featured in his own area of the store, to be joined by his best collection of women's apparel. The store is also adding to the European inventories of Ermanno Zegna, Browns of London (redesigned by Theo Geronzi, and Zanella).

As a result of the fall opening of Wilkes Barre's free-standing store devoted to Polo by Ralph Lauren, a space in the town center has been made available for a section now featuring several American designers under the banner Sober Street Shop. Resources include Alan Flusser, Alexander James, and Garret Anderson. The store's renowned Reiss Italian silk suitings feature a pale palette of cream, white, pearl-gray, and tan for spring. The store has also added several forward-looking sportswear resources, including Perry Pinchetti of Milan

for casual leather jackets and shirts, Gaudenzio Farni for the 1940s fringe, and young American minimalist designer Peter Kei.

Louis of Boston here will find a lot of fresh denim for spring inside a newly resupplied store facade that mirrors their elegant image. Sportswear is giving an increased push for spring, especially in brightly colored knits and cotton played against an ocean of white. Designer resources such as Armani, Versace, and Daini are also expanding, as are the store's own label offerings. The store is introducing the Milanese collection of Gian Paolo Piretti, with such items as a white linen windbreaker (about \$150).

Elegance is the keyword for spring at Brichers of Georgetown in Washington, D.C. The store is heavily emphasizing the English despite clothing concept of Alan Flusser, urbanely interpreted in fine, thin reids and Sea Island cottons. While the store has carried Flusser's collection before, this spring it plans a major presentation. Elsewhere, double-breasted suits were predominant, both in typical-weight wools and narrower fabrics (\$300 to \$550). In sportswear, a specialty item favored at Brichers is longer-length oiled shirts in basic warmer colors—white, black, and navy (\$30 and up).

Carroll's, located in New York's now-becoming Chelsea section, is sticking to a clean silhouette and limited color statement for spring, revolving around white and some white, with neutral and black accents. From drapes, white, linen suits, to black-and-white mixes by designers such as Alexander James and Justin Barnes, to summer whites in beach-oriented styles, these black-and-white philosophies remain consistent. Manager Gene Chase says they believe this is a wearable kind of fashion—that limited colors and freedom from gimmicks encourage men to invest in good clothes. Chase added he hopes that the much-bombed women's designer Ronit Shaniuk will turn his hand to men's wear



STREET IN STREET
Shoe washed cotton dress in belted into a casual jacket that offers you to have your particular style and with you to have you go to work or after for laps and lectures



FASHION'S FIELD
Darkly washed denim appears at a new modern look of highly functional casual bag—some the largest multi-purpose garment bag with numerous useful straps pockets to fit in to tomorrow bag

JUST WHEN WE THOUGHT that everything possible had been done with items, the sportswear market has exploded with a variety of European-inspired, faded-denim treatments—stone-washed denim, overdyed denim, printed denim.

Personal entertainment habits being what they are—thirty million portable stereo units have been sold in the United States in the last year—it seemed inevitable that somebody would engineer a state-of-the-art jacket. Sure enough, Philippe Moret has devised a sturdy, stone-washed cotton denim jacket with a large front pocket sealed to every tape player, two smaller pockets that each hold a couple of cassette tapes, metal loops for spare batteries, and a back pocket for tucking a notebook. As if that weren't enough, the jacket (about \$110) has been booked for Charman, New York; Zeidler & Zeidler, Los Angeles; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; and Lip Against The Wall, Washington, D.C., among others.

Multitudinous compartments and treated denim go hand-in-hand in the series of control bags offered for spring by Yoshida & Co. One example is their large compartmentalized bag (\$250), which features zippers down the side to convert to a hanging garment bag; hi-tech Velcro closures, and heavy-duty cotton-twill handles. The washed-denim surface of the bag has a paraffin coating that makes the fibers water-repellent. Designer Kotaro Yoshida's penchant for organization is reflected in the entire line of bags, down to the stone-washed denim business bag with a shoulder strap (\$50). Both will be available this spring at San Francisco Clothing, New York; Macchid, Los Angeles; Alan Blumstein, Boston; and Linda Dresser, Troy, Michigan.

ESSENTIAL

Shaving Foam
After Shave Moisturizer
After Shave Balm
Shower and Bath Gel
Deodorant Stick
Conditioning Shampoo
Soap

CHANEL FOR MEN

CHANEL
FOR MEN

SHAVING
FOAM

THE CHARIVARI FAMILY of stores in Manhattan's Upper West Side continues to branch out in several directions. While established American and Italian resources predominate at the Men's Store for dressy business clothing, sportswear interest is the focus at the newer Charvart Workshop outlet. Two collections represented exclusively at the store are the Italian grouping *Oronobis*—featuring, for example, washed linen trousers with novel detailing and, direct from London, *Giada*—strong for boldly patterned sport shirts, enlivened with trunks, and dark-patterned cloth-covered slip-ons to be worn with summary trousers and tie socks.

The picturesque Georgetown area of Washington, D.C., is the home of the first boutique devoted to the intellectually offbeat and masterfully colored clothes of Alexander Julian. The *Milanes* Avenue store, slated to open for early spring, will carry the designer's women's collection. Robert Vignola, vice-president of Alexander Julian, says the boutique concept is important to show the consumer the total concept of the collection. Other boutiques are planned, including one to open in Milan in the fall.

Japan is capturing in the lower Midwest. In the last year, since Japanese clothes were first marketed out by forward-thinking specialty shops, department stores have joined this stylish expedition. Tokyo's *Yamamoto*'s reduction and quirky clothes are hot tickets, cited by *Bloomingdale's* in New York and *Macy's* in San Francisco as an increasingly important part of their Japanese selection. Other Japanese sources frequently chosen by stores include, besides the acknowledged Japanese virtuoso *Issey Miyake* the collections of Jun, Fendi, Nino Mori's, Gianni Versace, Gianni Versace, Gianni Versace, and the London-influenced ultra-style clothes of Tokio Kikuchi.

The advanced but wearable looks of the young French designers from Marseille and Fresnoy Gibbard will be one of spring's featured attractions at

Ultime in Chicago. Choices include casual trousers with a new silhouette—shorter, full legged with button in pleats—on which shortening (about \$120 to \$300), and half-belt-type jackets with a high collar in satin finish leather and also in linen (\$300 to \$500).

Street versions of clothes derived from sportswear staples—sweat pants, T-shirts, sweaters, and various offshoots of the raggy shirt—are increasingly sought after. Some of the lines that are scoring with retailers for spring include Ron Chernick's crisp black-and-white jeans, especially the patchy-striped pullover and zip-front jacket, the extensive collection of Giuseppina Ruffini Sport, which combines knit and woven fabrics in bright primary colors and black for instance, the geometrically applied patterns and knit casual trousers with contrasting-color poplin knee pants and the extended line of Perry Ellis "vacation-cloth" heathery knit shirts to include pull-on knit trousers and active shirts.

Customer service for the male shopper often makes a difference, and *Almoda's* in Westwood in Los Angeles has devised a new twist—a dry-cleaning service for their customers that is billed directly to their accounts. In terms of fashion choices, the store is expanding one space that was previously devoted to women's wear, which is no longer being carried. American designers Andrew Pettis and Pinky & Dianne have added to the sportswear roster in a store known for tailored clothing.

Madonna, a favorite men's boutique for successful shopaholics, has added a third store, just opened on Valentine's Day. *Madonna West*, on New York's bustling Columbus Ave. now, joins the two existing stores, located on Manhattan's East Side and in Beverly Hills. The new shop is intended as a showcase for freshly divergent design talent. In a recent establishment visit, Madonna is adding the basic collection of Barbas, the respected Milwaukee boutique, to its racks for spring.



CAVIT UPWARD, CAVE IT! For a modern take on the style of formal wear, Perry brand Vero Cerruti combines the classic silhouette with an untraditional color palette, creating short-sleeved shirts up the back.



PURE PINKY & DIANNE Breaking into the past but staying in the present, Pinky & Dianne's first design features a collection of formal wear with a half-front and a second half of the back in black and white.

FORMAL WEAR IS MOST successful when it doesn't stray too far from the classics, but an old tradition can inspire a fresh twist.

As models paraded spring styles down the Paris runway of Nina Cerruti last September, the evening wear segment accounted special attention. Underneath their dinner jackets and waistcoats, the models wore collared evening shirts with an unbuttoned front. How did one put such a shirt on? Examining their pockets, the models provided the answer—the shirts buttoned up the back. Though the shirts are not packaged with, no one observer hoped, someone to button them up for you, the idea was a successful evening rendition of the current trend toward evening shirts. Cerruti's version, in lightweight black cotton (\$130), was teamed with black linen formal trousers (\$280), a soft-satin-faced waistcoat (\$130), and a black silk dinner jacket (about \$280), all by Cerruti 1881 this spring. At Barney's, New York; Mr. Gay, Beverly Hills; Macy's, San Francisco; and Bijouette, Washington, D.C.

A different inspiration resulted in a similar evening style. After attending a formal wedding last summer at a country estate, New York-based designers Pinky Wolstein and Dianne Broadway rendered a modern translation of the attire worn by the men of the bridal party. They disregarded the stiff wing collar of the traditional tuxedo and chose white, hand-dyed linen for their button-back evening shirt with a half-front, worn with a coordinating formal waistcoat. The inspired formal shirt (\$145) and coordinating waistcoat (\$130) from Pinky & Dianne will be available at Bloomingdale's, New York; Ron Ross, Los Angeles; Too Boss, Houston; and JP Todds, Kansas City, Missouri.

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In related markets, see Dealer Directory after page 74 of The Enquire Collection.

Clark's
OF ENGLAND

NEW Products

CHANEL FOR MEN SHAVING. Foaming, moisturizing after-shave scented with Chanel for Men's signature fragrance, is the latest addition to the company's line. It comes in the distinctive gray and white packaging and costs \$6.50 for 5.29 ounces. Hand cream, also scented with Chanel for Men, is another recent addition. Recommended for use on the rough areas of hands and feet, it's also a good all-over moisturizer. A 3.5-ounce tube costs \$6.50.

Four of the products in the Mark Cross Men's Collection, until recently sold only in their own stores, have now been made available in five department stores nationwide. The cologne (3.7 ounces) for \$14.50 and 3.5 ounces for \$9.50, after-shave lotion (3.3 ounces) for \$12.50, and after-shave balm (3.3 ounces) for \$16.50 are all scented with the Mark Cross woody fragrance.

Onze de la Renta has added an executive pocket spray to its Four Lin collection. The spray will come in a container resembling a cigarette lighter and will be marketed as jewelry. The pocket spray and two refills come in a handsome gift box for about \$30.

Lia Schorr has introduced her new items to her line of men's skin-care products. Shaving cream, rich in emollients and cleansers as well, is being sold in a four-ounce container for \$14 and is recommended by Schorr for all skin types. Cream lotions were formulated specifically for use on dry skin at night. It's a nonirritating cream that has a base of cold ivory oil and costs \$15 for two ounces. Also for all skin types is an Evening Mask, which sells for \$15 for two ounces. For dry skin, there's Tangle Cream (\$17 for two ounces), which is a mixture of animal and vegetable oils. It's formulated especially for night use. All products are available by mail from Lia Schorr Skin Care, 527 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

Ralph Lauren has added a 3.5-ounce spray cologne to his Polo line, which will sell for \$14.50. A one-ounce cologne (\$6) and a one-ounce after-shave (\$4.75) have been added to the Club collection, both in new amber-colored bottles.

A one-ounce moisturizing shave foam (\$6.50) and a 4.5-ounce bar soap (\$12.50) have been introduced to the Calvin line of Calvin Klein Cosmetics. The Moisturizing Shave Foam comes in a navy-blue spray can, and the moisturizing, sleekly shaped soap comes in a refillable container. Both products are scented with calvin.

Eljéne International of Newton, Massachusetts, has developed Ultra-Sonix shampoo, conditioner, and soap for hair and skin exposed to the drying effects of chlorine. All three products replace the natural oils that frequent swimming in chlorinated pools strips from the skin and scalp. The shampoo and rinse both come in an eight- or sixteen-ounce size for \$4.25 and \$6.50, respectively. The 3.5-ounce bar of soap sells for \$2.25.

Redken has introduced a full line of hair-care products for men with thinning hair. The RK Men's Thinning Hair System consists of four products—shampoo, cream, cream cream, and finishing spray—that for best results should be used in a pattern prescribed by the manufacturer. Redken's theory behind these products is that it is possible to strengthen each individual hair in addition to removing and controlling the oil. The shampoo and cream both contain moisture conditioners, the cream cream cream is a 3.5-ounce tube, and the spray is a 3.5-ounce aerosol can, all for \$14.95. As with all Redken products, they can only be purchased through salons. In addition, Redken has recently made available RK Hair & Scalp Conditioner for men to be used with RK shampoos, long a standard in the Redken line. It's designed to keep hair protected from the damaging effects of blow drying and keep the scalp skin-free. It comes in a six-ounce tube that sells for \$4.75.



FOR THE HEALTHY
club or home, Ultra-Sonix Club Conditioner and shampoo help protect and replenish skin that frequently exposed to hot pool conditions.



FOR THE MAN
whose hair has thinning a bit, Redken Men's Thinning Hair System can help maintain hair and a healthy, oil-free scalp.

SKIN-CARE PRODUCT choices continue to expand, offering men more and more grooming options. Of recent note are the latest arrivals to the already formidable line of Marbert Men's twenty-two products and Club Cardin's completely new group of skin-care items. New to Marbert Men's line of twenty-two products are Maximum Moisture Lotion and Active Body Exfoliating Cream. The deep-penetrating moisture lotion soothes and helps prevent irritation and inflammation caused by harsh weather. It's scented with the Marbert Men fragrance and comes in a pump-action dispenser, 1.6 ounces for \$25.50. The Active Body Exfoliating Cream is a cooling lotion with abrasive scrubbing granules that when massaged over rough spots on the heels or knuckles will whisk away dead skin. An 8.2-ounce container of this cream sells for \$22.50.

Club Cardin has recently introduced a complete line of healthy-care products for men's skin. The four-ounce Extra Clean Scrub Bar is highly scented and translucent, comes in a travel dish with an exfoliating sponge, and costs \$18.90. To combat dry skin, there's Skin Fitness Moisturizer SPF4, which is light, greasy-free, and also contains the sun-screen octyl dimethyl PABA. A two-ounce container sells for \$15. Healthy Look Moisturizer contains both a moisturizing ingredient and a light skin color and gives pale faces a healthy glow. Packed in a two-ounce plastic tube, it sells for \$10. To relieve itchy skin, there's Problem Cream with hydrocortisone, 0.7 ounces for \$20. And for lips, All Weather Lip Balm SPF6, also containing octyl dimethyl PABA sunscreen, will both relieve and prevent dry, cracked lips. A two-ounce tube sells for \$6.

—Barbara Hoy

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Tough Stuff

WARDROBE

Updated classicism reigns in tennis wear calculated for well-wearing comfort, form-following function, and court-crossing style. The tennis sweater, here with chrome-toned blue and gray trim matched to the shirt, is ripe for revival, given its easy versatility. . . . On top, a pure-Merino-wool tennis sweater with pencil-stripe accents at the V neck, cuffs, and waistband (\$75). Underneath, a cotton waterlock-knit shirt (\$36) and cotton-twill tennis shorts (\$35). All by Yves Saint Laurent Activewear. At The May Co., Los Angeles; Burdines, Miami; Yonker Brothers, Des Moines, Iowa; Bamberger's, Newark. (AMP Head Arthur Ashe tennis racket, courtesy of Herman's, New York; Towel by Martex.)



Traditional tennis whites gain an extra eye-catching appeal this season from the juxtaposition of robustly colored accents. Strongly hued and graphic color blocks along with sure-handed stripes keep everything clean-lined, while spare styling assures peak performance and appearance set after set. . . . Start with a short-sleeved cotton tennis shirt with a vibrant multi-stripe across the shoulders and torso (\$70). Elastic-waist classic polyester-knit tennis shorts (\$57). Both by Fila Sports. At The Court Set, New York; Your Sport, Dallas; Italia, Chicago; Vail West, Beverly Hills; The Forum, Miami. (Wilson Galaxy racket, courtesy of Herman's, New York.)



What course to steer for smooth sailing? The right combination for shipshape wearables is both

**Freshwater/Tones
Attract Attention**

uncluttered styling and snappy coloring. A pullover jacket with pull-on shorts is one option that will ensure easy-fitting comfort on deck all day long....Zip-front polyester-cotton jacket with ribbed cuffs and waistband, front pouch, and stand-up collar with hidden hood (about \$47.50) by JanSport. Cotton-blend short-sleeved jersey short with built-in fly trim (\$24) and elastic-waist polyester-cotton shorts (\$17), both also by JanSport. All at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Gaults, New York; Meyer & Frank Co., Portland, Oregon. (Sailing gloves and rope, courtesy of Goldberg's Marine, New York.)



A jacket that cuts windy gusts and repels sea spray is always a necessity, but take it beyond the

**Rugged Layering
for Steady Sailing**

mundane with layers that stand up to the cold—a thick cotton sweater with the added boost of warming color, and a striped crew-neck sailor shirt....Windmaker-style jacket in cotton chambray with zip-up and snap-front closure and drawstring hood and bottom (\$58), tape a button-front pullover (\$29) and a cotton-knit shirt (\$29). All by Sperry Top-Sider Inc. At Barney's, New York, and marine-supply shops and retail stores nationwide. Cotton-burl trousers with an elastic waist (\$26) by CB Sports. At Macy's, New York and San Francisco; Ski Market, Boston. (Ship wheel, courtesy of Manhattan Marine, New York.)



Running gear continues to advance. Improvements such as new materials are combined in

**Engineered Style
Stays the Course**

smoothly detailed yet superbly functional active apparel that reflects an engineered approach to sports clothing, assuring a balance of fashion and function. . . . Warm-up jacket (over shoulder) in nylon-cotton blend (\$84) is coordinated with a V-neck cotton-polyester jersey T-shirt with open-mesh sleeves (\$27) and cotton-polyester-blend elastic-waist shorts (\$26). All by Head Sports Wear At Nordstrom's, Seattle; Morris Mages Sports, Chicago; Barney's, New York; Sincerity Court Cloth, Baltimore. Running shoes by New Balance. (Leather jump rope, courtesy of Heron's, New York.)



Even the most basic components worn for running and general exercise are adaptable enough to serve a variety of purposes. What makes this possible is

**Blocks of Color
In Winning Form**

the thoughtful application of streamlined sportswear design, industrial-age materials, and bold, modern blocks of color. . . . Also-toned pull-over exercise top in a durable nylon fabric features a zip-up convertible collar, elasticized cuffs and bottom, and a storage pouch concealed under the horizontal chest seam (\$29.95). Pull-on coordinated nylon running pants incorporate zippered side-leg seam openings for increased comfort, a side pocket, and an elastic-and-drawstring waistband (\$25.95). Both by Adidas Running Wear. At local Adidas retailers across the country.

dunhill LONDON



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unadorned material: see Dealer Directory after page 14 of The Exquisite Collection

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pierre cardin

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fly sea is no place for the inexperienced.

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in a wider variety, better quality, or at better prices,
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This is the shirt that started it all. The cool, comfortable 100% cotton Oxford cloth shirt, with the neat, soft button-down and the same of you want and remember from the Big Band days. We were among the first to bring it back, originally at \$14. Even now it's still a remarkable value at just \$18. Some generous cut, long tails, precise coloring and all. Five colors, we offer it in solid colors, and in both short and long sleeves. It does need ironing. But our companion shirt—a casual cotton blend, also at \$18—does not. And it is available for both men and women.

But that's only the beginning.

You should really check out Lands' End catalog for the full spectrum of our button-down assortment. But we should mention the Hyde Park, elegant 100% cotton model made of a little more substantial cloth for longer wear, easier laundering, and the classic drapes of an "executive shirt." And our slimmer

Oxford at \$19.50, made of ultra-precise Oxford cotton, very tightly woven of super-fine cotton threads.

We also have a selection of checked gingham button-downs, in a blend for both men and women, and our \$21/40 Tarsenal button-downs are back, looking as British as ever.

After Oxford, flannel?

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A Fitness Agenda for the Harried Man

The joy of swimming, jumping, running, cycling, stretching, walking, and other preventive medicine

EXERCISE has become as habitual for many as reading the morning paper. According to one Harris poll, ninety million Americans—88 percent of all adults eighteen and over—participate in some physical activity on a regular basis; that's up from 24 percent of the population who exercised regularly two decades ago. Even those whose appointment books are filled each day with meetings and conferences are finding time for regular workouts.

The issue demanding the schedule, the more important it is to get regular exercise, says exercise expert Dr. Kenneth Cooper, himself a case in point. "You have to exercise to tolerate the stress in life without suffering from major medical problems. Regular exercise helps to retrain the body and to keep up enthusiasm for life," he says. Dr. Cooper's schedule keeps him on the road 60 percent of the time, often working seventy-hour weeks. Still, he has time to average at three miles a day, four times a week, for the past eleven years. If he's traveling and has to miss a day, he'll do a fast walk around the airport while waiting for his flight, with a stop-watch to pace himself. As Dr. Cooper explains, "Exercise is addictive."

It's also the best preventive medicine there is. "If you don't find time for exercise, you'll better find time to be sick," says sports-medicine specialist Bob Anderson. Consider the evidence: exercise decreases the risk of heart attack and stroke, helps to control weight by burning calories and keeping your metabolism moving at a faster rate for as much as fifteen hours after the activity, strengthens and relieves muscle tension, calms anxiety, helps to allevi-

ate depression, and increases self-confidence.

In response to the public's adoption of exercise as a way of life, the path to fitness has become easier. There are exercises to fit every taste and temperament, and facilities of all kinds as well. Health clubs and fitness centers proliferate. Progressive corporations now provide their employees with everything from swimming strokes to pools. There are clubs in most cities for enthusiasts of every racket sport and public tennis courts in most areas. And no matter where you live there are always paths for walking, running, and cycling just out the front door.

It's easier on your conscience as well as on your body to lead an active life. So for those who have until now been watching from the sidelines, here are some tips on how to join the game.

Preliminaries

First, assess your situation. What kind of shape are you in? Have you let things slide? Did you give up an athletic after you got your letterman?

If you're over thirty, first have a thorough exam by your doctor, including a stress test to determine your exercise capabilities. Should a diet be included in a fitness regime? Are there some exercises that people with your body type should avoid? Once the doctor has finished his report, you will be ready to begin.

Prepare yourself for a few tough spots ahead. As everyone from the weekend athlete to the professional athlete can attest, there are days when it's easy to exercise and days when your body just won't move.



PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM GRIFFIN



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It takes willpower to overcome the inertia that is always present in some degree, so don't get discouraged. Persistence is all. To increase the chances of sticking with your routine pick an activity that shows all your energy and a time for your workout that feels natural and doesn't require a complete rearrangement of your schedule. If you prefer to wake up gently with a cup of coffee rather than with life lips in a cold pool, then set aside time midday or after work. It doesn't necessarily have to be the same time every day. Be flexible. Once the benefits to your health and appearance start to show, it'll be harder to miss a day than to get out there and exercise.

The Routine

The balanced fitness program should consist of three parts: stretching, aerobic exercise, and weight training.

Stretching promotes flexibility of joints and muscles and helps prevent injury. There has been much written lately about the right and wrong way to stretch. In the confusion, many have opted not to stretch at all rather than risk injury. But when you keep a few principles in mind, stretching can be the safest, most relaxing, and pleasurable part of the routine.

There are two kinds of stretching. Ballistic are the stretches with rapid, bouncing movements. Static are those where the muscles are held in a solid stretch. Ballistic can be stressful. They make the muscles contract, which has the opposite of what you want when warming up or cooling down after exercise.

Stretching starts with an awareness of how your body feels, says Bob Anderson, author of *Stretching*. "To stretch correctly you must abandon the common philosophy of zeros and nines, no pain no gain," he says. "Stretch to the point where you feel less tension in the muscle as you hold the position. Release into the stretch. It doesn't hurt anymore, you're stretching wrong."

You should do eight to ten different stretches before and after your workout three or four for your upper body, two or three for your lower back, and the rest for the trunk, legs, and hips. As has long been known, the muscles are warmer for a variety of activities like running to skiing.

Besides as a warm-up and cool down, Anderson suggests stretching whenever you can. "Don't think about stretching just do it. It's as natural as breathing," Anderson says. "Stretch at the time—while driving from the water cooler to your car at your desk. And if you get into the habit now, he advises, your muscles won't get sore and more tight as you get older."

Aerobics, or cardiovascular exercises, work the heart and lungs as well as the muscles. In aerobic exercises your body takes in increased amounts of oxygen over a prolonged period of time. The result is that the body's capacity to transport

oxygen throughout the body is improved (the amount of red blood cells is increased), and the heart and circulatory system are strengthened, as in overall cardiovascular fitness.

A wide range of benefits is attributed to aerobics. Your heart gets stronger and pumps more blood per beat and, because of its improved efficiency, the number of beats per minute decreases. The level of high-density lipoprotein, the "good" cholesterol, increases, which then balances out low-density lipoprotein, the "bad" cholesterol, reducing the risk of heart attack. The level of cholesterol in your blood is increased with regular aerobic workouts. Endorphins are the hormones said to be our body's natural opiate and pain-killer. Improved digestion and sleep habits also can be attributed to aerobic exercise.

But for an aerobic routine to do you any good, it must be done regularly—for at least twenty minutes, three or four times a week—and done at a pace to increase your pulse rate to 70 percent of its maximum capacity. To determine what rate is for you, subtract your age from 220 and take 70 percent of that figure. For example, if you are thirty-five years old, your maximum pulse rate should be about 130 (220 minus 35 equals 185, multiply that by 0.7). To ensure that you're getting an adequate aerobic workout you should sustain your pulse at 130 throughout the twenty minutes of activity.

To check whether you've reached the necessary rate, take your pulse at the wrist as quickly as possible after you've ceased activity. Note it and that you'll most likely get a reading lower than the actual rate, since the better the condition you're in, the quicker your pulse returns to normal. So estimate accordingly.

Dr. Cooper, author of *The Aerobic Prescription* for Total Well-Being and founder of the Aerobics Center in Dallas, has ranked the top five aerobic exercises according to the efficiency of workout you can get from each. The top five are cross-country skiing, swimming, cycling, and walking. While cross-country skiing is difficult to do regularly, the other four are part of many people's fitness routine.

SWIMMING
According to a survey by A.C. Nielsen, 63 percent of people swim, making it the most popular sport in America. Swimming is good exercise for the whole body, and it's not stressful on the joints. Since your body is horizontal as you swim, it's also easy on your circulatory system, according to Chris George, a coach and editor of *Swimming Techniques* magazine.

Though this applies more to competitive than to recreational swimmers, it's easier to maintain a high training level with the sport because the natural drag on your body keeps it at a rate of 220 beats per minute and keeps it up for a half hour. (For swimmers on page 70)

Jeff Lederer,

thirty-five, has been a regular at the Sports Training Institute in New York City for five years. For the first year and a half he went every other day, but now he alternates workouts at the club with private karate lessons in his home. His routine is to leave his office at Newburger & Bernman, an investment firm, at five P.M. and head straight for the gym for an hour-and-a-half workout with his personal trainer. He begins with stretches, which he originally did to relax his tight muscles and now does to increase the flexibility that's important in karate. Then comes the intensive weight workout on all of the following Nautilus machines at the Institute, followed by more stretching. For a cool down he either rides a stationary bike or uses a Nordic Track (which simulates cross-country skiing) for anywhere from ten to thirty minutes. Lederer has set up a gym in his home with a space for his karate lessons, free weights, a Nordic Track, and a heavy punching bag. All this exercise has helped him shed twelve pounds, bringing him to his current weight of 170 pounds, at six feet. Like many men, he was athletic until his twenties, then his activity level diminished. "I was a dancer when I started. I smoked two packs of cigarettes a day, then cigars. Three years ago I quit cold turkey." He credits his success to the personal attention of the Sports Training Institute method. "I need the discipline of a set time to exercise and someone looking over my shoulder making me do more than I would on my own." And fitting it into his day has never been a problem. "I arrange everything around it. And now I'm psychologically as well as physically dependent on regular exercise." He started karate lessons because it helps to prevent the obesity weight training from getting boring. "Karate is a good generalized exercise in comparison to Nautilus, which focuses on specific muscles."

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you'll have burned up 300 calories; if it takes you eleven minutes to cover 229 yards, you'll burn up 150.

To begin a program of leg swimming, Lorraine Walzer, assistant athletic director for women at New York University, suggests starting with a quarter-mile swim four times a week. Most pools are twenty-five meters, so that's sixteen laps. As your endurance and strength improves she suggests increasing the laps until you reach the mile mark, sixty-four laps.

RUNNING

Jogging is number eight in popularity on the survey, with more than thirty-four million Americans hitting the roads. Though running boots averaging as far as calories used 1400 for a half hour at a 7.5-minute-mile pace, 307 at an elevated 11's more stressful on the bones and joints and primarily works on the lower body.

Beginners should start with the basic aerobic formula of twenty minutes, three or four times a week. The pace should be one at which you can carry on a conversation comfortably, as you expose increase the time and distance and, if you want, the speed. Bear in mind that you don't need to run a marathon distance to be fit. Three miles run regularly will give you all the workout you need. But if you choose to compete, there are races sponsored across the country from distances of one mile to one hundred.

Many people opt to run inside, on tracks or treadmills, to avoid the extremes of weather and to have an exact idea of distance covered. The obvious drawback is that running gets boring, especially when the scenery isn't the same. But an advantage of the treadmill is that the machine paces you, and some even have a metronome that keeps track of your pulse rate.

CYCLING

With seventy-two million practitioners, cycling is America's second-favorite activity. It's a skill most of us have had since childhood and also an effective cardiovascular workout and practical form of transportation. At a steady six-minute-mile pace, cycling burns up 417 calories in a half hour. Outdoor cycling strengthens your quadriceps and calf muscles, and as the upper body maintains the bike's balance, it gets a workout also. Stationary bikes, though, work just the lower body. But what stationary bikes lack in overall exercise efficiency, they make up in convenience. Many regular stationary cyclists use the time they spend pedaling to watch television or to catch up on their reading.

WALKING

Walking has the distinction of being the activity almost anyone can do. It's not stressful on the body, yet it's aerobic and burns up calories (172 for a half hour at a fifteen-minute-mile pace). It can be done at a strolling pace or at a fast walk, which is similar to a jog in pace but less jarring on (first continued on page 74, first continued)

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Richard Calmes,

new president of Phidippides International in Atlanta, eleven years ago noticed within himself an insistent affliction waiting to get out. Prior to that moment, he had been the classic nonathlete who did everything to avoid physical exertion. His life was sedentary; he was overweight and he smoked too much. Then one day he decided to quit smoking and start jogging. First he ran from one telephone pole to the next. Gradually he built up to three miles, then to five. After several years of that routine he went out one Sunday to see how far he was capable of running, and when he had finished he found he had covered eighteen miles. Now, at thirty-eight, six feet two inches, and 165 pounds, the transformation is complete. Calmes is a marathon runner and a competitor in triathlons. He's now in his maintenance training program in preparation for a triathlon being held in Jackson, Mississippi (which consists of a 1.2-mile swim, fifty-six-mile bike ride, and 13.1-mile run); this program alternates running one day and cycling the next (before work for an hour and a half), and he arrives in the middle of the day. His forty miles a week of running is divided into intervals of five to eight miles during the week and ten to twelve on the weekend. The cycling totals 150 miles a week, with twenty- to thirty-mile rides weekdays and one fifty-mile ride on the weekend. In addition, he does a mile's worth of freestyle laps at a local city pool a couple times a week. As the triathlon approaches, Calmes's swimming program stays the same but his weekly running mileage increases to sixty and his cycling to at least two hundred. The basic training for the triathlon, he says, is to "do as much as you can stand without getting hurt." He's able to fit his routine into his workday at Phidippides. As with all employees, his flexible schedule allows time for both exercise and work.

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the jumps. Walking, too, is useful as transportation. It's a common sight these days to see men in three-piece suits and running shoes walking along city streets. It can be social or solitary activity. But whether you're walking with business or alone with your exercise player, it's an easy, accessible way to get exercise.

JUMPING ROPE

Another childhood activity being reclaimed by adults is jumping rope. It's a good cardiovascular activity that also strengthens your lower body and improves your timing and coordination. It's similar to running in muscles used and caloric output (255 calories burned during a half hour of jumping at only a tops per minute), but its advantage is that it can be done anywhere, anytime (provided there is a soft surface on which to jump and a rope nearby).

Ancient Tibetan not only teaches jumping rope, he also incorporates it in his training for the 1994 Olympic decathlon. Although he says it's almost to learn by observing, here are some tips on the correct form for the basic two-step jump: Stand straight with your upper arms close to the body, elbows bent, and head up. Use a leather jump rope with lead bearings in the handle to keep the motion in the wrists, not the forearms. Jump about five inches off the ground with your knees bent only once per rope circle, and land on your toes.

CLIMBING

Simply by avoiding elevators and climbing stairs instead, you can get a workout. The action of climbing, whether stairs or hills, strengthens the legs and burns up 300 calories per half hour. The advantage of stair climbing is exercise is that it can be easily integrated into daily life and that there's no need to wear special gear to do it.

There are just a few of the options. Any activity that makes your heart beat faster, whether it's bicycling, dancing, or canoeing, is an aerobic exercise. As long as you do any one in combination of those activities for the minimum length of time and at the pulse rate (two's right for you), you're getting a sufficient workout.

Weight Training. either with free weights or as any of the many machines available, is a common routine with many men. Dr. Terry Todd of Auburn University's National Strength Research Center defines resistance exercises as those in which some part of the body is made to work against some thing—either another part of the body or an object. These exercises increase strength and also can develop specific body parts.

The physical benefits of weights include increased joint flexibility, lean body weight, and power, which Dr. Todd defines as a function of strength and speed, and an increased percentage of muscle tissue in the body.

A well-constructed workout should include exercises to benefit each of the six major

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MAGNET SHOE SHOP
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COUNTRY SHOES
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LEON'S SHOES
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ALLIANCE SHOES
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NEW HELL'S SHOES
43 1st St.
SLOTT'S OF WESTFIELD
43 1st St.
REEDER'S SHOE STORE
43 1st St.
WILLIAMS SHOES
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WILLIAMS SHOES
43 1st St.
SHOEZ QUALITY SHOES
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HANCOCK SHOES
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GRUBIN'S SHOE SHOP
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MAGNET SHOES
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KARLSON'S SHOES
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SHOE BITE SHOES
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THE COUNTRY COBBLER
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REEDER'S SHOE STORE
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REEDER'S SHOE STORE
43 1st St.

DIRECTORY (CONTINUED)

BENNY GRIFFEL

ABRAHAM & STRAUS
B. ALTMAN & CO
BAMBERGERS
BLOOMINGDALES
GANNETS
LORD & TAYLOR
MACYS
SACKS FIFTH AVE
WALLACES

BON

GANNETS EAST
125 E. Main St.
MAGNOLIA & ALAMO
401 N. Broadway
MARGARET DE SINGE
321 Broadway St.
MARGARET DE SINGE
321 Broadway St.
MARGARET DE SINGE
321 Broadway St.

JANTZEN

GANNETS
Broadway & 32nd St.
MACYS
101 W. 34th St.
MARGARET DE SINGE
321 Broadway St.
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MARGARET DE SINGE
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MACYS

MACYS
101 W. 34th St.
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101 W. 34th St.

JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOE COMPANY

ARTHER'S COURT
F.R. TRIPLE
MACYS
JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOP

LOIS SPORTSWEAR

MACYS
101 W. 34th St.
MACYS
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Available wherever fine athletic
wear is sold

NINES BY SOUTHWICK

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ALAN'S APPAREL
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ALAN'S APPAREL
101 W. 34th St.

QUORIN

ABRAHAM & STRAUS
BAMBERGERS
BLOOMINGDALES
GANNETS
LORD & TAYLOR
MACYS
SACKS FIFTH AVE
WALLACES

QUORIN

ABRAHAM & STRAUS
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DIRECTORY (CONTINUED)

MACYS
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NEW YORK JOURNAL
101 W. 34th St.
LYNN'S FOR MEN
101 W. 34th St.
NEEDLES FOR MEN
101 W. 34th St.
SHORT TAIL
101 W. 34th St.
GARMANY
101 W. 34th St.

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Who can you count on to lend a helping hand?



You can count on us.
We help when disaster strikes.
During fires, floods, hurricanes
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health care and a place to stay.
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We help the elderly.
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improve things in your community.
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We'll help. Will you?



American
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We have been fascinated from the very beginning. By its beauty. The sheer simplicity of line. As a machine, the human body remains the supreme invention. While able to perform the most intricate, the most subtle of movements, it is, at the same time, capable of astonishing feats of strength. Strangely enough, the more that we demand of this machine, the more powerful, the more graceful it becomes.



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See Reader Service Card after page 56 of The Enquire Collection or
to selected markets see Dealer Directory after page 74 of The Enquire Collection

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muscle groups—the waist, legs, buttocks, chest, back, and shoulders. For maximum development, the workout should be done in a circuit, with minimal rest between each station. Beginners start at a low weight with a low number of repetitions and as strength improves the weight is increased. It's a time-efficient exercise, because the amount of time stays the same as your condition improves—just the weights increase.

Some people prefer Nautilus or Universal equipment, but for convenience Dr. Todd recommends purchasing a set of free weights that can be used at home. He suggests buying a couple hundred pounds of weights of either iron or the vinyl-covered one since a variety of placements, plus a good bench.

Fitness Centers In addition to the traditional health club, there is a new breed of fitness center that is geared to people with time limitations. Two examples in New York City are the Sports Training Institute and Cardio-Fitness Centers.

Michael O'Shea opened Sports Training Institute seven years ago with the idea of helping both professional and amateur athletes reach their physical potential. Now at its second location, the Sports Training Institute's clients are primarily professional people interested in an efficient way to get fit. The facilities include Nautilus machines and a variety of equipment—stationary bikes, a rowing machine, a cardio-memory timing machine—that gives a cardiovascular workout. After an intensive fitness evaluation, which includes a check-up, a background of physical activities and limitations, fitness goals, and a series of tests by staff physical therapists, a personal fitness plan is prescribed.

Workouts are scheduled in advance, usually three times a week. A trainer is assigned to supervise each session and keep track of progress. Each visit to the institute consists of five phases: stretching, a cardiovascular workout, a circuit on the Nautilus machines, another cardiovascular segment, and more stretching. The program takes about an hour and a half, including time for showering and changing clothes.

Cardio-Fitness Centers were developed by Dr. Jerry Zuckerman, a sports physiologist, with the business executive in mind. Each member is advised to come in three times a week for sessions that take an hour door to door. A uniform is supplied, so there's no need to carry around a change of clothes, and a locker is provided for storage of personal items at the center.

Dr. Zuckerman came up with the idea of a "health company, multi-individual" center in the way of designing fitness programs for corporations. More than eighty corporations pay from 75 to 100 percent of the membership fee for their employees. Of the total membership at the Cardio-Fitness Centers, 65 percent are from corporations.

MEN WITH THINNING HAIR

A REDKEN
BREAKTHROUGH GIVES
YOU FULLNESS AND CONTROL
DAY AFTER DAY.



If you're like most men suffering from hair loss, you must losing control over your appearance almost as much as losing your hair. Now there's help. The RK Thinning Hair System puts you in control again.

Two effective ingredient complexes are the key. They won't make hair grow back (nothing can yet), but they will counteract the major side effects that determine how full your hair looks.

Redken's exclusive Glycyrrhizic complex treats weak hair strands externally to maximize fullness and lift. And a liposoluble (oil-absorbing) complex removes excess scalp oils that can flatten your hair and trap it against your scalp.

Used in a simple, prescribed sequence when you shampoo and style your hair, the RK Thinning Hair System effectively restores a fuller look you can count on every time you look in the mirror. And a professional barber-stylist can quickly show you how.

To find a Redken Retail Center that carries the RK Thinning Hair System, call the toll free number shown below. It's the first step toward controlling how you'll look tomorrow.

REDKEN
RK Division

Call now for the Redken Retail Center nearest you, 800-423-5349 toll free. In California call 313-993-3037 collect.

See Reader Service Card also page 96 of The Executive Office.

In selected markets, see Dealer Directory also page 75 of The Executive Office.



*Seacoast colors
bring a spring
pick-me-up
to richly shaded
dressy shirts
and neckties in
cotton, silk,
and fine linen.*

Broad-striped Italian-linen
shirt in mint-gray and white (about \$140),
complemented by a silk-lined necktie
(\$37.50). Both by Ralph Lauren for Polo.
At Polo/Ralph Lauren shops,
Beverly Hills, Dallas, and Tampa, Florida.

Oxford-cloth button-down
shirt colorfully redefined in soft aqua in a
cotton blend (\$24) by Geoffrey Beene, At
Carson Pike Scott, Chicago, Dayton's,
Minneapolis, Stewart's, Louisville,
Kentucky. Pure-brush-linen neutral-striped
necktie (\$10) by Roesler, At
Abrams & Strass, New York; Filan's,
Boston; Dayton's, Minneapolis.

Whitewash-shaded linen twill-weave
shirt (\$75) paired with a shell-
colored cotton-lark necktie with hairline
woven tail stripes (\$15). Both by Calvin
Klein. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; J. W.
Robinson's, Los Angeles; Lordes, Miami.

Ocean-blue stripes
mark a pink cotton-oxford shirt (\$30) by
Colours by Alexander Julian. At Hetchers
of Georgetown, Washington, D.C.;
Hempill-Wells, Lubbock, Texas. Sea-
green cotton-lark necktie (about \$10) by
Roesler, At Bloomingdale's, New York;
Foley's, Houston; Macy's, San Francisco.

Outlined-stripe taupe cotton
dress shirt (\$32.50) mixed with a
similarly striped silk necktie (\$16.50).
Both by Henry Grethel, At Macy's, New
York; Marshall Field & Co.,
Chicago; J. W. Robinson's, Los Angeles.

Tab-collar seersucker
dress shirt in pure cotton with fine
alternating blue and pink stripes (\$30) by
Yves Saint Laurent. At Saks Fifth Avenue,
New York; Bullock's, Los Angeles;
Macy's, San Francisco. Silk necktie in pale
water blue accented by stripes
(\$16.95) by Oscar de la Renta Neoclassic.
At Macy's, New York; Bloomingdale's,
Washington, D.C.; J. H. Holmes, New Orleans.

FURNISHINGS

ROYAL ENGLAND COLLECTION

A Season of Colors

THE ENGLAND COLLECTION



Touchstones from the past: spectators, wing tips, and tassel loafers provide new inspiration in dress shoes.

Elegant polished calfskin translated into a wing tip lace-up shoe with a gently tapered toe (\$200) by Nancy Knox for Westlake, At Barney's, New York; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco; Christopher & Co., Knoxville.

The traditional spectator resurfaces in a cap-toe lace-up model in tan and white (about \$70) by Walk-Over shoes, At Barney's, New York; Macy's, San Francisco; Dayton's, Minneapolis.

Contemporary spectator shoe, newly proportioned, in brown and white calfskin on a sturdy crepe sole (\$195) by Vittorio Ricci, At Vincenzo Ricci, New York; Jo. Mare, Bal Harbour, Florida. Low-swing beaded-tassel loafer in genuine white buck (about \$250) by Alan Flusser, At Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Perkins Shesler, Denver; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco.

Khaki-canvas drill cloth combined with calfskin varies the spectator motif in a finely detailed cap-toe lace-up shoe (\$175) by Ralph Lauren Footwear, At Loane, Boston; Polo Ralph Lauren shops, San Antonio.

Chrome-tanned leather, valued for lightness and comfort, is a leader with sport-tassel detailing (about \$200) by Cole Haas, At Macy's, New York; Branches of Georgetown, Washington, D.C.; Nordstrom's, Los Angeles.



A summer staple, the classic short-sleeved knit shirt provides ever-expanding fields of color to explore.

A contrasting pink collar brightens an olive-taupe cotton-terracotta shirt (\$35) by Ron Cherskoff. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Sokowatz, Dallas; J.W. Robinson's, Los Angeles.

Sunny-yellow-striped polo with a ribbed coral collar (about \$25) by Tully-Ho by Eloro. At Frost Bros., Houston; Ivy's Clothing, Chicago; Ragmar's, Greenwich, Connecticut.

Multicolored club stripes united by a blue-violet collar enliven a cotton-knit shirt (\$28.50) by Henry Gretzel. At Macy's, New York and San Francisco; Netman-Marcus, Dallas; The Broadway, Los Angeles.

A snap-front placket detail updates a cotton-jersey polo shirt with fine pencil stripes (\$32) by Sahara Club Streetwear. At Barney's, New York; The May Co., Los Angeles; Sanger Harris, Dallas; Barlows, Miami.

Deep-toned teal cotton-knit shirt with striped-collar emphasis (\$25) by Colours by Alexander Julian. At Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.

J. Ruggers, Atlanta; Barlows, Miami. Pastel-striped cotton-knit shirt with pearl buttons and a cream-colored contrasting collar (about \$30) by Alan Flusser. At Bloomingdale's, New York; Wilson Bradford, San Francisco; Netman-Marcus, Dallas.

Tone-on-tone cotton-mesh pigtail-knit shirt with its even stripes subtly outlined by a jersey stitch (\$29.50) by Jeffrey Banks. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Weinstock's, Sacramento; J.W. Robinson's, Los Angeles.



Sporty summer footwear gains an added kick from deep, clear colors, often in tandem with a good dose of white.

Sari-green and white are unorthodox but appealing colors for a boat shoe in glove calfskin on a white gum rubber sole (\$135) by Nancy Kline for Westlake. At Barney's, New York; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco; Knickerbocker & Co., Knoxville.

Spectator-inspired contemporary lace-up of white mink with a two-toned calfskin underlay set on a crepe sole (about \$345). At Susan Barnes Marini Edwards, New York.

Pale-yellow suede in a casual, untied lace-up style (\$68) by Charles Jourdan. At Barney's, New York; Rubenstein Brothers, New Orleans; Orphanos, San Francisco.

Vivid-red leather capadiddle with the added punch of a bright-white gum-rubber sole (about \$70) by Boots Footwear. At Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; Nordstrom's, Seattle; Macy's, New York and San Francisco.

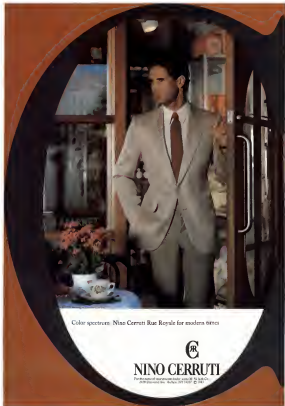
White calfskin capadiddle accented with a contrasting lilac tie and rope-wrapped sole (\$85) by Baby. At Rubenstein Brothers, New Orleans; Moss & Hoffman, Fort Lauderdale; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh.

Canvas spectator sneaker by Avirex in classic navy and white (about \$30) At The Cockett, New York.

Contrasting blocks of calfskin, canvas, and perforated leather combine for an intriguing new slant on a spectator-inspired summer shoe (\$78) by David & Joan. At Orphanos, San Francisco; Silhouette Boutique, Washington, D.C.

*Hand Crafted
in Italy*

In selected incidents, see *Reader's Digest* after page 34 of *The Reader's Digest*.



See Reader Service Card also page 44 of The Enigma Collection

In selected markets, see Dealer Directory after page 74 of The Figure Collection

Speedy Spread
of weather-on poultry
among waterfowl
herds could have serious
flourish in refrigeration



CASTELBAJAC

A picture-postcard tucked in the pocket of a pair of masculine shorts evoked the joys of the Côte d'Azur in Catalonian runway specialist *thorabanger's* lightest-of-lightest. Multiple multi-gramme items: natural-colored linen in button-fronted shirts, casual pop jackets, and trousers; vintage inspired cotton jackets with detachable "life preserver" vests; masculine composition trousers and navy jacket with magnetic "pocket" detail; others intertwined with passages of French poetry. Proportions are consistently oversized, with just enough detail to make the clothes conscious without becoming cutesy. *crem* is here: *jeanshine* coat.

For additional names-for-sale, contact the Knight Ridder Investor Relations group, 10000 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1000, Beverly Hills, CA 90212, or call (310) 247-1000. For more information, visit www.knightinvestor.com.

Day 8 Remove urine and Marbles to the community of syng. Add coral sticks and mushrooms and purple coral. Indigently the twenty emerald. Stir.



FERRE

Although this is only the second men's wear collection to bear his name, Gentshow Pro continues to be at the forefront of Italian denim. Several of his up-and-coming designers for spring include asymmetrical double-breasted suits in warm-shoulderlight shades for a host of business occasions. Gentshow also translates its creative approach into a versatile collection of knit, woven, leather, and mesh, often punctuated by stripes, and sequins, such as in dramatic dark ribbons that flow with playful patterned women's-line silhouettes. Gentshow's solid colors with imaginative pleated details in the back of the shirt also stand out here, especially in bold brown shades and baroque

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The Poetics of Dress

by James Dickey

When you wear only six pieces of clothing, every item had better be exquisitely significant

THROW IT ON is style in my way. Or, rather, throw it on *before* the style, trusting that various articles will come together on me and make a connection that works backward and creates a new personality, for I am at an age where I have grown damned tired of the old one.

Head down from the bowl, I begin by remembering Philip Wylie's saying he knew rusty Hollywood producers who bought themselves cowboy hats—perhaps at some luncheon of Nadia's Rodeo Takers in L. A.—and became so intent on living up to them that in a few months they were laughing and long-tingling stiers, or at least calves (taught one strange Pomernian?) Within a few seconds of record time—that is the kind of transformation I hope for out of clothes! Too, I relish the excitement of improvisation every which way, with little foresight but much excited sense of possibility, such as takes place during the composition of a poem.

The foresight phase is this: I am an ex-soldier, but aging, very old and very again, away by the time you read this. I am large, old head, but strong, and my men my sue with an eighteen-inch neck—never mind the waistline—moves with authority, and at any given moment, and some unproven, talk on pass for power. I am tall, though I have shrunk at least an inch from the six feet three inches I was in college. Nervousness, even today six feet two inches passes for covering, though it is low tone. At any rate, my getups ride on these qualities, and conventional elegance and fastidiousness are not well-served. I must wear something that makes characters

look right, look better than grace, so that the conventional clothes somehow pale in proximity and so good as disappear in the impermissible glimmer of a greater reality. "Whether the name they win for themselves be Carathians, swells, bucks, boys, or dandies," Bradshaw says, "their origin is the same. They all have the same characteristics of opposition and revolt. They all represent the best element in human pride—that need, which nowadays is too incoherent, to combat and destroy itself." True? Especially their oval Brothens, was it ever older news?

Such hats (as examples of one's own ideas of "correctness"; in my case it is best if the improvisation is done with certain objectives. One of these takes the form of acknowledging strangers as they emerge what person—what other—I might be. Ah, strangers, strangers, with their thinking-me! Does this crude down dress this way all the time? Is he a country musician, maybe like Porter Wagner (though I have not descended to seasons)? Or is this after-hours no-pink? But, what was he doing, these hours these are after? Oil rigging? Truck driving? Body guarding? Tag team refereeing? I like to think there's a hint of threat in my case, perhaps of challenge: I have not been challenged yet, definitely someone used to slugs, perhaps in Memphis, New Orleans, or Jacksonville. Jacksonville, probably. I stay unharmed when I can.

Partly because I have never forgotten Philip Wylie's producers, I like hats. The more hats I have, the more I like them, too. Recently I have found one that is the best



PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY CARTER

Behind the wheel, the unconventional clothes stylist displays his throw-it-on resource.

[illegible]

At the neck I gave her problems of time: dimes bearing sundials or Artex cylinders, or something to do with a people's money incubator. Nothing American to record: Full well I know, as Stanley Edgar Hyman has remarked, that "there is a real difference in kind between Goles the man-headed bull and the stuffed American lion—between Alexander of Macedon burned as Zeus Ammon and Franklin's kindly old head." I take no issue in wearing

old tickets or any other such real legal tender on my chance ride along with Gels and Zora Armon, with their ritual banishment, when I can find them.

I also sit cross-legged at my throat,
(archery is my one remaining, uselessness,
and weapons made by clipping are good
sets of both muscle and decency, or so it
thought. Someone in New Mexico gave me
a first bird-arrowhead, but another one I
have is technically more perfect, and made
of obsidian to boot, just like the Black
Wood-leaves of the Aztecs. I saw it
displayed in a flint station in Arizona and
remembered my admiration (a noble prospector,
solving the price: "All right," he said, "I'll
take you one for a ten dollar," and
sent into his machine shop to chop mine
in for the easy way. But it has held up, not
for my use, and its mouthfulness has
nothing to do with the rest of me, you
could hunt with it, and I must
—

— One other thing it found. Haggard

work: the stark and simple images of bear claws and marks, especially the latter: the big silver mass and the tiny man, the lost and found rose, the lost and finding, who in the end comes on his styrofoam deathbed to the center. This, near the popular, is free to have.

All these do me in list of peckers. I enclose especially the bold tie, which, though affected by some toughs, seems to me, with its toughness and its even ends,

vulgar in the wrong way, and because I associate it with the kind of people I don't get along with: conventioneers and cynics in Milwaukee.

For shirts I like the Latin American *gasparens*: all colors, especially yellow. These are the kings of ruffles and cordwork that roughsacks—real or would-be—ought to be wearing, close to real ostentatiousness and at the same time equally close to real elegance. The shiny, soft mimicry of sewing seems to me the correct offset and complement to leather and the enchantments of tane, the horned witch of rain.

Death is good to me, (perhaps) and weather-conscious. Brown jackets I like, sometimes worn over not a mugsaber but a T-shirt, maybe from a college I attended, or one from some (or The) Masters of Natural History, featuring a dinosaur either skeletal or feathered, both with plenty of teeth. In the winter of big cities I wear over everything an Arcturian wool and suede sheepskin's coat, wild and practical, that my youngest son has outgrown.

With both backside I feel I have something any individual and feminist, for my brother is a Civil War—relic hunter, and has dug up a Confederate buckle and made a cast for me. I can suck on it, or spit if a bullet from the Battle of Gettysburg ever comes to mind. I don't want to be sold. That is History and the soul/Gene of one live people, in a

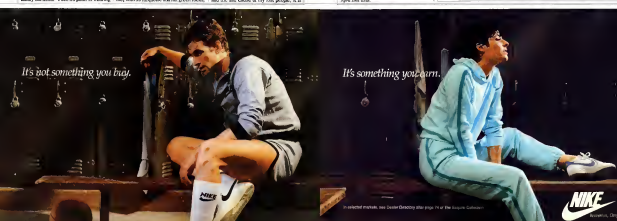
War, tranquility, resignation, all at gut level.

Falls close doors at convenience stores known by Dick Head. Also Army-surplus folio, with big pockets for compass and small lock-blades, used for opening letters and attaching packets.

At the feet I like anything without laces, and a few things with lots of laces, such as skiers' boots, or gungers'. I also enjoy wearing running shoes, mostly because of the distinctiveness of their brand designs, the Adidas three-stripe markably being beaten out by the Puma swoosh, which for my money is the best-looking thing ever seen on human feet, especially when orange and white. Socks can be anything

And this it is, head to toe—trashy, sordid, and phony. Traditionally, I haven't used the full register except in supermarkets and am working up to more expensive. I can't wait to take this outfit to Paris, where I hope to encounter the spirit of Charles Baudelaire, impeccable in behalf and poise and blank. He'd shake me by the sleeve in broad daylight, that speaker he'd know me anywhere, the luxury, the overcompensation, the hatred of age, the ravages, the tumor of death, the darkness-rising face on—*Abbaye des d'Alou, wonderful! Alou!*

Post and fellow writer James Buckley's last article for *Esquire* was "Why I Love Where I Live," in our June 1988 issue.

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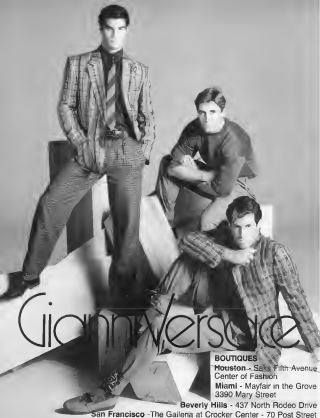
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PHILOSOPHER

Robert Nozick vs.

by *Randall
Rothenberg*

PHILOSOPHER

John Rawls

Give me
Liberty
or
give me
equality

ANOTHER DAY IN THE CONTENTIOUS KINGDOM OF ZOG, AND you, the empty Flock, are required to rule on yet another matter in the Court of Justice. But this case is different from the normal, run-of-the-mill robberies, traffic violations, and civil suits. Today the problem is one of balance. The issue is simple. Half your kingdom is, by virtue of a strange malady, unable to learn to read. These citizens are not paid to manual jobs and are a drain on welfare funds. A device has just been invented that will enable them to read and thereby help them to become full members of society, but engaging all the unfortunate means taking the upper half of the kingdom a third of their income.

There's no way to avoid the decision. You are the judge, and your ruling cannot be appealed. Is it fair to take money away from those who have freely and legitimately earned it? Or do you feel that it is worse to allow those who are technically deprived to remain that way even though a case now exists for their children?

Equality versus liberty. It's a conflict not only found in Zog but common to American society—embedded, in fact, in the first paragraph of the Declaration of Independence. On the one hand, we're "created equal"; on the other, we are endowed with "unalienable Rights" in "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." Just look at our great national debate—Jefferson versus Hamilton, North versus South, the Great Society versus the New Federalism—and you'll get the picture.

The latest, greatest war to take place between equality and liberty is being fought neither on the fields of Gettysburg nor in the halls of Congress. It's being fought on the blackboards, by the most important philosophers of our era. Not content to tinker away in encyclopedias,

Rothenberg is currently writing a book based on his February 1982 Kaplan article "The Intellectual Challenge."

these two concept machines have won converts to their theories, attempting—and succeeding in—a renunciation of the way in which influential Americans deal with the tensions of freedom and justice. Their ideas are diametrically opposed. Their thoughts are discussed in the White House and in the chambers of the Supreme Court. They are a fulcrum WASP and a Brooklyn Jew. Their offices are separated by a single floor at Harvard.

But here's the ultimate irony: each supports the principle you would expect the other to promote. Robert Nozick, by way of Boston's Emerson College and East Flatbush's sections of Columbia University, is the intellectual bedrock behind late-day libertarians, a do-your-own-thing, laissez-faire capitalist darling of the Right. John Rawls, son of Baltimore, the Kent School, and Princeton, is the greatest exponent of democratic egalitarianism in this century, affirming that government has a right, a duty, to raise the status of society's downtrodden, even at the expense of other classes. The battle lines have been drawn. Says supply-side theorist and conservative author Jude Wanniski, "You're always headed toward paradise or hell, toward expansion or contraction. Yin and yang—there's always a tension. There's always a Rawls, and there's always a Nozick."

Rawls and Nozick, Rawls and Nozick, Rawls and Nozick. Everything in politics and legal philosophy these days is Rawls and Nozick. There was once a course offered at the Yale Law School called...you guessed it. And even if you never have to concern yourself with these two fellows, just assured that when your lecture struggles through Philosophy 163—The History of Western Thought—the talent of the course, after Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau, Kant, and Marx, will be Rawls and Nozick. Bob Mensch is a sensitive Jew. His dark and lopsided eyes, framed by precariously greying, shaggy hair, burn merrily, keeping you to tell as much about yourself as Nozick could in a year. And he addresses the crookedness that he's not profaned, that he never teaches the same theories twice by admitting, "Maybe I am a superficial thinker. I have one crack at a thing, and then that's the best I can do." An academic product of the Sixties, a jeans-and-turtleneck teacher, the forty-four-year-old Nozick wears his heart, his soul, and his grin on his sleeve.

There is another Nozick, however: the warmer leader who treats interlocutors with contempt, whose comradely chuckle most gleefully throws quarantines into confusion. "Woah," says a student graduate, "a character," also claims. A

graduate student claims that Nozick "sees as much as possible to be a public figure." But where Nozick seeks notoriety, twenty-year-old Jack Rawls avoids publicity, reluctant to be quoted and only grudgingly granting audiences, preferring to discourse in soft tones on the philosophy of Immanuel Kant to a moribund undergraduates who only partially understand what he's talking about. Rawls's

THE latest, greatest war to take place between equality and liberty is being fought not on the fields of Gettysburg or in Congress. It's being battled on blackboards, by the two most important philosophers of this era.

distance stems not from haughtiness but from a profound shyness, one that befits his ascetic, classically academic look (thick glasses, overcast in a smile, unkempt string hair, button-down shirt, and tweed jacket). His lectures are delivered in a light monotone in his disarming living quarters. Yet Rawls is as revered by his students as Nozick is detested. A civil servant both in referring to him as one of the court's pillars of Christian wisdom, another compares him to Socrates. His kindness is legendary: sitting in his office, interviewing a nervous prospective junior faculty member, he will suddenly leap from his chair to pull the bleeds, audaciously declaring, "The sun is in your eyes!"

Two more disparate individuals would be difficult to find. But it is not their bearing or their demeanor that has made them the two most important political philosophers of our time. It is their philosophies. "The dispute between them, it is so judicious," declares Charles Fried, a professor of law at Harvard Law School, who helped bring Rawls to the attention of the legal community in the late Sixties.

Twenty years ago, the catch phrase in scholarly circles was, Political philosophy is dead. Because of the Rawls and Nozick dispute, no one says that today.

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY HAD BECOME a stagnant discipline before Jack Rawls came along. In the early part of the

twentieth century philosophers could, and often did, make waves in their own time. John Dewey, in particular, went out of his way to tell politicians and the public on his philosophy of pragmatism. But in the aftermath of World War I there came into existence an approach known as logical positivism, and this approach began to dominate what is still known as the Anglo-American Analytic School of philosophy.

In philosophy, one reviewer has remarked, it is not the destination that counts but how one gets there. The logical positivists threw all sorts of blocks in the road. They said, in effect, that any statement that couldn't be proven empirically didn't make sense. The positivists rejected metaphysics. They scuffed at epistemology—the theory of knowledge—calling it little more than a branch of psychology. They asserted, in fact, that most philosophy could be reduced to science; what could not be was worthless. This "verily or least" dismissed very nearly killed ethics and political philosophy.

But The Problem could not be wished away. Philosophers consistently refer to The Problem, respecting as some mortals to catch their drift. Occasionally, someone will stoop to define it ("The Problem," says Bruce Ackerman, a well-known second-order philosopher formerly at Yale Law School and now at Columbia Law, "is what should we think of the transatlantic state? Logical positivism was mere bullsh*t. People were compelled, eventually, to reflect on this new thing we had in America, the lawless state. It didn't exist before Franklin Roosevelt, and it took a little time for it to sink in. So what if we're trying to accomplish with it?").

"The Problem," adds Ackerman, "is inescapable."

Yet no one had the courage to face The Problem until John Rawls. Superficially, he was an unlikely champion of political philosophy, especially of the social-liberal variety. Rawls's Princeton—he arrived in 1959—was the last member of F. Scott Fitzgerald's Old Manse, the preppy playground for rich kids. Jack Rawls confirmed well. A prepster from Baltimore, he was by birth a member of the school's uppermost social stratum, and he accepted a bid to join the Ivy Club, the oldest, cruelest, and most exclusive of Princeton's social institutions. A college friend remembered him as "the best partybugger on Prospect Avenue," the street that houses the club.

But something happened to Rawls. It may have been World War II, in which he served as an infantry platoon sergeant in the Pacific theater. Or the members of the philosophical community point out that in



Robert Nozick at Harvard: One half of philosophy's academic dynamic duo



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The Pace? "I'm a fairly veiled recording, admits Lamont, of Row's Difference Principle."

"I was... surprised at the book's reception," Row says. "I'm amazed to know that the accident left him cold—his highly sensitive work was being treated as a polemic, greeted gleefully by the Left and scornfully by the Right. In fact, *TJ* served as the model of virtue for those reformers of the day who had been like the more cautious of the Great Society, their efforts far more—almost a religious tract: *TJ* was to the lawyers what The Force was to Luke Skywalker. Addressing his book's impact, Row said in his masterfully elliptical way, "Philosophically to hold society as a picture of itself. A constitutional regime like ours has to have some conception of itself in order to function well. The influence is on other people—lawyers, economists, others in public life."

Then, the inevitable disclaimer: the disclaimer of his own influence. "But perhaps they only hear of a thirdhand I'd be the last one to say philosophers have a major influence."

Row's influence, again, is almost always in evidence. He has appeared in the pages of *The New York Times* debating, and lecturing, liberal economist and Nobel laureate James Tobin and sociologist Daniel Bell on social justice in the 1970s and on his own cultural views, his highly disputed political views. His libertarian credo, *Anarchy, State, and Utopia*, was a National Book Award in 1975, and he has never shed any ground using the authority that involved those that first public opinion.

Nozick willingly draws the connection between his service as libertarian gadfly and his cultural background, his Jewish identity. "There's a little experience of being a minority," says Nozick, who supports himself with his own writing and his books. "For this reason, so many of the most articulate liberal writers were Jewish. But there's also this characteristic one finds in the Jewish community of being articulate about principle. So even among people who were within the small libertarian group, there were quite a number of prominent Jews, like Murray Rothbard."

Small is an overstatement when applied to libertarianism's cadre of supporters. For years, libertarians were considered social misfits without portfolio who despised any government too much government. Nozick was the first American thinker to give this philosophy credibility. But a former student of his (think Nozick's philosophy has him to do with his religion) writes in his book, "I remember when I was from Brooklyn, top-down parts of my disavowed," says Bill Puka, a professor at Rochester Polytechnic Institute, who wrote a portion of his Harvard Ph.D. thesis about Nozick. "And while we are young, she'd be reading and saying, 'I know where

this guy is coming from. He's from Brooklyn. He's saying: Don't read on me, it's my property, get out of here.'"

Professional philosophers say that's not the case, but row reading the whole thing, I just got fired up. I know there was another side, and I wanted to let it. That's when I decided to do my book. There was a real critique possible of Row's theory... I didn't want to read an entire critique book

Row's of his ideas was an unwillingness to admit too gleefully. Nozick was already a known quantity long before he received his Ph.D. At Columbia he had been a founder of the left-wing Students League for Industrial Democracy, a precursor to the SDS, but after earning Princeton he began to change his stripes. Nozick was part of a trio of grad students who arrived in 1959, a trio still recalled as a Three Musketeers of brilliance. One of them—Bruce Goldberg, who now teaches at the University of Maryland—began tormenting the lefty Nozick (who had come from a study on political philosophy but philosophy of science) with libertarian theory.

"It was wrenching," recalls Nozick. "Goldberg put me into these books by (conservative economist) Friedrich Hayek and Milton Friedman—and I didn't like those views. They seemed wrong to me. But it wasn't so clear to me exactly what was wrong with them. So I decided to take them more deeply to find out what was wrong."

The attempt failed. James Ward Smith, who was (and still is) teaching a course called *Philosophical Foundations of Democracy*, had Nozick as a teaching assistant in one of the courses and a graduate discussion group. He was shocked when the kid from Brooklyn asked if he could assign his students the works of Ayn Rand, the late literary devotee of laissez-faire capitalism, whose own brand of libertarianism has been labeled the *Philosophy of Selfishness*. According to Smith, Nozick was the first person he met who took Ayn Rand seriously.

There's a real endorsement that the Rand-Nozick dispute existed, the philosophical and legal community has rolled over into my seat of personal enmity between the two men. Nozick's entirely the chairman of Harvard's philosophy department, and Rand is its director emerita. They like each other, although the difference in their styles is pronounced. Rand is a rule out, very deep and loving intellectual skill, that makes the other either positively in the introduction to his book, although one senses just a mere touch of jealousy—as well as some intellectual outrage, and may be a bit of puzzlement—when Nozick de-

scribes his reaction to the first proof of *TJ*: "I was in California, on a suburban, when Row sent it to me. I had seen and commented on portions of it over the course of time, but now reading the whole thing, I just got fired up. I know there was another side, and I wanted to let it. That's when I decided to do my book. There was a real critique possible of Row's theory... I didn't want to read an entire critique book

A COLLEAGUE remarked that Nozick was still trying to impress his first date, but while that may account for his outrageousness, it does not explain his views. This much is sure: Bob Nozick believes everything he says.

to him, though, because, knowing Row's, it might have prevented his book coming out for another couple of years."

Nozick's life created a book in the space of a year. He spent the first year in twenty years to produce *TJ*, and the rest in acceptance was so overwhelming that it has spilled over into nearly unanimous acclaim for his latest, almost entirely non-political, and most difficult to digest work, *Philosophical Explanations*. But more than that, it's made him the most quoted philosopher of our day. To it is added to his personal style, the homeliness of that Brooklyn accent as the lead of the *Local Variety* lodge, the earnestness of those generating ideas, and the simplicity of his carefully constructed passion to liberty and freedom. Anarchy is also the same societal structure, a time marked with a negative view toward the excesses of liberalism—that is, the reaction to Row's. But give Nozick credit for two other factors as well: the clarity of the main thrust of his libertarian argument and his willingness to use external examples to bolster his theory.

Nozick's first principle is that each individual is entitled to his own rights, the right not to be physically injured, not to have his liberty limited, and not to have his property taken without his consent. Using a standard libertarian device, he claims that "protective associations"—groups of people engaged to

gather in the pursuit of mutual goals—will arise naturally within geographic boundaries and that one such agency will become dominant in a territory and arrange itself as the "natural" territorial state. "The natural state differs from an anarchic one for all in that 'it [has] the requisite sense of monopoly over the use of force in a territory and... it protect[s] the right of everyone in the territory, even if this universal protection could be provided only in a redistributive fashion.' That is to say, taxation is legal only for the purpose of providing protection."

To Nozick, nothing more (beyond the minimum) is morally justified. This leads him to devote his *Entitlement Theory*, which states that "the holdings of a person are just if he arrived to them by the principles of justice in acquisition, or transfer, or by the principle of rectification of injustice... If each person's holdings are just, then the total set [distribution] is just." This book seems to be carefully crafted to avoid anything that declines the Nozickian world view, such as "From each as they choose, to each as they are chosen." "Taxation of earnings from labor is on a par with forced labor," and "The socialist society would prohibit capitalist acts between consenting adults."

ANARCHY, STATE, AND UTOPIA is by no means filled with one-liners, there are many technical sections that border on the tedious. But Nozick's sense of humor is never far from the surface. What's more, when Row takes pains to place *TJ* on a shelf (he received from the reader's experience, Nozick delights in smacking his readers with contemporary literature, involving sports stars and rap stars, but by inability. For his audience to deal directly with his conclusions—A Socrates with a steady streak.

The centerpiece of the book is the thought experiment, in which Nozick points the basketball player's having signed a contract giving him twenty-five cents from each ticket sold for each game. The society of potential basketball fans is one in which some form of distributive justice is required. Nozick shows for each and every person, no more and no less—is the rule "Let us suppose," writes Nozick, "that in one season one million persons attend his home games, and Wilt Chamberlain winds up with \$250,000, more than the average income and larger even than any one else has.... Each of these persons cheer to give twenty-five cents of their money to Chamberlain." The dilemma is a bit, simply because of the system of distributive justice (which is, Nozick ex-

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des, a Randam concept), to take from Mr. Money that was freely given to him because of his talent, merely to meet some predetermined notion of what the first picture in an equation should be, or, as a better example, should look like? Such a problem is called a picture is called an end-state principle, and Nozick's answer is clear: "The general point illustrated by the Witt Chamberlain example is that to end-state principle or distribution patterned principle of justice can be continuously realized without continuous interference with people's lives." Translation: It can't be done.

By such statements are conservatives made. Just as Rawls, during the course of the *Society*, had modeled adherents to his theory, so now Mr. Nozick is being reckoned with—the perfect philosopher for the 1980s. The juxtaposition of the two concepts of justice begins almost immediately. The conservative, Ronald Reagan, no doubt sleeping at the behest of an ancient, young eagle, wags to come along, labeled *Justice*, and *Justice*—Mr. Nozick says, John Rawls's magnificent but glowing *A Theory of Justice*. Why? "It leaves liberty rather than equality, liberty matters."

The American philosopher is making it catches the eye the major that propelled Proposition 13 and the rest of the national tax rebellion. "We can't say that Nozick created the climate of opinion," cautions Sheldon Wilson, editor of democracy the liberal political theory journal, "but I think you can say that, because he is the most sharply defined attack on Rawls, he's really provided the intellectual justification that has introduced the newest phase of American politics, which is, in effect, the reaction against Rawls."

Liberty makes for strange bedfellows. Alan Dershowitz, the liberalist civil liberties advocate on the faculty of Harvard Law, calls Nozick "a very important bridge" between libertarians (most of whom are right-wingers) and civil libertarians (most of whom skip with their left foot first). "I don't share all of Bob's economic philosophy," admits Dershowitz, "but there is a common core. We agree strongly on free speech, the freedom of expression, the right to privacy, and other civil liberties." It's crucially important for civil libertarians, though people like Bob, to make connections on the right. While this may be useful thinking, Dershowitz's active campaigning has led to Nozick's election to the board of the Massachusetts Civil Liberties Union, not a natural haven for a man who believes in taxation and slavery to be roughly equivalent.

Then again, maybe not so universal. The tension between liberty and equality remained in the American psyche can create uncomfortable paradoxes for people who think far to the right. The libertarian movement has attracted a good share of right-wing nuts, even anti-Semites, but

Nozick, reacting to the burgeoning movement's isolation in the Seventies, went with it, talking in a way that a liberal friend of his calls "the wrong crowd." Of late, he's been trying to estimate himself. "Searcher," says his friend, "is a new crowd."

But don't think for a minute that Bob Nozick is turning his back on libertarianism. There's still that starting point approach, the willingness, as one philosopher noted, "to come off at a slightly quirky Reagan." A colleague of his once remarked that Nozick was still trying to impress his first date, but while that may account for his outgrouping, it doesn't explain his views. That much is rare. Bob Nozick believes everything he says. When Jack Rawls said, "His liberalism and equality I took to be a contemporary wisdom," the implication was clear: He's come down on one side and Nozick on the other. Careful as they are to each other personally, the two are friendly, even taking place in the blackboard lecture hall at Harvard. But the battle has been raging for two centuries outside Harvard Yard, with equality always having a slight edge. Alas, de Tocqueville recognized it when he traveled there some 150 years ago. "It is not the peoples with a democratic sense who really score victory," wrote the Frenchman in his classic *Democracy in America*.

On the contrary, they have an instinctive taste for it. But freedom is not the chief and central spirit of their dreams; it is equality for which they feel an internal love; they rush on freedom with quick and sudden impulses but if they sense their mark they resign themselves to their disappointment; but nothing will satisfy them without equality, and they would rather do this than live it. In modern terms, you might say we have a live-bait relationship with the two. If nothing else, it keeps the philosophers employed.

AND YET, DESPITE EQUALITY'S edge, liberty just can't be discussed as the province of reactionary critics, no matter what social democracy would like to believe. Bob Nozick proved it to me. Based on a decidedly liberal democratic bent, I wanted to liberty. Brought up as a Jewish family not unlike Nozick's, I thought I could share his own admiring what I considered the basic law in his argument: his unwillingness to come to terms with deprivation, even starvation. What if there existed a his ideal society, I asked Nozick, people who did not have what they needed in order to survive?

"I don't say that as a libertarian society everybody will be able to live the life they want to live," he responded. "Suppose I wanted to live in a community that has everybody making *Frango* Wile should every night in a public restaurant. [Bizarre counterexamples, I had been warned, are the trademark of one trained in the philosophy of science.] There might not be

enough people around who wanted to do that. With regard to other people, no society is going to be able to provide everybody with what they want."

Nozick had willfully underplayed the question by combining wants and needs. What if they didn't have the resources they needed, I wanted to know?

"Maybe there be people who wanted to live a certain way but don't have the resources to do it?" repeated Nozick. "That's clearly possible. Even if there were enough people who wanted to spend the rest of their time sailing around on four-hundred-foot boats, there wouldn't be the resources to provide them."

I got stilled. "Forget about the four-hundred-foot boats and *Frango* Wile," I said. "Suppose there's a group that just wants not to starve. Suppose there's a real living person, in the Southwest, and all it's a sudden a devastating drought wipes out all the food supplies. Is it just for the government to allow them to starve?"

Nozick paused. "Does the government let them starve, or do we let them starve?" he asked. "I don't know—do you make a contribution? I make a contribution. [Voluntary charity is a cornerstone of Nozick's libertarianism.] On those few occasions when we need to have action like this, then those people who would vote for it in a referendum would be able to carry it out by private, charitable means."

But what if there weren't enough? "Then a democratic society doesn't do it," he affirmed. "Not through the government. What's your alternative? If the majority of people don't want to do it, what do you say?"

Rebuke. I answered. "I don't understand," responded Nozick. "Get rid of elections? Get rid of a democratic society?"

I was flustered. "Then why," I blurted, "when people are starving, would we up hold democracy?" I raised my hand to my mouth in shock. I had been out-Socrated. I had just questioned one of my most cherished notions.

Nozick had me, and he was going to let me twist on the spit for a while. "Ah!" he laughed. "Too many takes shock. That's how deeply it cuts."

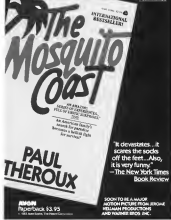
And that is what political philosophy is about—cutting deep, not with knives but with ideas. Maybe Ronald Reagan doesn't call Bob Nozick every night, and maybe Teddy Kennedy thinks Jack Rawls is a right-wing blue-slayer. But political change doesn't depend wholly on the politicians, and great works of philosophical support don't wait and sit stagnating on college campuses. They change the world.

Ideology is buried not all over, eggs on the nuclear-freeze debate, beating up the budget hater, sparring talk of safety nets. Rawls and Nozick—they may not be the reason, but these days they are in America's world the prime movers. □

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The Avid Pursuit of Mellow in Seattle

In the upper-left-hand corner of the U.S., where the rain gets you high

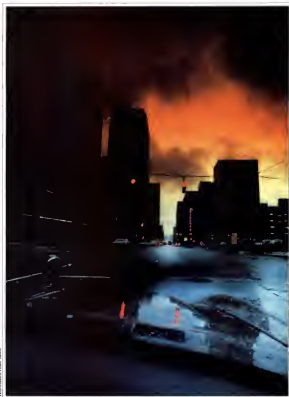
DRIVING HOME AT FIVE THIRTY, miles of dark streets, wood-frame houses set nearly in landscaped yards. Headlights pick up a black Lab, slung with rain, trotting along the sidewalk. At the end of the driveway lies last night's country: washed, you swing the truck in with style and rammed the garage can fast. Forties-misty fine at the hardware across again. Park. The neighborhood smells like wood smoke. A rain away, the freeway is audible: a low, distant rumble. In the back hall, first street of midtown. Shelves hold various DAP sealing compounds, Vynaplex plaster, Lynol. Descriptive shag bus, collection of homeowner's appliances: women's garden, roofing nails, copper duct and toilet-cash parts. Inside, the television is on. An elderly gentleman with a mustache and a yachting cap is advertising his string of fish restaurants. His eyes twinkle. "Remember," he says, "keep clean."

Seattle.
"America's Most Livable City." A paradise for travel writers. Look, the Space Needle! Eat a salmon. Ride the ferry, see Mount Rainier. Stroll through Pioneer Square, an old-town restoration, where the cops wear 18th uniforms and walk up and down in front of the gift shops. Did you know that this is where the expatriates "wild ones" came from? Only it was really "bad road," describing legs being kicked down a hill so they would end up at the rail. Isn't that interesting?

The other Seattle, the real Seattle, visits late at night, when the cynical self has clocked out and left the mind vulnerable to the Great Solution. The answer, in everything, is to pack it up and go native in Seattle. Tonight be in New York or Oakland or Cedar Rapids—I was in the south of France when it hit me—but the psychic compass swings violently northwest and sticks there, covering Seattle. Not a solution to a problem, an alternative to having problems. A mystical zone of indifference, a place to mope, so utterly far away from everything that your private demons will get lost trying to find you. Look

BY ALAN FURST

ALAN FURST'S most recent novel, *Stephen Toulmin*, was published by Doubleday in February.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER HARRIS

"Somewhere soon you'll discover
our Puerto Rican white rum."



"It's better than gin. Better than vodka.
That's why we mix our Bloody Marys with
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See Reader Service Card after page 236.

The Esquire Review

MARCH 1983



A Producer, His Thugs, and a Crap Shoot

by David Standish

A SOLID-LOOKING BLACK GUY
LEAVES A CELL UP ON THE
SECOND FLOOR OF THE BLOCK AND
GREETED HIS HUGE BLOND BUDDY,
WHO'S LEANING AGAINST THE
RAILING OUTSIDE. THEY START
WALKING AWAY WHEN A SMALLER
AND YOUNGER BLACK KID OF
about fourteen explodes out of the same
cell. Murder on his eyes, he heads for the
older guy, shaking the air with a vicious-
looking, boom-boom digger. But as he
lunges to plant the knife, he finds himself
disarmed, lifted to the guy's shoulders,
and pitched sideways to the bare floor
twenty feet below.

That's a take. The shooting of *Bad Boys*
is wrapped for the day, and pretty soon the
film's crew and no odd assortment of
rough-looking teenagers have filed out of
Chicago's vast and distant/terrifying building
on their way to their homes, and to their
horses, and to the streets where some of
them are doing time.

Bad Boys is a tough movie about tough
gang kids in jail. It is an almost every-
night on-screen endurance, a weary mope
to the typical Hollywood escapism
product. And yet, though the gritty social
realism *Bad Boys* is attempting to do
the subject comically out of step, it's more
than an interesting property. It's also a
production project, the brainchild of its
producer, Robert Sole.

Sole has been an independent producer
since 1975, when, after working as an
agent and doing several tours of duty as a
studio exec, he quit an enviable executive-
producer position at Warner Bros. to go out
into the noncorporate cold to make
movies. His success has been mixed. He
made *Deception of the Body Snatchers* in
1978, *The Awakening* in 1980, and *I, the
Jury* in 1981. All were more obviously

misfires than *Bad Boys*, though only
one (*Deception*) really paid off for
him. Still, it's a respectable enough track
record for an independent producer, and
one that would have prompted most to
continue doing what they had been doing.
On this project, however, Sole chose to do
things a different way.

He picked as his screenwriter a novice
in the game, Richard Dilleto, author of a
five book on the Beatles called *The Longest
Greatest Party* but a relative amateur when
it came to writing screenplays. Dilleto did
his research, however, talking with youth
activists and "bad" teenagers around
Los Angeles, where he and Sole both
lived. Together the two finally came up
with a treatment that led to Sole's cutting a
rough \$5 million deal with the British
studio EMI to make the movie and Univer-

MOVIES
VIDEO
MUSIC
BOOKS

set features to distribute it.

Then Solo landed to director a young man named Rick Rosenthal, whose only previous feature credit was one of those exploitation bloodbaths, *Rollerboys II*. More to the point, Rosenthal had worked before that in New Hampshire making documentaries for public television. His background in documentary filmmaking serves Solo's creative, forward, journalistic instincts—which is the same logic that prompted those two—Rosenthal and Solo—to shoot the movie entirely as a location, sit and around Chicago.

"We wanted a place that would give us a kind of gritiness and age," Solo says, "but we didn't want to film in New York. The more we thought about it, Chicago rose like cream to the top of the bubble. Also, the film commission was tremendously helpful. Through them, we were introduced to the St. Charles juvenile correctional facility west of Chicago as a possible place to film. So we went out there and saw the place and gave them the script to read. The superintendent, Edward Peters, agreed that we could film there. And a man Peters who stood up to use many of the kids incorporated them in the film."

Which brings us to the next part of the whole project: the casting.

With the chief exception of choosing to star Sean Penn, the son of a TV director, brought up in L.A., Solo and Rosenthal looked toward what might only be described as a certain underclass of the situation. They went for actors whose names aren't household names, whose faces don't get automatically after a scene by their presence on it. When they began, Sean Penn, the most famous person involved with the project, had hardly been heard of, having played up until then only a small part in *Taps* and may be eight minutes total in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, a movie in which he gave a lovely goofy performance that was a real bit of a hit. But his way but that hadn't yet been released when they started *Bad Boys*.

But beyond that, as a practically unrecruited actor, they cast actual bad boys, teenagers doing time at St. Charles for real crimes, no characters in the movie. Correctly on parole, 15-16-year-olds to 17-18.

BECAUSE THE ARMOY IS SET TO be demolished a few weeks after filming is completed, it also is virtually abandoned at the time of the shooting and waiting in

on the ground level is a little messy, dark, led-in classrooms and several handball courts has one side of the long hall and polished capable offices with blue lock doors—doors doors and walls line the other. In the end, they couldn't film everything they wanted at St. Charles, so they had to re-create the set here.

At the top square end of the long corridor, one of the scenes is standing at a pay phone, wearing a blue work shirt and a rolled red hoodie which is sewn like a halo sloped casually around his head. "I never drive faster than 40," he says into the phone. "She just blew!" spoke out her last son "get you down on me. Honest, believe? I was out with the cops all night."

The second floor, reached on crumbling cement steps in a dreary stairwell, is where they're carved the second stage from a roof open space the size and aspect of an airplane hangar. Running the length of the well is a little blueberry of colorful plywood dressing rooms, each furnished with a Salvation Army sofa, end table, and lamp. The stars each get one while awful windowless outside to themselves, while those with smaller parts, the extras among them, double in. The others are made large enough that people are mostly hanging out in the space between them and the set.

"Don't look up your sister," says one of the youngest extras, wearing the brown jacket and jeans return school children, "that isn't right."

"I gotta," responds another. "She's an animal."

"She bigger's you?"

"She's bigger's younger—and more."

The set itself is a double-ended U-shaped cellblock whose open end faces a block TV and recreation area. "I saw in my mind's eye," Solo says, "a traditional land of correctional institution. I grew up in Worcester, Connecticut, and near there is a small town called Cheshire, and the Cheshire Academy prep school, which I went to. But down the road from the school was the Cheshire reformatory, and every time I drove by it as a kid it sort of gave me shivers. It had barbed wire in their behind brick walls—and that's what I had in my head."

When I ask Superintendent Peters why he wanted his youthful convicts to act in this movie, he says, "I believe in kids working. And this was a novel project. Kids, many of them were, have feelings of being on the street, whether it's on TV

or at the movie house. So when we had the chance to provide them the opportunity to work hard at something they had some interest about, we took it."

THEY'RE REHEARSING THE CHOROGRAPHY of the attempted-killing, look-on-behind scenes when I come in. Rosenthal, in his early thirties, wearing a Mad River canoe T-shirt and jeans Army fatigues, is up in the second tier, acting out the quick twisting dance he wants the larger lot to do, showing how he should move as he hits and dumps the other off overhead.

As background in this scene, the various extras and named characters are hanging out around the cellblock: their cell doors open, lounging around, reading comic books, trading martial-arts moves. It's a fairly lethal-looking group, and, like the set itself, they all look so authentic that it's very strange. You really could be in prison—that is, it wouldn't be the blue dress, designer-jeaned crew members from California scattered about, and all the kids' lifeline space-age equipment everywhere. As it is, the confusion is a little puzzling.

Rosenthal calls a short break to change the cameras and lighting for angles now on the same scene, which is a rather POV point-of-view shot from the U-shaped corner of the cellblock. Camera men and their assistants cling like monkeys to tall and ladders, three remaining to each camera, three cameras in all on the shot. Someone is time measuring the distance between the lens of one and the nose of the larger lot.

While this is going on, during their break, the background actors keep doing almost exactly what they were during the scene. Several continue sitting on the edge of the second tier, some slung across the railing, legs dangling in air. A brickhead method goes back into his cell—that is, his character's cell—flaps on the lower back, and picks up on a Panasonic Power from where he left off.

I walk up and say to a tall, thin, ankle-looking and named Rags, who hasn't moved from his mark on the stairs, all the while sitting there ball-slapping, checking it all out. He's one of the kids from St. Charles. Since I haven't seen a script, I ask him what's happening in this scene. "The little one," he says, smiling, amused, "the just got raped by the other one—and he's pissed as hell."

Later, when I ask Solo if he had trouble selling such a hard-hyped project to EMI and Universal, he says, "Dilemma was a treatment for me. And then I took it to EMI, and on the basis of the treatment and the fact also that because he was a novice screenwriter the financial commitment wasn't going to be enormous, they decided to take a shot at financing the screenplay. After many revisions, it finally got to the



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MTV: 21st Century-Box

by Peter W. Kaplan

I DROVE CROSS-COUNTRY A WHILE AGO AND FELL ASLEEP IN THREE MOTEL ROOMS WITH THE TELEVISION ON. IN KEANSSEE, NORTH DAKOTA, I WAS PUT TO SLEEP BY SQUEEZE IN WAIL, COLORADO, THE LAST PEOPLE I SAW BEFORE BECOMING

unconscious were Meatloaf and Kerli De-Plan, in Las Vegas I was put under by Adam Selt. If you keep up with video, you'll know what I was watching. It was MTV, badgerer of the 21st century box.

MTV is Music TV, and Music TV is a cable programming service provided by Warner Amco Satellite Entertainment, a joint venture whose 180 million start-up cost was resisted by its parents, Warner Communications and American Express. MTV shows twenty-four hours of nonstop rock 'n' roll a day with brochures for rock news and commentary. Its programming consists essentially of a series of three-minute visual bursts that are little movies in which rock groups can dub potential hits. It is provocative and it is threatening and it is intriguing as an answer to the mutual question, is there life on television? It is almost definitely here to stay, and I mean really to stay.

Nobody, particularly at Warner Amco, will say how close MTV is to making money, but the executives there are fast with a set of amazing facts. It will probably hit eight million subscribers this year. The median MTV viewer (twenty-three years old) watches MTV—weekly, as an add-on to—on at least a day on an average weekday and twenty minutes over on average weekends. It's—well, it's a kind of video evocation of FM radio. FM radio, however, never really took your full attention. MTV does.

"They're watching it," says Les Garland, MTV vice-president, "not a first of its kind, but not in background. They're watching it." It's hard not to, the barrage of images that pound along across the screen moves so fast that it seems to be montage. It's not for nothing that film became the kindest art of the twentieth century, and video expands that to embrace even its shrunken art. Music TV has snatched some of all that, but it's the point of MTV that it's using the most futuristic technique to say nothing. It's essentially commercial ageplay.

"We started out in 1981 with station advertisers," says John Lack, executive vice-president at Warner Amco, "and we've got over a hundred twenty-five now. We are a company that believes in spectacular entertainment, and if you are broadcaster or recording industry or Pepsi-Cola, you want our audience." MTV is moving toward what much of cable is seeking. It is creating a national network network in which advertisers know exactly who they're hitting. They can half-eye their product with no anxiety of wasting a second of cable time—and all for an average of fifteen hundred dollars for a thirty-second spot. "Eighteen to thirty-four," says Lack, with the suggestion of an owner, "eighteen to thirty-four."

The advertisers who are happiest, needless to say, are the ones who have the most to win in this beachhead of music television, are the record companies, and in the middle of the long pause that has snatched the music business, MTV is seen by a number of record executives as the cavalry that's going to save the industry. For the record companies it's the ultimate in live advertising: gray suits—they get to run their songs over on television, with a credit at the beginning and at the end of each number giving the name of the group, the song, and the label. "Groups are challenging up huge sales on songs," says Les Garland, "but have never been paid on radio." Billboard magazine surveyed charted but seldom not found their reporting sales increases of 15 to 20 percent for acts shown on MTV, new acts in particular. This was painful news to nobody.

"When we got going," says Lack, "we saw we had four opportunities. First, because of the technology, we had the choice to add space to television—a stereo signal with a picture. Second, because of our low overhead—almost all of our programming is just given to us by the record companies—we were able to go on as a local item, like radio, twenty-four hours. Third, we found that we could serve advertisers and an audience for a kind of television that hadn't existed before. Fourth, we were there for the record industry. We found we could help a business in trouble,

and it's worked, and they've responded. Ask anyone at CBS or RCA or Arista," I did, they agreed.

So it's a business venture on the move, using the product of the day. Yet tomorrow MTV seems threatening when you watch it. It is, after all, filled with blithe violence and it has a scary, New Wave kind of compassion to it. But the most threatening thing about MTV is that it's so successful. MTV is already reminiscent of the all-comprehensives radio stations with their pre-recorded cassette announcements and stock weather forecasts. Television's foras, and by us, but MTV isn't necessarily responsive to that aspect of television that is, even when it's at its worst, a mode of communication. MTV isn't communication, it's a product. Its features have the efficiency of commercials, with the hyperbolic suggestiveness of film pushed up all the way. When Devo in "Peele-a-hoe" wants to electroshock you, the can just a second and come if you like many others.

It's not helped by the fact that in the 36-hour week of MTV there's not a live moment, that all the glad-mouthed "VJs" are videotaped, reading from scripts right to twelve hours before the transmission—those lively advance stars and women would keep being beamed out to you even if a failure opened in Manhattan and the MTV studio fell in. They are almost literally on video—and even the music is lip-synched. The singers are locked into videotape, moving their mouths in an environment where human voices have to be debited in, where there's no fresh air, where the old TV word program has been replaced by the new programming, and where the closest thing to live is a twelfth-year-old tape the y showed not looking like Jane Joplin, waving into the night at her first concert in 1970. It was a flicker of life on a cold world whose bright discussion truly is—of the profits show—the shape of things to come.

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The Honky-tonk Odyssey of Ray Wylie Hubbard

by Pete Dexter

It is for the mud flats she gave me for my pickup truck...

TEN YEARS AGO IN RED RIVER, NEW MEXICO, A MAN NAMED RAY WYLIE HUBBARD WROTE A SONG. IT WAS CALLED "UP AGAINST THE WALL, REDNECK MOTHER," AND it was written in fifteen minutes of clarity dead in the middle of a two-year lull.

The truth is, Ray used to drink. The first group to play the song in public was Jerry Jeff Walker and the Lost Gonzo Band. Walker had broken a string and turned to his guitar player, Bob Livingston and said, "Sing something." Bob Livingston had heard Ray playing around with "Redneck Mother" back in New Mexico, when he and Ray had shared bong broods, and it was the first thing that came into his mind. Livingston sang a verse:

*We sat here in Oklahoma
And his wife's name is Betty Jo*

*Thomas Lee
And he's not responsible for what he's doing*

*Carson has mother made him what he is
And it's up against the wall, Redneck Mother*

*Mother who has raised her son so well,
He's thirty-four and drinks in the honky-tonks.*

*After he's had a case and raised 'er hell,
He'll turn around and say 'You Must Be'*

"You could tell me any people loved it," Livingston said. "They clapped up on the tables and punched each other in the face. Jerry Jeff wasn't a fool, and I called Ray up later to get all the words."

Ray gave him the rest of it, along with a verse he made up while he was sitting there on the phone, and Jerry Jeff put the song on his next album. Then Bobby Bare recorded it, then every copy band in Texas was singing it. There'd been analysis in classrooms at the University of Texas.

"Sometimes I'll not see the whole thing wasn't a misunderstanding," Ray said. "I had this professor call me up. Wanted to know about the song's origins."

implications. You know what I'm telling about here? Goshdarn? Then he wants to know what it autobiographical.

"I told him I didn't have no idea whatsoever what the song meant, except it was sort of a joke. You know, it was kind of an answer to 'Odes from Marlowe.' The hippies liked it, and then it developed the rednecks liked it too. You never know. I told the professor, 'All I did was write it, and that was a long time ago.' I wrote a bunch of songs since then, songs a lot better than 'Redneck Mother,' but that's the one that seems to follow me around."

Ray Hubbard is thirty-six years old, and he's never had what you could call a job. "When I was a kid in Oklahoma, I used to throw rocks at chickens," he said. "I liked it, but, you know, I never had the arm to get to the top. There is a while I learned toward a career in a ball shop, but all I ever really wanted to do was live."

Ray plays country music. Some of it is shit-tucker and some of it is sweet. I met him last one night in Philadelphia, where he was playing every night. I was looking for a reason not to write a story about Jerry Jeff Walker.

I'd said I'd write about Walker, but the more I thought about it, the less I wanted to. The act is only as good as the reflection afterward, it doesn't have any meaning if you do it every night. If you are expected to do it, if there's no reflection, then it's like a job. And Jerry Jeff had been working at a long time. And you can only go to good.

And so I walked into a bar in Philadelphia one night and heard Ray and the band, and put it together that he was connected to Jerry Jeff and at least as good as Jerry Jeff, and it wasn't sitting him up this nobody cousin of Texas and Red River, New Mexico, knew who he was.

And I asked if he minded if I kept track of him for a while instead.

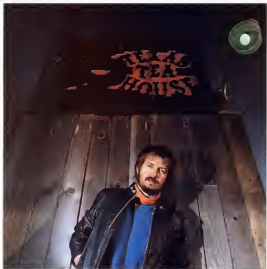
IN 1975, AFTER HE'D LEFT NEW Mexico, Ray put together a band called the Cowboy Thieves and recorded an album. The album almost killed him.

"We knew it was all fucked up from the way things had gone [at the recording studio in Nashville]," he said. "But nobody expected rape letters. That was the first thing I remember writing. Hubbard and the Cowboy Thieves writes right across the top of the album in rape letters. Then I saw where they'd cut off my feet. There I am standing loveless and thoughtless out in the middle of nowhere, except I don't have my feet on."

"I called up the band and said, 'You better come over and see this.' I didn't want them hearin' about it on the six o'clock news, you know. We all set down and played the record, and the studio guys had thrown in backup girl singers in about every song. Single guitars. Listening to that record was like, at those times where every time you notice your hands, they're rarin' through your hair."

Ray Wylie Hubbard and the Cowboy Thieves stayed drunk a long time, and Ray got sick. His mother-in-law didn't like

RAY WYLIE HUBBARD



Ray Wylie Hubbard

his color and took him to the hospital, where the doctors said he had pancreatic inflammation of the pancreas. The mother-in-law's name is Jerry Cleaveland, and she keeps herself up. Those eyes are better taught out than a Japanese garden.

"I HAD TO TRICK HIM TO GET HIM here to the hospital," she said, "and then they went and put that white robe on him and used that. I felt so guilty..."

When Ray got out, one date after another canceled out on the "Cowboys." They made another album, *Gift of the Wolf*, that was about as bad as the first one, and then the band disintegrated.

So there he was, the man who wrote "Redneck Mother." Couldn't drink, his band was breaking up, and then his mother

died. "There was some guy owned a club up in Oklahoma, though," he said, "I wanted to get a lawyer, I didn't play this gig. I'd agreed to do. So I called up Bob Livingston just to see if he knew some places could get me through a couple of hours in Norman, Oklahoma, and it turned out that Lost Gonzo had split up from Jerry Jeff too."

The Lost Gonzo were serious for their good times, which would go deep into the night. Sometimes deep into the month. "The first time I saw Lost Gonzo, they seemed to be drunk," Ray said. "Drunk, drunk, over microphone stands, red eyes, screaming, black hair..."

"Jerry Jeff had two airplanes," Livingston said. "Tax purposes. That's how he went where we went. He'd come into your room at three o'clock in the morning

and want to go party in New Orleans. So he'd wake up a pilot, grab a bottle, and head for the airport. The pilots were arranged. They just took off, five the plane around in circles until Jerry Jeff passed out. Then they'd land."

"Jerry Jeff would just wear your out, night after night. One time we were in New York waiting to play Carnegie Hall. Jerry Jeff was watching the Gonzo play the Cowboy on TV, getting agitated over how Tom Landry was calling the game. He picked up a lamp and threw it at Landry and a bouquet back. It hit him in the head and he started bleeding. He dabbed his eye, looked at his fingers and started screaming, 'Blood! Blood!'"

"Then he ran over to my bed to strangle me. He was dead serious about it. I said, Jerry Jeff, goddammit, and I rolled over

and put on top of him. I pulled back my fist to hit him, and then I looked at his wife standing there, looking at me. The look in her face froze time. I said, 'I'm sorry,' and he ran away, twice, right at the time.

"Jerry left for three couple of minutes, then he got up, looked at himself in the mirror, and said, 'All right. Okay, okay, that's more like it.' He stepped out on the back, hugged me, and he said, 'All right, let's go have a party.'

"It was that way all the time. The sun would be coming up, and we'd be walking across a motel parking lot, bleeding, carrying two bottles of Scotch and an airplane pilot, headed for the airport, or New Orleans, or someplace. And these would be a family from Iowa just looking up the station wagon, trying to get an early start on the day.

"Before it ended," he said, "there was coffee on us that trucked together. When it was time to go to a new town, Jerry left a car on one place, everybody else'd get in the other one. There was money and crowds and music, but it just got too strange...."

DALLAS

It is for the oil I put on my hair.

Johnny Crawford is Ray Wylie Hubbard's brother-in-law. He's got a penthouse in Turtle Creek to high up. Dallas looks pretty. He's got a big house and a cool car and a wife that can run his law firm and drink him under the table. There's a sense of champagne back home in the cockpit, and his cowboy hat's spilling feathers like something caught up with a dyed chicken tail.

Johnny Crawford is fifty-one years old, he has everything a man could ask for, and all he wants to do is ride to New York City with his wife Ray and the band. Maybe sell some T-shirts or tapers at the clubs they play, or take a cruise.

His wife is standing in a corner of the Texas Tea House, brooding the news to Ray. "Johnny's been talking about dinner out with his boys," she says.

The Texas Tea House is a tavern bar in Dallas. Johnny and Jerry have ordered four or five hundred friends over for their annual celebration in anticipation of the announcing the University of Texas about to give Oklahoma a game of football. Lawyers, judges, Texas politicians. A lot of cool money and the kind of money Ray needs for entertainment. Ray smiles.

Now, Ray Wylie Hubbard has two smiles. One of them opens his face up and makes you glad just to be there to see it,

like the day his three-year-old boy mimicked everybody at a Thanksgiving dinner, ran away when they tried to make him apologize, and then went a story about it on the way home: "Don't Give Me in the Kitchen with That Don't Be Careful."

"Well," Ray says, smiling, "good...." There are a couple of things wrong with it, of course, but the heart of it is that Ray doesn't cut anybody off. Even if Jerry weren't his mother-in-law, and Johnny weren't the boss, even if the trip weren't a month away. Even knowing Johnny was going to get them lost about Texas and break chairs off the table driving the bus over curbs, he'd say the same thing.

Ball's a dozen story longer, and Jerry's wonder by. They know Jerry, not at all. One of them offers him a puff from a full glass of warm brandy. How can you see the cowboy in the mirror?

Ray says, "You go ahead. I'm right where I want to be now." The lawyer looks at him like he'd leached his last. They move onto a higher note to sing. Ray starts for the stage. "I expect I ought to say you, get this Johnny out of my hair for the trip east," Jerry says. "How 'bout two dollars a day?"

"That sounds fine," Ray says. "The trouble is, Ray," Johnny Crawford is saying later, "is that he can't be seen-headed." Five years ago, Ray named Jerry's beautiful daughter U2 and somehow got himself adopted. When the band came together they got adopted too. Sometimes Johnny calls them "our little project."

"The way to deal with it," Crawford says, "is to work hard. You for money wouldn't even cover expenses. We'd take a job for a few hundred dollars just because it was for somebody he knew. Gradually he's gotten better about it, but, you know, there's something hardheaded about that boy you can miss, 'cause he's so forgiving. If Ray doesn't want to do something, you can't make him...."

"We're business-minded," Ray says. "We like to get paid, it just doesn't always work out."

Up on the stage, Ray and Paul Perry and John Innon are giggling at, tanning, checking the floor for drunk lawyers. Innon plays lead guitar, and he may be the best there is. Back in Texas, Innon comes out and he doesn't like to waste the rush.

They drive through an opening song called "Texas Is a State of Mind," and by the time it's over, I realize I am in the

presence of something special. A roomful of lawyers listening to somebody else....

And two more into the set they are slowly screaming for it. "Redneck Mother,"

NASHVILLE

It is for the oil I put on my hair.

Ray enters his acquaintance with a trucker named George Dwyer over the CB radio on the way up from Dallas, where the Ray Wylie Hubbard band has played a concert that everybody would like to forget. The band was the opening act on the same ticket with Porter Wagoner, who as a rule attracts an old audience. Ray says, "We told everything we knew, but we couldn't fool those people. Every now and then a song, they'd look at each other and say, 'That's not Porter Wagoner.'"

A couple of minutes after the CB conversation, George Dwyer blows by Ray's bus in a silver eighteen-wheeler, shaking the roof, making the best sideways off the highway. It must feel like that when you get eaten. George Dwyer introduces himself and Ray says, "Ten love, George Dwyer, this is Texas Armadillo."

George Dwyer says, "You boys like going about state passes, or you'll return or come back?"

Ray thinks that over. "Whatever happened to easy questions?" It develops George Dwyer knows sixty-two miles of jokes about all manner of heterosexual highway. Ray admits he's got a band and when George Dwyer asks, Ray invites him to come listen to them play at Cantel's nightclub in Nashville. Ray doesn't cut anybody off.

The reason the band is making the trip to Nashville in the first place is to attend the annual National Disc Jockey Convention. Disc jockeys are important people in the music business. They attract record-company people, and the band's new publisher—a twenty-three-year-old kid named Stanley—has this idea to get Ray some national exposure and a big record contract. "See, we got the spotlight going," he'd said to Ray earlier, "and then you ride up on the white horse."

Ray says, "Stan, I don't think I'd feel comfortable on a white horse." Stanley said that was all right, they'd just go with the airplane.

"Amplase?" Right. The one he'd wanted to feel the electricity in his spine across the Tennessee night, and write another name called NASHVILLE. "Ten-two," Stanley had said. "You guys do your part, I'll do mine."

There is a tent set up in back of the club, where important music people from all over the country are sitting and bar-becued beef, drinking complimentary beer, and handing one another their business cards. The temperature is still in the eighties, and the rumor is that Wylie



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Jeannine is coming over to see Ray.

A woman from one of the record companies hands her card and says, "They'll tear this place down to get close to Jeannine. There's a Willie, then there's a Wayne, then there's Jesus. That's how it is in Nashville."

The first set lasts an hour and fifteen minutes. The moon clouds with the music. To body temperature, then over it. It's packed with people wearing name tags, and every one of them is running a fever. The music drives you out, and smooths you out, and you can hear the pleasure there is in making it.

As a winner, Ray Hubbard isn't in yet with, say, John Prine or Willie Nelson, but as a performer he is. At the center of all his drive, you sense something held back. You listen for five minutes, you know that Ray Wayne has his reasons. That rock/rate/rant is the source of his character, and it is a business that can be broken down into being screwed up over a woman or screwed up under a woman or just screwed up, character is no issue.

As an audience, the Ray Wayne Hubbard Band is in it with anybody. When they finish the set, half the room is standing on tables. The band goes into the dressing room to drink beer and cool off. They listen to everybody who comes back to talk. They sign autographs, they tell the truth when somebody asks a question. The women from the record company return with Mick, who is talking about whiteness. "Think about it, man, they can sweat through the top of their head..."

The women say, "God, they're so nice." I don't know if she means the whiteness or the band.

After a while everybody goes outside to cool off. The airplane, as promised, is up there, between speakers, flashing its message across the sky. *RAY WAYNE HUBBARD BAND POLLED THE MANVILLE*

"Tennetwork." Stanley will say later. "No one person is responsible for a night like this."

For now, though, everybody says, "There's Wayne," and together, three hundred people get on their knees to look into the darkness of the parking lot across the street.

Little by little, two men come into the light and together, three hundred people sense down off their knees. They have out the arms of their T-shirts. Their jeans are still, probably with diesel blood. Their hair comes down to the bone-thin leaves stuck in their belts, and one of the

peeps has what looks like a burrito scaly tied on his belt next to his knife. They have huge arms with lined triceps, and you could fight a six-hundred-pound pig to the death with a claw hammer and come out of it cleaner than either one of them.

Ray studies them a minute and begins to smile. "It's Georgia Dew," he says. "There's two of them." He moves them in the street, shakes hands, gets them name tags and beer. He writes them rings.

The two Georgia Dews go to the back of the room and stand dead still, knife to knife in front of a suitcase and wait for the music.

Then it's like something plucked through them. They perk, they stomp, they clap. The people around them, who may believe they have traveled onto a new track, begin stomping and yelping themselves. The moon gets hot again. Georgia Dew stutters up, and before it's over the whole place is yelping and stomping and smiling. Blood and blood and blood and blood. When the lights come back on, most of the people there look like the Georgia Dew they used to.

A few minutes later, Stanley drives to a liquor store and buys two hundred dollars' worth of Don Perignon to offer a toast to tomorrow. "We all know what we're doing here," he says.

DALLAS

It is for Urban Renewal.

It is for redneck.

And it's up against the wall. Redneck Mother, who has raised a son so well.

He's thirty-four and drinks in the honky-tonk.

Kickin' Apples' asses and names' out.

The band drives straight through to Dallas, Texas, Nashville. There's a heart. They play the Carroll County Fair only that night and then (two towns to do a party at a polo club). Bob Livingston conducts a pajama-sitting contest from the stage at the fair, the runner-up vomits on Ray's second equipment. It takes two hours to get to the polo club because Dallas is flooded, and it feels like this is the way it's going to be forever.

Everybody is tired. Ray is in a back brace, and his dog was run over while he was gone. He'd just given his cat away for a price. Jeannine is pregnant, and there's a new T-shirt. "I deserve home, love to lickety-woo through all these strap cuts to get in the front door. So I gave her away, I thought about her/his/her hand, but knowin' the cat,

I figured she'd just learn to give head."

The next time I see them, the band is playing for an SMU alumni rally before a football game with the University of Texas.

About five hundred people are sitting at numbered tables in the grand ballroom of the downtown Hilton, and right away there is trouble with the acoustics. The speakers are set up wrong, the sound is bouncing off the back wall, so the band is bawling itself twice. Half the alumni are dressed in suits and evening gowns, half of them are wearing cowboy clothes, and nobody seems to know what to make of Ray. And then, halfway through the show, the back doors open and the entire SMU marching band comes through, playing the school fight song. The alumni start up, the band takes a break. Ray sits down at a table with his father, Royce.

Before the family moved to Dallas twenty-five years ago, Royce Hubbard had been a high school principal in Soper, Oklahoma. His wife was named Helen, and Ray was their only child. The family stayed close, even when Ray was old. They all there, Royce and Ray, not saying much, comfortable.

Royce had told me what had happened to Helen. "Every night she went out for her walk," he'd said. "Never missed. Right after supper she got up, walked half a block and was hit." It was a serious jet-set old kid driving, too late around the corner.

"I heard the noise and ran out," he'd said. "She was lying on the curb. I bent over and looked in her face, you know. We were close a long time and I knew her, and I knew there wasn't anything there anymore..."

The SMU marching band stops half an hour, then marches out the same way it came in. The red brass chord hangs in the air like a slammed door. But now the alumni are loosened and louder, and when Ray and John and Paul come back, there is screaming and whistling at the tables.

Before the lights go down, a fifty-five-year-old woman in an evening gown stands on her chair at table fourteen and whistles through her teeth. She wants "Blackneck Mother." It takes seconds the whole taking shouting with her.

Royce Hubbard sits beneath the stage, drinking a beer.

Ray smiles and takes. He nods to the woman standing on the chair. The song has made him something over twenty-eight thousand dollars in royalties. It is ten years old, and there are still patches in Texas where it is labeled *WYNNERS ANTHEM*. And Ray Wayne Hubbard, no matter what else he does, as the man that wrote it.

There are times, he has said, when he isn't sure it wasn't all a mistake entering. He turns back to the audience, smiling and easy, and begins to sing. "He was born in Duthouse..."

Pete Dutton's profile of Norman Maclean appeared in the *New York Times*.

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The Underdogs of Jazz Piano

by Gary Giddins

THE PIANO HAS BEEN OUTGOTTOWS

IN JAZZ IN THE NEARLY EIGHTY YEARS SINCE JELLY ROLL SHORTLY HIT THE ROAD, AND YOU COULD APPROXIMATE A JAZZ HISTORY SIMPLY BY ASSEMBLING A FEW RECORDINGS BY THE KEY PLAYERS. CONSIDER, FOR example, the stylistic diversity of Earl Hines, Fats Waller, Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson, Bud Powell, Thelonious Monk, Erroll Garner, Bill Evans, Cecil Taylor, and McCoy Tyner. But don't stop with them: The music of the musicians provided the jumping-off points for countless disciples, the best of whom became stylists in their own right. These lesser lights, though not widely known and assembly racked by critics as B-level, have their own virtues. Recent albums by some gifted yet perennially underappreciated pianists suggest in part the ways in which prominent jazz piano styles are being extended. You can see in them something of a substyle of jazz, but though they are preserving styles of playing, they are not mere archaists. They dislocate and embellish the work of the masters, occasionally combining two or more classic styles in one synthesis.

IN THE 1920s, JAMES P. JOHNSON and Fats Waller spearheaded the Harlem stride style named for the string-leaping movement of the player's left hand. Although Waller achieved enormous popular success at the time with his infectious treatments of pop songs, his piano solos were relatively little known. Happily, he had several disciples who persevered with his techniques when his popularity waned; he was, and one of the best of them, Ralph Sutton, is still going strong. Sutton made his New York debut in 1947 and impressed the traditionalists with his ungleamingly left hand, a strong intricately rattling right hand, and his acidic, hard, dasturily embellished onsets. The recent release of his 1950 performances, *Tex Biederbecke Suite and Piano Portraits* (Columbia XFL 56570), proves that he is at the of his best: a consummate of a difficult style and that he can apply it to music that Waller would not have played—specifically, the four Debussy piano pieces by the legendary pianist Bill Biederbecke.

And yet, modernists of Sutton's time

demanded less esoteric virtuosity, young pianists and listeners were justifiably enamored by the new sounds of bebop, and especially by its foremost keyboard practitioner, Bud Powell. In a way, Powell took the approach popularized by that of Waller, reducing his left-hand figures to a spare pattern of chords while the right hand improvised as freely as a saxophonist. Powell's music energy was a contrast to numberless pianists, including Hank Jones, Barry Harris, and Tomaso Paganini.

Jazz was here a way of reworking themselves, though, by the mid-1950s, jazz musicians were searching again for something new. As a result, Paganini, one of the most dynamic of the second-generation bebop pianists, found himself more in demand as an accompanist to singers (Elia Paganini, Tony Bennett) than as a solo recording artist. But now, in this period of benign eclecticism, a first-rate top pianist is in a hard to find as a first-rate stride style, and Paganini has made up for the lost time with more than twenty albums in the past decade. The most recent, and one of the best, is a two discs called *Giant Steps* (Epic 4592), an inclusive homage to John Coltrane. He actually recorded four of the album's selections with Coltrane on the saxophonist's seminal 1959 album of the same name. Paganini weaves fleet, evocative right-hand passages against elliptical, bass-clef chords and allows free翱翔 Bud Powell's virtuosic, Soderstrom a welcome newcomer to jazz records: Larry Yuckowicz, whose *Cats Roamed, Village Voices* (Palo Alto PN 4008) brings hot voices and rhythms to bear on the folk music of rhythmic Yugoslavians. Using blues, chords and rhythmic motifs, Yuckowicz leads a hard-driving sextet through a program of originals, pop classics, and pop standards, reestablishing a shapeliness with unaffected pleasure.

By the late 1950s the seeds of a new jazz were planted by a generation of modernists whose music was tagged as avant-garde. Although Cecil Taylor was one of its prime movers, the new music often seemed adaptable to the piano—few pianists could figure out how not to

play the chordal patterns that the wind players were trying to avoid. The most admired pianists of the period included Taylor, whose thundering note clusters suggested the possibility of mobility, and McCoy Tyner. But there was another extraordinary pianist who got lost in the shuffle after recording a couple of cult-building albums. Don Pullen was wrongly characterized as a Taylor follower; he was up to something quite different. Pullen's clusters and sweeping passages may seem chaotic, yet they are rigidly defined by the harmonies and rhythms of his compositions. On his new album, *Little Line* (Timeless SLP 154), which he leads with saxophonist George Adams, he sorts a scorchingly slippery modernist attack to achieve fairly conventional settings (pop, the blues, city pop), and so prove that one man's chaos can be another's high-wire fantasia.

HOWEVER BRIGHT THE RECORD industry may be, jazz piano records proliferate year after year, mainly because they are relatively inexpensive to make. A good pianist should be able to knock out a satisfying album in an afternoon, even a scaled-back pianist, then, has a good shot at a record deal.

One advantage of not being an innovator is that you can treat everyone else's innovations with decorous order. The B pianists are valuable precisely because they aren't outrageous; they can afford a certain playfulness in their work that doesn't come as easily to the musicians who have ever expected to make significant statements about the art. On the other hand, the playfulness itself bespeaks a kind of conservatism. Not only do the pianists' experiments of the sound repertoire, Paganini's and Yuckowicz's application of bebop principles to the music of Coltrane and of Eastern Europe, and Pullen's streamlining virtuosity suggest reconsiderations of classic jazz styles, they pay in perspective the tonal palette that obscured an artist at the expense of another. When they play as well as they do on these records, their restraint needs no apology.

GARY GIDDINS is writing on a Blue Note Jazz and American Pop (Jazz) to see in Japan.



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No Such Thing as Peace

by Robert Stone

IN ITS DECEMBER 14, 1981, ISSUE, NEWSWEEK MAGAZINE PUBLISHED A FIFTEEN-

THOUSAND-WORD REPORT ON THE EXPERIENCES OF FIFTY OWNERS AND ENLISTED MEN OF C COMPANY, 2ND BATTALION, 28TH INFANTRY DIVISION—the Big Red One. Charlie Company was an outfit that spent an enormous amount of its time in lairish ways. Numerous articles deal not only with the events that befell these men during their tours of combat but also with what seemed to be the war's subsequent effects on their lives as civilians. The book was also included, in the introductions of their comrades and the emblems of their survivors.

The article served as a basis for a CBS documentary presented the same month that Charlie Company's people were assembled in Florida at the network's expense for a televised reunion some twelve years after their Vietnam service. New York Times Books and Wilbur Morrow and Company have presented the article in expanded form in Charlie Company, under the general editorship of Peter Goldhamer and Tony Pulter.

No reader of Michael Herr's *Dispatches* will ever address a book dealing with the Vietnam War without the compulsion to celebrate once again that obscure masterpiece of country, late a slouch, an inspired medium. Herr somehow absorbed the properties of the war and transmuted them into language. It is his book that will forever come closest to providing that answer which is required of the character: What was it like?

Though Charlie Company's doctored own something to *Dispatches*, it does not function on the same level of exposition, nor does it aspire toward *Newsweek*, at its very best, balanced and wise in its attitudes, admirable above all in its avoidance of hype and hyperbole. The war's a tragedy, its lack of pretentiousness, and its professional competence Charlie Company's readers with an experience more profound (less if the book had been consciously sought the usual time query)—the military mind and the reality of patriotism. Since it reflects, in large measure, from a military, it compels the best sort of moral reflection, the sort not

preluded and ennobled by specialists in the field.

The sixty-five men profiled in Charlie Company were for the most part drunks. They were military soldiers in a war that differed significantly from most of America's previous wars—not to bring some kind of generalist as murder perpetrated by hells, but in being an absolute barbarian attempted in impossible conditions. If the overall political objective of the war was the containment of China's ambitions in Southeast Asia, this objective had been obtained by the time that most American personnel and material were committed. Strategic objectives, to the extent that such might be pursued within the political restraints surrounding the conduct of the war and the geographic limitations on its operations, seem to come down to little more than disruption

of the enemy's logistics. To the further confusion of our own country, the North Vietnamese were about the most gifted and original logistics specialists since Blumkin's General Staff. They seem also to have been favored with some political gifts.

Traditionally, the defining role of the infantry has been to seize and hold ground in a war marked by such obscure objectives as the one in Vietnam, insight among amphibious soldiers who were subject to insidious reprisals for collaboration with the foreign foe and against an enemy who did his best to obscure the distinction between civilians and combatants, the problem of securing an indigenous ally apparent. Even the grim satisfaction of conventional war—the occupation of the opponent's land, the prospect of his ultimate ruin—were denied the men of Charlie Company, whose remote stations

were compelled to fall back on that angularly euphoric measure of relative success, the body count. For the conduct of this war, American forces employed troops who were, on the average, six and a half years younger than the young men who fought and were in World War II.

These youths, as so many of them have to be called, were obedient to our laws. They were ordinary boys from Ottumwa and Janesville and Brookings—black, white, brown. Virtually to men they went in to serve their country, to do the right thing, and before very long a lot of the world and some of their own countrymen would call them criminal murderers, sadists, Nuts. It was very hard, indeed, Charlie Company, because there is so much suffering in it, so much pain and death and injury, because so many of these men were so heart-breakingly young when they fought, and because they are our brothers and sons, our people, ourselves, so to speak—as. Only the most deluded assessor or the almost hypocrite could declare himself at principle the moral superior of these men.

A record of our men brings forth from within its readers all manner of associative recollections, some appropriate, some not.

When I finished Charlie Company my thoughts turned for some reason to a boozy afternoon I spent years ago in the bar of the Ann Hotel in Bangkok—as gateway, as it was then, to the world. A Thai agent I took to be some sort of political philosopher approached and began to expound to me my attitudes about the war, then in progress, a few hundred miles to our right as we heard the bottles. I don't know what attracted his official attention. I wasn't looking any younger than the usual suspects at the Ann Bar.

Doctored I suspect of both sobriety and Nuts, those fragments of the SEALs told me, "there's no such thing as peace."

In my case, I wanted the fellow to a little honesty on the disadvantages of war, and to the people who have the bad luck to encounter it. When the Thai had examined my passport, subjected me to a mirroring stare, and gone his way, I found myself in conversation with a companion, barely armed, as was I, from the A-1, the armed operations. My fellow drinker had observed the SEALs debating; he was a big man, not tanned but sallow, with a jagged polio. His bare arms were tattooed, and on the basis of my own experience in the amphibious forces I would have taken him for a SEAL, a naval commando. SEALs were fewer they were mighty men of battle.

My own situation was quite different. Years a civilian, I had spent most of the last weeks in Saigon learning considerably more than I wanted to know about the shoddy trade there. Until recently, the last time I had heard from an agent was considered in 1969 by a French courier-boss called over Ambassador's office, as a young agent. I was waiting in the evacuation of American civilians from that city during its siege by combined French, British, and Israeli forces following Mr. Nassor's seizure of the South. I had seen dead faces and colored faces, faces of one of my closest associates, for some reason, was the spectacle of a doctored rifle with machine gun bullets hurrying through the air and exploding like one of those blood bombs that contemporary kids adore for its resistance. What had I learned my business in Saigon, I seemed to feel, for reasons that now strike me as absurd, that I have acquired my reputation to a point in country where otherwise of some sort might be discharged in my general direction.

(Oh I went, to a place whose name I've forgotten, I think it was about thirty kilometers northwest of Saigon. A grant who finally traveled with me expressed the hope that since I professed a moral responsibility to be shut at far at least need, I might find it as me to get my way out of the night. That was the last he heard of me for the next several years.)

I suspect my old Agent of War said it was true that I was in Bangkok. We have to hope that if we cannot take his previous account or conclusions, we can take it as a place to start, a position to commence whatever means to us of our history.

Robert Stone's most recent book is *A Flag for the Stars*.

will still be serving up by way of an answer "Cause without 'em," the SEALs told me, "there's no such thing as peace."

At first I thought it was a bad joke. They, a talk show on a Saturday night, tried a hard pessimism. Two hours later I was still at the bar and I was still trying to figure out what the SEAL's comment amounted to, whether it made the slightest sense or not. Eleven years have passed since that afternoon, and I do still wonder on the Restaurant's Menu's conditions. I couldn't tell you how many times I've picked up the newspaper or flipped on the television to find as to some degree avoidance at mutual human indignities and that crowded declaration came to mind.

Now, the SEAL's observation may be the most meretricious piece of heroism sophistication ever spoken, but the point is that I can't say for sure. The fact that I can't tell a great many things about me. It isn't that although the nature of things is at my very stock in trade, I can't fundamentally understand the essence of the human condition, its purpose or its lack of one. I cannot understand and cannot control the capacity of ourselves for learning itself from an own pathology, from the tyrannies of its own history.

Sometimes I find myself trying to grab the SEAL's statement onto the personal histories of the soldiers recruited in Charlie Company. I don't know, really I know—with the level of common sense—that the only reason to be learned from this excellent book in the cruelty and unreason of (contending) young soldiers to war they should not fight and cannot win. I want someone to learn more from it. My desire for a further and more complex answer as not to be taken as criticism of Charlie Company. I've already commended the book for straight dealing, for its avoidance of dogmatism. The very whiteness of the reports contained in what makes my appetite for large conclusions.

I wish such resolutions were available, but of course they aren't—not to the authors of Charlie Company, not to the agents whose stories are there uncut, uncut, not to me, not to the survivors of the early deal.

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DETROIT ABE

IN WHICH ABRAHAMOWITZ, FORTY-EIGHT, CONFRONTS THE NAGGING THING IN HIS LIFE AND SAYS, "WHAT? WHAT IS IT, ALREADY?"

by Bruce Jay Friedman

ALONE, FRIGHTENED, POUNDED ON THE HEAD BY ALI-mony, the IRS circling closer, Abrahamowitz almost considered going back to the synagogue. Once in a while he would walk by one, take a peek inside, and keep going. They weren't going to get him just yet. The ground was crumbling beneath his feet. If the roof ever collapsed, he would barge in, perhaps during the High Holidays, and say, "How about taking me back?" To the best of his knowledge they would have to, unless it was an expensive one that could keep him out with prohibitive dues. Once it had been his dream to end his days as an aging boulevardier at the Gritti hotel in Venice, staring at the Canal.

"Who is he?" a tourist would ask the maître d'.

"The American," would be the reply. "They say he was once

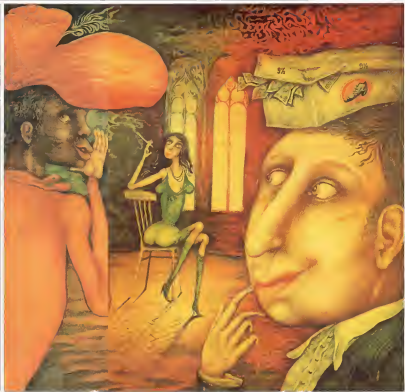
a literary fellow, an intimate of both Ibsen, Henry and Philip. Now he just orders a Stroganoff and sits and stares at the Canal. I think he is waiting for the courtesa, but she will not come."

But at the rate he was going, Abrahamowitz was not going to make it to Venice. Where would he get the fare? How could he cash down enough to make the trip over? The chances were strong that it would be the synagogue after all, his ace in the hole.

He taught money to a group of students at a heavily ethnic division of a city university. And he taught a lot of it, too, three separate courses: Classical loans, Eighteenth-Century loans, and Contemporary loans. Why did they need so much money? And why Abrahamowitz to teach it, when his real strength was in War Fiction, a course

he could not get approved by the department because of the Vietnam experience. He was mostly to contemporary, held his own in the eighteenth century, and, by his own admission, distanced himself to the classics. His classes were packed with students, the overflow spilling out into the halls. Weeks into the semester, a half dozen quips would transfer from speaker to student. He couldn't figure out why everyone wanted to get into army. They were poor kids, shouldn't they be learning how to run small businesses—or at least mastering the fundamentals of hospital supply? Exactly where were they going with Gandhi and A Tale of a Tail? Were they going to throw A Violation of Isaac Newton's? Rap, into practical applications?

Abrahamowitz was afraid of his sta-



Bruce Jay Friedman, American novelist, screenwriter, has seen his work appear frequently in *Esquire* over the past twenty years. "Living Together," a short story, was published in these pages in December 1982.

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OUTDOORS

BY GEOFFREY NOHMAN

THE ACID-RAIN WARS

In which the Midwest's highland turns into the Northeast's poison

VERMONT HAS a bottle bill, and after you've lived here for a few weeks you wonder why any state wouldn't. The capsules accumulate for a few days or even weeks, and then you load them up and take them back. You get your refund and you drive home on roads that are not littered. It seems like simple public sanity.

But until the last elections, none of the states that border Vermont required bottle deposits. After bitter fighting—there are several lawsuits for liquor—Massachusetts voted in a bottle bill and New York turned one down.

That is American pluralism at work, and it is a good thing. Texas wouldn't be Texas without a carpet of old Lone Star cans flaking every highway. It is even possible to sympathize with Edward Abbey, the most forceful of environmental writers, who cheerfully probes his engines from the window of his truck, arguing that it isn't the beer cans that are ugly, "it's the highway that is ugly."

One of the aims that the current administration has promoted in its effort to alter the course of environmental regulation is that of more state control. States would be given greater latitude in setting standards for clean air and water. They know best what is desirable, the argument goes, and they know what is possible, while nationwide standards stand to be rigid and unrealistic.

But federalism has its drawbacks. Problems do not always recognize boundary lines, and it is possible for some states simply to shift the burden across the state line and say that it is somebody else's problem. Acid rain is the perfect example.

"ACID RAIN" is an unusually descriptive term, and it is not surprising, therefore, that the Reagan administration does not like it. It does not like the term "toxic" either, preferring "toxicological assessment" and "toxicity." Anne Gorsuch, brought



cost from Lohndes by Reagan to run the Environmental Protection Agency, likes to call acid rain "nontoxic precipitation," which risks it would be expensive—or, if there's depending on your point of view. Whenever it is called, it is one of the most seductive environmental issues yet. There is still much to be learned about the scientific and technical aspects of acid rain. The Reagan administration originally increased its commitment to further research into the phenomenon's exact cause but lately has backed off and cut the appropriation. As Allen Hill, chairman of the Council on Environmental Quality, told me, "We simply do not know what happens in the upper atmosphere. In turn sulfur dioxide into sulfuric acid." Which is true. But the circumstantial evidence is very convincing, and as environmentalists like to put it, "If you can connect someone of murder on circumstantial evidence, why not a utility company?"

Acid rain is a worldwide problem. It is

probably a mass introduction threat to the Scandinavian countries that to any other part of the world. Thousands of lakes in Norway will no longer hold fish. Some drinking water has been contaminated. Blondes who shampoo in acidic water that has seeped through copper pipes will see their hair turn green.

In this country, the dramatic effects of acid rain have so far been confined to the Northeast. In falling on New York State and Vermont, and we don't want it any more than we want beer cans on the highways. But we are getting it, mostly from the industrialized Midwest, where the utility companies are burning coal—a popular policy nationally—and dumping the smoke out of stacks that are usually over five hundred feet tall. Some stacks are over a thousand feet tall. The tall stacks enable the utility companies to meet the pollution-control standards, since at that height the emissions tend to go into

the upper atmosphere and disperse, leaving the area around the plant clean. However, sometimes hundreds of miles, the stuff comes back to earth as acid rain. Its pH can reach the level of vinegar.

The worst damage in the U.S. so far has been in New York's Adirondack Mountains, where a few hundred lakes are now so acidic that they will no longer hold fish. They are a cold glass-blue color because the organic matter that usually decays on the lake bottom and gives the water a greenish-tan hue, in effect, been pickled.

THE END of brook-trout fishing in the Adirondacks is not the sort of cause that sends people into the streets. It is hard on the local trout business, but then, these are hard times. While it would be possible to reduce the midwestern SO₂ emissions to tolerable levels, it would cost billions, and the resulting economic dislocation would be severe.

One method of reducing the emis-

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WHILE IT WOULD BE POSSIBLE TO REDUCE THE MIDWESTERN SO₂ EMISSIONS TO TOLERABLE LEVELS, IT WOULD COST BILLIONS, AND THE RESULTING ECONOMIC DISLOCATION WOULD BE SEVERE.

smoke—burning low-sulfur coal from the West (most of the plants now burn Appalachian high-sulfur coal)—would involve transportation costs, as well as job displacement among miners in the East. Another method, the slurring of the eastern coal to produce its sulfur content, would also be expensive, and it would introduce a secondary environmental problem—namely, what to do with the sludge that is washed out of the crushed coal. If it is simply dumped, its poisons may be leached into the groundwater. The third alternative for reducing sulfur emissions is the installation of scrubbers in these old stacks—also expensive. Furthermore, an investment in scrubbers would convert the offices to their coating plants for another two or three decades. This would be analogous to flung up the old car instead of buying a new one—the expense of a paint job and a new transmission locks you for at least another two or three years. The offices would be loaded with old plants in a time of developing technology that promises plants able to burn high-sulfur coal cleanly. Finally, consumers would pay higher rates for electricity as a part of the country where unemployment is at a dismal level. There would be real suffering, and it would not be confined to the stockholders of the companies required to install stack scrubbers.

Daniel Schweitzer, who talks manfully that anyone in the Reagan administration and who has paid the price for it, put it this way: "I kept reading these stories that there are a hundred seventy dead lakes in New York that will no longer carry any fish or aquatic wildlife, and I couldn't rise to ask the question... How much are the fish worth in these hundred seventy lakes that account for four percent of the total lake area of New York? Does it make sense to spend billions of dollars controlling emissions from sources in Ohio and elsewhere if you're talking about very marginal volumes of dollar values, either in recreational or commercial terms?"

Schweitzer was a divinity student once, so he has been captured by the lure of the divined sciences. The science to have forgotten altogether the worth of things that cannot be measured in "dollar value." But give him his argument. If it is jobs and economic survival that's at stake, then a Vermont to do? If it is a warning that his well water might be contaminated, he can buy bottled water for drinking or let the tap run for more records before he fills his glass. He can live himself to live his divinity like. He can support research that aims to build a more and resistant trust. He can, in short, play defense.

Vermont cannot impose a tariff on goods from Ohio, so that would violate the Constitution. It cannot embargo people

and with the fishing in high lakes. In a small city just south of where I live, a research project unexpectedly discovered that the level of a particular pesticide contained in local levels was twice higher than those followed by the EPA. The study concluded that the lead was being leached from the city's pipes by water that was acidic and had been made that way by acid rain. Buildings and bridges and monuments are corroded by acid rain. It seems to be heading down the Statue of Liberty, as well as the Parthenon and the Colosseum. Farm soil may be affected. In fact, one of the gloomy hopes of tomorrow is that research will prove that acid rain is detrimental to forest growth. That would bring the timber companies into the fight. "That is the kind of chat it will take," one environmental expert told me. "If you want to guarantee the children, then you need not hesitate. In a single, give us the federal production industry over the bank Wells Fargo any day." One is reminded of the Kennedy administration's overtures to the Mafia when it needed help in getting rid of Castro.

IN THE case of acid rain, as in the case of many other environmental disasters, it is easy to calculate what it would cost industry—writes a few billion dollars either way—to clean up. It is much harder to approximate the cost of living with the pollution. How much more do you pay for health insurance or road repair if you live in the acid rain belt? What, pray God, is the cost of environmentally caused cancer? Pesticides are produced, but they are easy to dismiss. I, for one, do not know how anyone arrives at saying that Spangher, who is the condition of the nation's roads and bridges because a bad acid a few months ago, even making the cover of *National Geographic* (and even engineers must have secretly dreamed of it, there was an exact dollar amount given as the cost of repairing the nation's bridges. Now, how in the hell do they know?

Still, assume the Stockton school of thought holds and the cost of cleaning up SO₂ emissions is a "dollar value," believed higher than the cost of benefits to those of us downstream—then what is a Vermont to do? If it is a warning that his well water might be contaminated, he can buy bottled water for drinking or let the tap run for more records before he fills his glass. He can live himself to live his divinity like. He can support research that aims to build a more and resistant trust. He can, in short, play defense.

Vermont cannot impose a tariff on goods from Ohio, so that would violate the Constitution. It cannot embargo people

symp for the same reason, and also because that would be foolish. It can continue to do what it has been doing, which is elect politicians who sell off to Washington and fight for some relief. We elect two senators and one representative, but so far they have not intervened the rate.

What we are seeing in the case of acid rain is something we will be seeing more and more in the future. It is a warning that take on the aspect of trade wars. There is ample evidence that the drinking water of New Orleans causes cancer and that the crocodiles in it are coming from exposures on the Mississippi. The people in New Orleans who do not hear their drinking water—and many do—are taking a heavy risk to help those upstream chemical plants cut costs.

I suppose that there are lawyers somewhere rubbing their hands in anticipation of suits—great big suits—but that isn't the answer. Short of a convention, a national convention, on what sort of environment we want (and that isn't likely in a nation where there isn't agreement on whether the best hope is for a law that says you've got to breathe or drink your own rain. To put it homely—the style favored by this administration—a rational statute that says a man can't pinch his gorge over the fence into his neighbor's yard. Real local responsibility, in other words, is beyond us. We're not even close. So tear down those tall stacks and let the people in Ohio breathe their own pollution—one answer that nobody proposes, except me.

What is more likely, and sad, and pessimistic, is that the federal government, which is pledged to less interference from the federal government, will be responsible for eventually bringing us more. The EPA is a small independent agency established by Nixon. It is not doing the job. But the longer it fails to do its job, the more the pressure will build. In American politics, when you don't do the little that is reasonable, you get a lot that isn't. Civil rights is a case in point. Medical costs will rise in the billions, and the nation went from having no synthetic-drugs policy to, practically overnight, having one that forbids an autonomous agency with billions to give away, and that agency is still there, sitting on its hands. Smoking or acid rain and other problems that fall in its area of responsibility merely ensure that the EPA or something like it will one day be awesome and we will be less free. We might even have a national bottle bill.

GEORFFREY HARRIS is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

BY TAKI

THE JOY OF ROYAL SEX

Is it true kings have more fun?

LAST FALL, a British sailor returned home from the war and took a girl to Caribbean island for a vacation. The holiday was too short. The sailor was forced to return by what can only be described as the periodic eclipse of sanity that afflicts the British penis whenever a member of the royal house of Windsor indulges in a romantic dalliance with the opposite sex. To say that the tabloids went overboard would be a gross understatement. The headlines were as large as the Sea and Cloning had become.

It happened to be in England at the time, and I must admit that I found the coverage of a sailor's naughty little joke-fingered wind-up was as dignified as a soccer match in Argentina. I was absorbed with the Windows. And the fairy-tale wedding of the sailor's older brother wasn't enough, within the space of a little more than a year I had to put up with stories about Prince Andrew's style with a noble porn star. Needless to say, the fact did not sit solely with the media. For some inexplicable and for far as I am concerned, pernicious reason, the public keeps meddling about royal sex lives. Now, I am not about to start a campaign for relevant writing. If I did, I would have to cease this column immediately. What I am questioning is the intrinsic reality gets on the edge of sex. And is there a link between royalty, randiness, and greatness? Is this what the public is after?

Back in the good old days, Constantine, heir to the Helene throne, was generally considered by those not well known to be a man with a great future. Constantine was very good-looking, already a gold medal winner in the Olympic Games (in sailing), and ready. Although I was never enough of a body to be part of his entourage, I knew all about his wife with the fact was. I knew it because, despite the fact that I was an ardent supporter, I found the future king's randiness a terrible nuisance. No one was safe. As soon as he would arrive at a party all the rules would be dropped while the fickle female would be taken to ask them to dance. I remember once having just about



conquered a young lady that the Acropolis by moonlight with Taki could be the start of something big when Constantine walked in her. She began to tremble and took off like a pocket. Afterward, when she came back, I told her to control her breathing a bit. "You're just getting it," was her loving reply. She was right.

After Constantine became king he married the most beautiful princess in Europe, Anne-Marie. He then lost his throne when some generals decided that the birthplace of select democracy (as well as tyranny and many other things) was suffering from too much freedom. Constantine's sister, Sophia, had married the previous king of Spain, Juan Carlos. The Spanish king's randiness is legendary—but so is his discretion. In a place like Spain, where sexual conquest is a sport, I don't know if that is necessarily a good thing. Perhaps if his sexual exploits were recorded, the various columns who keep trying to overthrow him would stop. I mention these two examples because the link I am trying to find is still missing. Constantine lost his throne after he retired down, and Juan Carlos is wealthy and is hanging on so far thanks to the fact of his youth.

The Belgian king is as pure as Patergale, yet his throne is as safe as the secret about our President's hair color. Into for the queen of Denmark. And the king of Swe-

den. And the queen of Holland. What all these royals have in common, however, is great mediocrity. England, of course, is different. Randiness is looked down upon while the dull and proper Princess Anne is tolerated. So when it is the late, then, between randiness, royalty, and greatness? I am afraid when today's royalty is concerned there may be none.

Perhaps it started in the past. Take, for example, Napoleon. He said women in a moment of physical release. His quickness in love-making was equal to his speed in moving his armies.

Other great men are also busy to think of love-making in anything but a release. They have never been known as great lovers in the true sense of the word. A man who I like to think is great, my father, made that love-making a job for the children. And, as everyone knows, great men and kings are busy. Louis XIV was very busy, with countless mistresses. He was one of the greatest kings of all time. On the other hand, Louis XVI could hardly get his act together. Look how he ended up.

Constantine the Great was a ruler. He could never get enough. Yet he was a great ruler. As was Elizabeth I. Perhaps the latter died a virgin because she was disgusted with marriage and was a great ruler. Henry VIII, the High Helms of Tudor England, needs no comment. George Washington might have strayed a bit but he was basically faithful. And great Jefferson had his mistresses. Franklin Roosevelt was a secret swinger, and John F. Kennedy was open about it. You can draw your own conclusions. Churchill was for neither of his two wartime allies. He cared more about port and politics than sex.

And let us not forget one of the least royal Germans ever, Adolf Hitler. And one of the greatest of a royal race, Benito Mussolini. They both ended up in the proverbial mud. I guess I will never make heads or tails of it. One thing is for sure, however: Randiness never makes fun.

TAKI THEODORAKAKIS is a London-based comedian and actor.

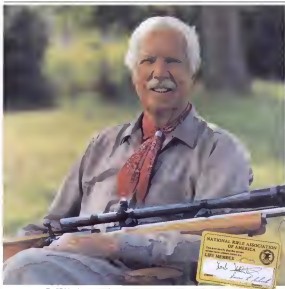
HERB HOLLISTER: 85-year-old Grandfather, Retired Radio Station Owner, Mountain Climber, Hunter, Colorado State Bowhunter Champion Shooter and Life Member of the National Rifle Association.

"I started shooting in the Marine Corps during WWII as a rifle coach on Parris Island. But it wasn't until 1968 when I started in small game competition.

"Over the years I've learned that competitive shooting is like anything you want to accomplish in life, you have to give your best effort. Without bragging too much, I can say that I've competed in over 900 registered tournaments, won 155, held a few national records and have been Colorado State Champion 15 times, most recently in 1992.

"I was an NRA Life Member right from the start. So are three of my grandchildren. To me, NRA is the daddy of competitive shooting. I think the NRA is just as American as apple pie."

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ALTERNATIVES FOR LIFE AND THOUGHT IN THE EIGHTIES



Research in many scientific fields indicates that state of mind affects the health of the body

New Institute to Sort Health Fads from Facts

► IN NOVEMBER 1989 the department of epidemiology and rheumatology at McMaster University in Ontario, Canada, hosted a conference on arthritis for researchers and clinicians. The group turned out to be in near-unanimous agreement that the patient's attitude and quality of life directly affect the disease.

► Three years ago a paper presented to the American Psychiatric Association described preliminary evidence that the venereal syphilis of rectal endometriosis may show a marked reduction in lesions.

► In 1975 the late Dr. Vernon Riley published a report in *Science* stating that by decreasing stress at the lung conditions of laboratory mice, he was able to decrease significantly the frequency of cancer tumors.

The above is a small part of a growing body of research indicating that state of mind affects the health of the body. But despite the fact that many doctors and researchers alike are well aware of such a connection, there has been no major organization in America designed to

coordinate the documentation of these mind-body interactions. Until now.

Two years ago Ediea Rockwell Greewald, daughter of David, lost two close friends to serious diseases and watched a third, Norman Cousins (author of *Anatomy of an Illness*), barely survive. She began to investigate the health-care field and found that, despite the recent proliferation of informed discussion in the mind-body field, attempts to integrate current research in immunology, neurology, psychiatry, epidemiology, and biochemistry had been rudimentary. No one was coordinating or evaluating the data being compiled in various fields on how emotions and attitudes affect health.

Greewald organized Health Headways, a planning project, to see if an institute could be established to pursue such matters. Along with consultant Barry Flax, she surveyed numerous researchers, doctors, and medical administrators across the country, and in June of 1988 she decided to found the Institute for the Advancement of Health.

The purpose of the institute, according to Flax, its executive director, is to "bring a more professional scientific perspective into the emerging concerns of mind-body research and health care." Its major goal is to improve communication among researchers, clinicians, and the larger health-care community. The institute will also publish a bulletin for professionals and interested laypersons and provide some funding for research projects. "We hope eventually to become a clearinghouse for studies of mind-body interactions," Greewald says.

Based in New York City, the institute has twelve advisory-board members, including Cousins, Loren Thomas, George Harris, editor in chief of *American Health*, Harold Mahline, program director at the Stanford Autism Center, Jerome C. B. Hallford, chief of psychiatry at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, and Steven Locke, director of the Psychoneuroimmunology Research Project at Boston's Beth Israel Hospital.

THE PURPOSE OF THE INSTITUTE
SAFES FLAX IS BRINGING A SCIENTIFIC
PERSPECTIVE INTO MIND-BODY
RESEARCH AND HEALTH CARE.

The participation of these and other advisers will help the institute establish a credibility and legitimacy that has eluded so many studies in the mind-body field. Health-care industry policies has been overly to blame for this. "Five years ago the AMA might have laughed at some of these ideas," Flax says. "Now there's a more serious dialogue going on. Doctors are asking questions about 'healing.' Medical schools are beginning to set up relevant elective courses, with large numbers of students attending."

Another obstacle has been the insurance industry. It's possible to create insurance that would cover prevention as well as illness. Money in the cost of the problem. It's much easier to charge for a diagnosis, a prescription, say a series of tests than for advice that might prevent an illness. Physicians are now demanding copayments. Like most major shifts in attitudes, this one is happening from the bottom up.

Dr. Joel Eidel, an advisory-board member who is developing a Louisville-

based health program with the University of Louisville, the local AMA, and other local organizations, says: "What's going on is comparable to the public-health revolution at the turn of the century, which changed the picture of medical history. New diseases like hypertension and heart disease are known to be related to stress. Models of life itself are being changed. Diseases are arising from within, from families, social structures. It's hard to live today. It's time we did something about it."

Stewart Brand's New School for Manners



FOR SOME TWENTY years, Stewart Brand has served as an adventurist cultural scout, ranging out along the edge of things, getting the lay of the land, finding new paths. His 1986 Whole Earth Catalog bewitched first-time readers with its air-purched pages of off-year-old items and its low-key language of social change through self-reliance. That magic continues and more than two million copies later, the Catalog's message has become clear: more than you might have imagined, you can run your own life, build your own community, help create a new world.

With his track record in the genres of cultural change, Stewart Brand is a good man to watch if you want to know where America is going. His latest project, a school of "uncommon courtesy," offers a clue. The idea here is that most people tend to do good, they just don't know how (Brand's school, which got started in August 1982, is in the business of teaching how to do good effectively. Uncommon Courtesy doesn't yet have a building of its own but arranges to offer

courses in borrowed facilities in and around San Francisco, among the offerings to date:

- Welcome to Your Sexes—men and women firefighting skills for volunteers
- Home Care—skilled nursing at home by the family
- Street-Save Skills—training for medical artists and others who want to be able to defend not just themselves but the streets as well
- Local Politics—managing and serving at the local and the county level
- Creative Photography—doing good while being rich

Brand works at the Sausalito, California, headquarters of his Cadwalader-Keweenaw, a sort of venture game that he spun off from the Whole Earth Catalog. He speaks of human connection and doing good in the same matter-of-fact way as in which he has previously spoken of blowing coasts. "This idea first came up around 79-73, when The Last Whole Earth Catalog brought us something over a million dollars net," Brand stated by throwing a party for fifteen hundred guests in San Francisco and giving away twenty thousand dollars in handouts. "A dollar takes"—"to go good with." The confusion of that "deserve party" behind him, Brand moved on to a less spectacular form of local do-gooding. Each time one of Brand's students (the nonprofit corporation that arranged the course from the Whole Earth Catalog) was given fifty-five thousand dollars a year in grants to be donated. The grants generally went to urban areas, quickly and quietly, without fanfare. The nation's first do-gooder campaign at the Uncommon Courtesy course in Creative Photography.

The Street-Save Skills course is an example of another direction the school takes. Brand stresses that the opposite

of helplessness is not just being safe but being helpful. "Nearly all of us feel the impulse to help the crime victim, the accident victim, the passive-aggressive, the beleaguered cop—but we've been uncertain of whether to intervene and, more important, how to intervene. As long as we feel powerless to help, the street is in a bad place. When you succeed in helping, the street is safe."

Street-Save Skills is taught by Terry Donovan, a fifth-degree black belt in aikido, a contractor, former U.S. marine, cocaine bar boss, and coauthor of *Safe and Alive*. Donovan espouses the old concept of harmonizing oneself with an attack. Through discussion and physical role playing, he addresses typical street problems: how to think clearly under pressure (start by concentrating for a moment on your "center," a spot about six inches from your navel, how to be an effective witness (make notes) how to make a citizen's arrest (start by asking

STEWART BRAND IS A GOOD MAN TO WATCH IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE AMERICA IS GOING. HIS LATEST PROJECT OFFERS A CLUE.

"I am placing you under arrest—do not resist"), and how to stop fights, restrain order, avoid assault, restrain sex, and care for the injured.

Uncommon Courtesy doesn't produce the mixture of chaos and order that "What's your role?" legislators bring into each other every day before lunch," Brand says, "and that involves honor as well as compassion."

Those interested in learning common courtesy skills should write Uncommon Courtesy, P.O. Box 426, Sausalito, California 94965, or call 415-323-0306. —George Leonard

Sight Unseen

WE ALL WISH we could see better than we do. Sometimes it's not a matter of bad eyesight, however, but of allowing other senses to demand more vision. Ben Goldsworthy of New York-based *Intermodal Process* demonstrates this point by asking audiences to count the number of P's in the sentence below. FINISHED FILES ARE THE RESULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY COMBINED WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF MANY YEARS. Did you see all six P's? If not, you are among the 80 percent who fail. "Why? Because it's pronounced 'on.' You're distracted out of your own vision."

On Cashew Butter and Other Healthy, Sensual Delights

SENSUAL, NATURAL, healthy food. Sensually rich health food. A cashew butter, in this case, is a delicacy in white, right? So many nonedibles are turned off by the fierce politeness of the rhetoric of health food fanatics, by the obsessive insistence on too much and the messy intricacies of the macrobiotic extremists that a quest for organic or organic-adjacent experiences might seem doomed from the start.

But it isn't. Though they're not widely known, I've found two incredible substances you can cook or eat in about sexual intimacy, on part twelve and macrobiotic satisfaction, anything to be found in the finest pastures of mainstream food culture. This was no easy assignment. It was months of hunting behind food stores and natural food restaurants testing every natural food dessert and discovering just-food substance I could get my hands on. What a disaster area, solo chocolate, white cream, almond, and cashew cream! Everything else tasted the same: a bland, oily whole wheat and oil-soaked of flavor. But the search ended in recognition: the fundamental philosophical crux at current new-age thinking that has contributed to this situation. These days grow out of what was originally a well-meaning amor of the whole-life movement, so refined at overprocessed ingredients are permitted, particularly not the three Forbidden White: Powdered white flour, white sugar, and white fat (as opposed to unrefined seed oil). The whole-food people see the refining process strips away all of the grain and the cane, reducing these substances from food products to dangerous drugs.

But this original, well-meaning desire of like intimacy and artfully enhanced sensation has grown into a kind of materialism. MacGourmet, a vintage variety that has seemed macerated elixirs deserving to be included in great natural food desserts. I'm thinking of cream and butter. New-age cuisine seems open to the subject, and it's time that we see the anti-cream-and-butter forces straighten.

Cream and butter are not refined foods



like the Forbidden White Powder. They're processed products. They're essences. They're compressions. They're essences. Scientists and theologians agree that the most important use was yet on this planet was to celebrate the taste of butter and cream.

Safflower oil and tofu just don't belong in the same molecular landscape.

As for the question of health, recent research on the destructive effects of "free radical" organic molecules has

suggested that polyunsaturated oils, when cooked and digested, leave more of a residue of rancid free radicals than do the less in-bonded oil.

Still, I did come up with two superb, unrefined, ancient achievements that powdered, if not discovered, by the new age. Not butter. Not peanut butter. Peanuts are legumes, anyway. So I chose to work with almonds and cashew butter, two subtle ingredients that rival cream and butter for sensual fulfillment. There are times when I'm tempted to say that almond butter is the single greatest taste experience on earth.

There is a simple and tactile, comforting way to introduce people to the wonder of these other butters. It's a recipe for a totally transcendental almond transformation of the great American peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Before you laugh, follow these instructions: Go down to your local health food store and pick up three fractions cashew butter, one fraction plain butter. I could go on about the new food butters, but that's another butter column in itself and a lot of *Esquire*. So I'll leave (obviously) the most amazing bread of the new age, by the way, but if they don't have a suitable, any whole-grain loaf will do. Slice two slices of the bread, spread one with cashew butter, the other with plain butter, and you will have something that will make the whole new age worthwhile if only for having brought forth this one sensual experience.

—Ron Rosenbaum

Meditation Merges with the Mainstream

TO MANY MEDITATION can sound mysterious, conjuring up images of gurus seeking enlightenment. But today so-called meditation methods are being taught to thousands by doctors and other health professionals. Most of them are corporations like New York Telephone Company. Their selling points are ordinary health and peace of mind.

Physicians are now prescribing meditation for high blood pressure, tension headaches, and other modern ills. "It's become an integral part of medical practice," according to Dr. Herbert Benson, a Harvard-based cardiologist, who has taught meditation to hundreds of patients at Beth Israel Hospital in Boston.

Benson is among the many men and women of science who have devoted their own meditation techniques, based on TM and other traditional methods. Benson's technique, named the Transcendental Response, calls for people to choose a pleasant word such as one and to repeat it mentally in a quiet environment in time with their breathing for about twenty minutes. (TM devotees sit in a cross-legged position using various "mantras," or Hindu mantras.) Some traditional methods are visual

CORPORATIONS' EXPERIMENTS HAVE SHOWN THAT THOSE WHO MEDITATE REGULARLY REPORT FEWER PAIN, DEPRESSION, ANXIETY, AND FATIGUE.

images, such as a candle flame, or even repetitive movements. The purpose is the same: to redirect the mediator's attention inward and to quiet the constant chatter of the conscious mind.

Benson says meditation of any kind activates the body's relaxation response—a natural, if somewhat ignored, counterpart to the body's "fight or flight" response in situations of stress. The studies have shown that meditation very quickly provides a deeper form of relaxation than sleep. After just a few minutes of meditation, oxygen consumption and heart rate drop by as much as 20 percent, not as five hours of sleep reduces only an 8 percent drop. Not only that, the relaxation lingers

after meditation. Benson and a team of researches at Beth Israel Medical Center in New York found that the effects of deep relaxation, a technique that, when practiced under stress, causes the blood pressure and heart rate. But many researchers think science will never be able to explain meditation solely in terms of chemical changes and EEG waves.

Phonetic psychologist Dr. Patricia Carrington's experiments have shown that those who meditate regularly report relief from insomnia, anxiety, muscular tension, headaches, chronic fatigue, irritability, lack of self-confidence, and blocked creativity. Long-term meditators also report decreased use of alcohol, drugs, and cigarettes.

Carrington calls her technique—like Benson's, a synthesis of traditional methods—Cinestly Standardized Meditation (CSM). Presented strictly by word of mouth, her do-it-yourself CSM has been used by dozens of hospitals and corporations throughout the country. So far the largest licensor of CSM is New York Telephone, which has taught Carrington's method to more than eleven hundred employees.

The company lends the program to employees who feel seriously afflicted by stress. Juan Gale, the director of the program, says employees have reported all the benefits predicted by Carrington and more. Gale is also convinced that meditation helps to prevent disease.

Here's a quick meditation primer, derived from Carrington's book, *Focus on Meditation*.

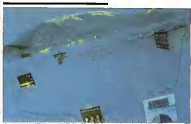
Pick five among these three mantras: *ah-soo*, *ah-vo*, and *so-ah*. (You can use some central image or other sound if you choose, instead; however, it's best to use the sound to use.) Find a quiet, comfortable place to sit, where you won't be disturbed for twenty minutes. Pronounce the mantra out loud a few times, among the sound. Close your eyes, now think the mantra without saying it. After it is in your mind.

Keep it up for a few minutes, and you'll find your breath slowing noticeably and a pervasive feeling of relaxation spreading throughout your body. If you find you're thinking about something else, don't fight it, five minutes will come in and out. That's normal, just stay with it.

One note of caution: Don't expect miracles overnight. Meditation is like exercise: the more you put into it, the more you will get out of it. Once a month won't do very much for you. But a little each day, or almost every day, will go a long way.

Carrington's program—with cassettes and instructional book—is available for \$49.95. For information, write: Meditation P.O. Box 111, Kendall Park, New Jersey 08864.—William Falk

Computer Maps: A New Turn in the Road for Videodiscs



Aspen, as viewed by videodisc? Videodiscs allow you not to explore what's going on just TV.

YOU'VE NEVER BEEN to London, or Tokyo, or Aspen, Colorado? You have only two days to spend there and want to get a feel for the place before you travel.

Or you have a business deal in an unfamiliar city, and you can't afford to spend an hour driving around looking for your destination.

Consider this: The computer technology now exists to allow you to sit at home, in an arm's length from your TV screen, picking and choosing your way through the streets and buildings of prescribed towns and cities.

Computer graphics students and faculty at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology have spent several years

To work it, simply touch the screen. Touch a color strip to move forward or backward and to choose a speed. Touch the stop sign to freeze the image. Touch an arrow to turn a corner, an eye to look at the side.

The "mouse" consists of several thousand images—maps, photographs, and diagrams—stored on optical videodiscs. The streets of Aspen were photographed one shot every ten feet. Maps and building plans are available at a variety of scales. Block diagrams of buildings that couldn't be photographed incorporate crucial details—doors, windows, escape routes.

Clearly, the move-map is better as useful as the data are thorough, but what is remarkable is that you can make snap decisions about where you want to go or what you want to see and the machine will react immediately.

The optical videodisc was once a shiny white elephant at the high-tech jungle. A few years ago it was going to be the big competitor for the home videotape. Instead it is all but disappeared.

But the wars for these discs have been growing. Similar to appearance to photograph records, the discs play pre-recorded film adaptations. Every revolution is one frame, and they can hold up to fifty-four thousand frames per side, the equivalent of one half hour of video. For film, they simply start in the middle and play toward the outside, but this technique doesn't do justice to the technology: in fact, any part of the disc can be read ("accessed") from any other part almost instantly.

No rewinding videotape. No starting

THE HOME MAP CONSISTS OF THOUSANDS OF IMAGES—MAPS, PHOTOGRAPHS, DIAGRAMS—STORED ON OPTICAL VIDEODISCS

developing applications of various computer technologies. They are part of the Architecture Machine Group, named for its beginnings in computer-aided architectural design—beginnings new left, far behind, two color strips, one eye looking left, one looking right, and arrows pointing left and right.

Superimposed is a row of symbols: a stop sign, two color strips, one eye looking left, one looking right, and arrows pointing left and right.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL J. BARNES FOR C&EN



Touching hot-top



Play by about mouse



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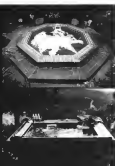
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Our wet/dry sauna features today's most energy-efficient design. Made of kiln-dried redwood or cedar, it comes in three sizes: 6' x 6', 6' x 8' or 7' x 8'. Included in the package are room, seats, door, floor drains, vents, UL listed heater, rocks, filter, thermostat control and accessories.

Our new Spatula combines the best features of both a spa and wood tub. From the spa you get foam-bushed, cushioned seating and a vinyl liner for easy cleaning. From the wood tub you get the warm esthetic qualities of redwood or cedar. The Spatula system comes complete with all the features listed for our hot tubs and spa plus our energy-saving Roll Top covers.

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or stopping the last-forward. And access is instantaneous if the first player is set up to run two videotapes—one carrying the main story line, the other advancing simultaneously and always ready to kick in with a branching image.

Why didn't videodiscs sell? The dilemma was dual: according to records they led to producers from a master. They were incapable of recording your favorite television shows or your favorite outrageous movies.

But the optical videodisc is perfect for, among other possibilities, the geographic movie map. Its initial screen will show the map, and then, as the movie rolls, you'll see the movie's path as it winds north down Nevada's split second after you decide you want to turn left off Marshachav Boulevard, it will let you suddenly change the season on the screen, move inside the building, or zoom in for a closer look.

Perhaps the most overworked phrase of the new era is "the possibilities are

endless." The videodisc is in there with the best of them. It's just a small step from the movie map to a program that teaches Spanish by live, touch the screen of the teacher's arm for a close-up, touch a key for a slow-motion step-by-step, freeze the action, call up an "X-ray" to see which muscles are doing the work, zoom in on the reader for a microscopic detail of the ball's impact on the string.

From here a slightly larger step takes you to interactive movies. You decide which door the hero will open, or in what sequence he will attack which women. You decide how quiet or slow the action will be, how many plot branches or how much character detail you want.

Whatever the outlook for videodiscs, the Aspen trio and space-to-time maps of other cities will make travel in the future so easy that saying how much better to city is no city is no city that you don't know your way around it as well as a native. —Fari Finkelsky

Books: How to Talk Tech

YOU'RE AT A cocktail party and a woman next to you says, "I'm sorry, but Jack's cognitive dissonance is growing by quantum leaps. I want the man's turning into a black hole." A man across from you asks if you can explain the difference between a baryon quark and a charmed quark. Another man wants to know if beta endorphism is really forty-eight times more potent than morphase and, if so, how he can get more.

You don't understand what everyone is saying. But if it's not necessary to go back to school, instead, pick up *Talkin' Tech: A Conversational Guide to Science and Technology*, by Howard Rheingold and Howard Leavitt (Quill 18-95). It's the easiest way to understand terms that once were the domain of scientists and see how the language of the lightbulb.

In *Talkin' Tech*, scientific terms are given both correct scientific explanations and simpler layman's definitions. The book starts with acid rain, and winds its way to Zeno's Paradox, which is modern terminology in this. "Suppose that an inbred chameleon you've run the length of a football field, just as he's about to begin, the third advances the following argument: It is impossible to traverse the field. Before you reach the other goal line, you must reach the other goal line, and before that the twenty feet, and before that half the distance, and so on. Since space is infinitely divisible, and any finite distance must contain an infinite number of points, you will never reach the opposite goal line because it is impossible to reach the end of an

infinite series in a finite time."

Neither Zeno nor anyone else for two thousand years could solve the paradox. Although Zeno assumed that an infinite succession of maxima must add up to an infinite interval, we now know that certain infinite series—known as convergent series—add up to a finite number. In other words, it is possible to cross the field.

Talkin' Tech concludes with two new paradoxes—one solvable, one not. Can you tell which can be solved?

"I. The history of Hume has only one barrier, this barrier stands all and only

THE BOOK BEATS THE LAYMAN
ENLIGHTENING TERMS ONCE
THE DOMAINS OF SCIENTISTS AND NOW
THE MINDS OF THE DILETTANTE.

those men in the village who do not share themselves. Does the barber shave himself?

"2. A word is considered antithetical if it is self-descriptive (e.g., English is English), 'say' is say) and heterological if it is not self-descriptive (e.g., French is not French, 'long' is not long). Is the adjective 'heterological' antithetical or heterological?"

"Answer: The barber paradox is solvable. There can be no barber, because in giving the description you have stipulated an impossible world. There is no answer to the second paradox... yet." ■

Reconsidering the Universe

WHEN DR. ROBERT Sheldrake's book *A New Science of Life* was published last year, the usually unflagging British science journal *Nature* called it a "candidate for burning," while the equally prominent *New Scientist* hailed Sheldrake as an explorer who "in an earlier age discovered continents."

Sheldrake, born in a Harvard and Cambridge-educated biologist who has spent the past two decades researching some of nature's most intriguing mysteries, his radical theory of "formative causation" contends that there are no fixed laws in the universe. Instead, there are habit patterns that are subject to change. These words across time and space and physically influence the world through "morphic resonance."

According to Sheldrake, every pattern in nature—be it a substance particle or a human intellect—is linked by a continually evolving organizing force that he calls a morphogenic field, or an m-field. He believes that when enough members of a species learn a skill or develop a capacity, the m-field of the entire species is altered, making it easier for all members to develop the new trait.

Sheldrake's theory might help explain such poorly understood processes as learning, regeneration, and reproduction. How, for example, does the body's differentiated embryos arise from a formless group of cells when each cell carries the same genetic code as the others do? Sheldrake suggests that DNA might function as a tuning system to bring the developing organism into harmony with the m-field appropriate to its species, much as a radio picks up a particular station among hundreds.

Sheldrake's theory combines the Western notion of action across space (as in gravity and magnetism) and the Eastern idea of action across time. To work out the time dimension of his theory, he left Cambridge and spent eight years in India, researching and developing the book. He then brought the manuscript back to England for a vigorous critique before publication.

The hypothesis will stand or fall on the results of experiments to be started this year. The Tanyanov Group, a think tank in Tanyanov, New York, is scheduled last November that it would award ten thousand dollars for the best experiment to test the theory. A similar competition, offering a prize of £250, is now sponsored in London by the New Scientist. —Ira Frenn

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